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CONTENTS.

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WOODTHORPE.

A REMINISCENCE OF A PHYSICIAN.

BY KELLY KENNYON.

I.

YEARS, long, eventful years, have rolled away since I was a student at the university of the northern metropolis. Life since then has presented its varied phases of good or ill; and with the world's concerns and its cares I have been no stranger. Yet such have not made me forget the days to which I now revert. Recollection re-summons to its vision, with strange truthfulness, things long passed away, and brings again into a sort of ideal reality circumstances and their associations which lie far over the vista of time. Wonderful attribute art thou, Memory! A ray of that divinity woven in our natures, mysterious and incomprehensible—the immaterial something added to material being, subject to no l[illegible] matter, of space, or duration!

Having always had a taste for history, I recollect with what in my walks and hours of leisure I visited the many places of historic interest in that ancient city. It was pleasing to think one trod on ground now classic, and that must be so while the race and language exist; it was pleasing to behold the habitations of high-born peers and ministers of state, who were proud and mighty in their pride of place in centuries long past, and compare their unostentatious dwellings with the palace homes of their descendants; it was pleasing, I repeat, to trace the corroded armorial bearings and effaced inscriptions on walls hoary with age; to see here the fleur-de-lis, there the crescent or the cross, which, vauntingly, had been reared as the proofs of lineage and the emblematic records of military glory. In such contemplations, it were more than probable a thousand questions would suggest themselves relative to those who had flourished and long ceased to be. It might be asked, were they endowed with the same impulses, affections, and passions—erring mortals like ourselves—in every whit resembling the bipeds of present days? It was natural to speculate on their habits and oddities, to form notions of their tastes and amusements, and to associate them with the rough and rude times in which they lived. There was one residence more than any other familiar to me, and which is now, with greater vividness than any other, remembered.

In the southern outskirts of the old town there is a *cul-de-sac* kind of square, which, doubtless, in the days of yore, was more fashionable than now. This is Park-place. There stood the once proud mansion of a metropolitan magnate, darkened and antiquated by the breath of time. In the downward course of its destiny it had undergone various reverses and metamorphoses. The old fabric is now faithfully imaged to my sight. I can see its little wall-girt paddock, which it were utter mockery to designate by the name of park; and surely the place could not have taken its prenomen from that confined little plot. I can still

behold the unpretending entrance-gates; the half-dozen dirty, smoke-begrimed sheep cropping the bare herbage in their intramural range; the piles of tall and sombre houses by which it was hemmed in; the garden run to waste; the few overgrown shrubs; the air of desolation and decay which pervaded, with divers other features not more welcome in the retrospect. Then entering the mansion, the spacious, dreary, ill-lighted hall; the narrow stone stairs, that spirally conducted to the upper stories; the gloomy rooms, with their curiously-carved mantel-pieces, massive doors, huge locks, and empanneled walls, which showed that earlier generations did not sacrifice strength for decoration. Then ascending to the second floor, and proceeding to the further extremity of a dusky corridor, is presented to my mind's eye a small, retired, lonely apartment, which I called the *snuggery*. Again, come to view its old-fashioned fireplace; the narrow and stoutly framed windows, with their faded curtains; the small table littered with books and papers; Shakspeare's soiled bust; the half-dozen frameless engravings nailed to the panels; the capacious easy-chair, in which I ensconced myself over the sea-coal fire; again, I say, these come to view with the distinctness of yesterday! Well, this old mansion was the maternetie where I then resided as resident obstetric physician.

One evening, now well remembered, when lost in the abstraction of study, immediately previous to my going up to an examination, my attention was roused by a loud knock that threatened to send in the door. "Come in," shouted I; after which momentarily entered the porter, butler, factotum—"aut quocunque alio nomine gaudet," as Dalgelty would have said.

"Mr. Kennyon," said he, hurriedly, "you're to gae to No. —, Sailsbury-street the noo, an' ye please, sir."

"To Sailsbury-street!—where—where?—what is the name?—on what business, Davie, eh?" demanded I of the broad-shouldered, thick-set Highlandman, who had bid adieu to the wilds of Mull for the better living and greater opportunities for fame and fortune in Edinburgh.

"Dinna ken, sir, dinna ken; the laddie tault me No. —, Sailsbury-street, and awa he gaed as if the deil had sent him."

"If I should be detained you'll know where I am, Davie," said I, throwing on my cloak and hurrying off to the place directed.

Pacing along the flags, I could not avoid the idea that there was some mistake in the matter. I had not on my list any patient in that street. "However," thought I, "it is my duty to go." It was a clear, frosty night, but my cogitations made me forget the uncomfortableness of leaving the warm fireside.

On reaching my destination, the door of No. — was slightly on the jar, and ere I had ascended the steps a respectably dressed female, with a candle in her hand, politely bade me walk in, and ushered me into a small but clean and neatly furnished sitting-room.

"Mr. Kennyon, I suppose?" said she, inquiringly.

"My name is Kennyon; yes."

"Mrs. M'Andrews, the matron of your hospital," returned she, "is my sister, and she recommended you to attend a stranger lady, who is now lodging in my house, and who will, I fancy, soon require your presence."

This personage I shall introduce to the reader under the name of Mrs. Logie; she was a squat, square-built, red-faced little woman, apparently

on the wrong side of forty. Her small deep-set eyes, low brow, a compressed mouth, and somewhat sinister look, rendered her not the prepossessing of her sex. After a little preliminary conversation, bade me follow her into the adjoining apartment, where I was introduced to my patient. This apartment I found an exceedingly comfortable dormitory. The fire burnt brightly in the frosty air evening, and imparted a more than wonted cheerfulness,—whilst the moreen curtains, the few pictures in their gilded frames, the pretty lamp that stood on the table emitting its pale beams, with various other et cæteras which, if they did not impress the mind with notions of affluence, they did of content and comfort, and led the beholder to deem it a nice, quiet, out-of-the-way-of-the-world little room. In an easy-chair in the corner sat an elderly lady, who respectfully arose and acknowledged my entrance. Mrs. Logie followed close at my heels, and said, by way of introduction:—

"It is the doctor from Park-place, Mrs. Parkins," addressing herself to the occupant of the easy-chair.

"Do take this seat; do, sir, I beseech you," said Mrs. Parkins, as she arose, and pointed to the luxurious chair in which she had been sitting. "It is a cold night, and this corner will be agreeable," continued she, in a kind but half-subdued tone of voice. "You are sent for, sir," resumed Mrs. Parkins, after a short pause, "to attend a lady who now sleeps there"—pointing to the bed on the opposite side of the room—"and may God in his goodness grant her to survive her coming illness," continued she, with a deep and anxious sigh. She then, with hushed and measured steps, advanced to the bed, and partially drew aside the curtains, but the patient was in a tranquil slumber. I returned to my seat, and begged she might not be disturbed. Mrs. Parkins reiterated her devout wishes for the safe delivery of the lady; and, as she again thus earnestly expressed herself, I did not fail to observe her voice grew tremulous, and methought her eyes grew bright with well-nigh starting tears. During the interval of our conversation I could ever and anon hear the soft breathings of the now unconscious patient. My eyes involuntarily cast a furtive glance at the various objects in the room, and from one observation and another my curiosity became a little excited. On a side-table was a very handsome lady's writing-desk, elaborately inlet with pearl, and which at a glance belonged not to furnished lodgings. On the mantelpiece were a costly bracelet and a large brooch bearing a miniature likeness, and also a couple of richly-set rings. In the bright rays of the lamp and blazing fire my scrutinising glance could at once perceive they were no baubles. On a small stand-table near me lay a snowy cambric handkerchief, edged with lace, and in one corner I observed the initials E. A. From those and other objects it was pretty evident the sleeping lady would prove a lady in reality. I say there was something mysterious in all this, yet I did not venture to offer any inquisitive remarks. "Time," thought I, "will at length disclose the secret—if secret there be." Mrs. Parkins said that Mrs. Allen (for this was the lady's name) was very young to be a mother—heaved a deep sigh, and again expressed her fears of the result.

"The lady is in a delicate state of health," continued Mrs. Parkins; "she has been so nervous of late, poor thing. I would give my life if she were well again. Are you awake, Emily?" abruptly said Mrs. Parkins as she turned towards the bed, and spoke in a louder tone. No reply

was given. In the momentary pause which followed, the soft respirations were once more audible. From her conversation and mode of speaking, it was evident Mrs. Parkins was not Scotch, and her demeanour and address bespoke education and good breeding.

Some half hour had passed over, when a sweet and plaintive voice said, "What is the time, ma'am?—is it night or is it morning? I have been dreaming, and am bewildered."

"'Tis but half-past seven, love, and here is the doctor—here is Dr. Kennyon!"

After such intimation of my professional presence, I now made myself acquainted with the fair patient whose slumber I had been loth to interrupt. I gazed upon one of the most interesting faces ever beheld—on a being that seemed less of earth than heaven! The charmingly plaintive melancholy, the soft, subdued languishing of features exquisitely beautiful, that tranquil and lofty brow, those large lustrous eyes, rendered more captivating by the slight drooping of their snowy lids, which imparted the tinge of thoughtful sadness, the luxuriant clusters of sunny ringlets, which unconfinedly fell in graceful disarray over a bust on which an Angelo or a Murillo would have gazed with rapture, formed a specimen of human loveliness which artists might vainly try to imitate—poets to describe. The Saxon Edith could not have been more fair! On her small and exquisitely chiselled hand shone a costly brilliant; by her side was carelessly thrown a shawl, not to be mistaken with its cashmeric dyes; partially hid by the folds of the shawl lay a small thick volume, with its gold edges and silver clasp, from which I conjectured it to be the Book of Books. In an agitated tone of fear and dismay she expressed her doubts of recovery. I tendered such consolatory observations as I best could summon to my tongue. After sitting some time I rose to depart, previously assuring Mrs. Parkins I would promptly return on being sent for. Throwing my cloak around my shoulders, I was in a few minutes abstractedly retracing my steps to Park-place.

Reaching the *snuggery* I rang the bell, ordered coffee, and at the same time desired Davie to inform Mrs. M'Andrews of my wish to speak with her.

"I believe," said I, "you kindly recommended me to attend a patient whom I have just been visiting—a stranger lady now lodging with your sister in Sailsbury-street?"

"I did so, sir; first, because I felt satisfied she would be perfectly safe under your care; secondly, I thought you would take more interest in a patient (with whom there appears a mystery) than some of those business men of the world, who merely discharge their duties and have little time or inclination to attend to anything which does not redound to profit or advantage. I conceived, sir, she might find some sympathies in one like yourself, who had not been chilled and repulsed by the ingratitude of the world; and, if my surmises are not mistaken, she is a person respecting whose history we are but little acquainted; if we were, it might prove a strange narration."

"Has Mrs. Allen been long at her present residence?" inquired I.

"As near as I can calculate, about three months," returned Mrs. M'Andrews.

"Is it known from whence she came? what or who is her husband? or what the circumstances that brought such strangers from a distance?"

"Nothing whatever is known of them by my sister," replied the matron. "Letters come occasionally, and always bearing the London post-mark. A handsome crest is on the seal, and below it are the initials A. S. My sister, who is rather curious in the matter, can make nothing further out. I recollect the evening on which they came; I chanced to be at Mrs. Logie's. A loud ring announced the visitors; a hackney-coach was at the door, out of which two ladies and a gentleman descended; the latter had taken the apartments on the morning of that day, so all was in readiness for their arrival. The gentleman was of tall and commanding figure; wore a blue military cloak lined with scarlet shalloon; as he passed along the lobby I thought him a very handsome man, and, from the glance which I had, supposed him to be from eight-and-twenty to thirty years of age. Coffee was ordered, and the gentleman did not go till twelve o'clock, after which he returned to the Waterloo Hotel, where for some days they had been staying. On the following morning he came about ten o'clock, remained an hour, and from that time he has not visited the lodgers. Mrs. Logie stated, that on his leaving that morning she heard a loud sobbing in the parlour, and that for some days after Mrs. Allen's eyes looked as if she had been constantly weeping. She ate little, and passed most of the following week in bed. Mrs. Parkins said she was ill, and supplied many excuses for the deep melancholy in which the poor lady had been cast. Mrs. Parkins was exceedingly careful in all she said, and my sister still continued wondering and doubtful as before. I should have told you, that on the morning of the tall gentleman's departure, at the moment he was bidding the ladies good-by, with one hand on the door the other on his heart, he in a trembling but subdued tone of voice exclaimed, '*Remember, Emily, it is my sacred promise!*' What that promise was my sister could not conjecture. As he passed along the passage he looked pale and agitated, but with an assumed tone of cheerfulness expressed his approbation of the clean and comfortable apartments, begged Mrs. Logie to take all care of the ladies, and, at the same time, as he hurried past, placed in my sister's hand a gold coin. Without turning to acknowledge her thanks, he descended the steps, and from that moment, as I have said, she has not seen him."

"Your relation of these particulars has quite confirmed the opinions I had formed—that these are mysterious people. It seems odd for a husband to leave so young and beautiful a wife, and more especially under the present circumstances. It is possible that concerns of deep moment have demanded his presence elsewhere; that his absence for a time is unavoidable; and it would be uncharitable to put a severe construction on these strange circumstances. Perhaps the marriage has been a clandestine one, and a reconciliation may, ere long, be effected. But the different initials on the seals of the letters and the handkerchief add to one's doubts and surmises."

"Time—time, sir, will most likely tell the truth," said Mrs. M'Andrews.

At this moment Davie arrived with the coffee, and thus terminated the conversation relative to a subject on which I could not avoid musing.

At three o'clock on the following morning I was hastily summoned to Sailsbury-street. I hurried off without loss of time. In a few minutes I was at the place of my destination. Long before the grey light of the morning had begun to shed its dim visibleness, the agony of her travail had passed away, and she had given birth to a son, who lived but a few

brief minutes. The loving mother, in the anguish of her heart, expressed her sorrow that the babe was dead. "But," said she, "as God willeth—not as I will!" I promised to call early on the morrow, and then departed.

Davie, doubtless with all good wishes for my welfare and quiet sleep, had concluded that as I had been up most of the night he would allow me to doze on. He did so until the Tron* had, as he was wont to express himself, "chappit twarl o' the clock." He then deemed it time for me to shake off my slumbers, and, after knocking to no answer, opened the door, protruded his Highland visage, and then, in tone and attitude as if invoking the shades of Ossian, exclaimed,

"Maister Kennyon, Maister Kennyon, be ye goin' to get up the day? It's gane twarl o' the time!"

"Hallo! who's there?" shouted I, half awake and half asleep.

"It's jist me, sir; jist happas to be mysel, ye ken. I thocht I'd ca' ye, as it has gane twarl."

"Gone what?—past what?" ejaculated I, in amazement.

"Past twarl o' the clock, Maister Kennyon."

"What an egregious old fool you must be! Confound your old Highland pate not to call me before," said I, peevishly, jumping out of bed and seizing my watch, which was most provokingly ticking away at twenty minutes past twelve. The mid-day sun was in streaming rays struggling through the crevices of the ponderous shutters, which supplied the place of curtains, and it might be said of iron stanchions. I atrabiliously drew on my trousers, and grumbled furiously at the stupidity of my Highland valet. "They'll think I am never going to-day. If it had been some patients I should have cared less—been less concerned."

On the first ebullition of my wrath, Davie stole down stairs muttering, and doubtless throwing out his vengeful expletives as he proceeded.

On reaching the snuggery, coffee, kippered salmon, and the et cæteras, were in readiness on the little square table, which I recollect so well; and it is but justice to say, that although I had vented my rage on the functionary of Park-place, he had lost no time in the preparation of breakfast. When he came into the room I began to calmly remonstrate with him for not calling me before. He replied, he had done so in perfect unconsciousness of any supposition that I wished to be up before—declared it had been done in kindest consideration to me—thought it too bad to be scolded for his good intentions. His arguments were decidedly the best. I felt annoyed at having lost my temper, as I knew the old man would have perilled his existence for me; I, therefore, placed in his bony hand a half-crown piece, which, in Davie's mind, fully atoned for all I had said.

On arriving at my patient's I found Mrs. Allen composed and tranquil, but a quiet melancholy was settled on that beautiful Saxon face, which daylight showed still more fascinating. She cordially grasped my hand, and then reiterated her thanks for my attentions. "Mrs. Parkins," said Mrs. Allen, "take the keys and open my desk; the purse is in the left corner—give it me." Mrs. Parkins did so; the sick lady took from her purse a couple of guineas, then placed them in my hand, at the same time making many apologies for so small a fee. "One of these days,"

* Tron Church, Edinburgh.

said she, "I shall be better enabled to give you a more substantial acknowledgment of my obligations for your very kind attentions." I was not a little perplexed how to act. The lady had thrown out a delicate hint that her circumstances were limited. The odious coins I wanted not; and if I had, it would have been impossible to desire them under such circumstances; again, if I refused them, it would be like supposing my patient's poverty—it would be laying her under an obligation, and such might give pain to a sensitive mind. I put the money in my pocket, but never did the receiving a fee give me such real discomfort.

I called in the evening, and was cordially welcomed by my new friends. Mrs. Allen expressed a wish that I should see the infant corpse. "Take the candle, Mrs. Parkins," said the invalid, "and do show Dr. Kennyon the departed babe. Oh, my God, were I but with it!" continued she, whilst those dark-blue eyes were filled to overflowing. In the utterance of the bitter words she seemed disquieted, and it was easy to perceive the troubled feelings of her soul.

To one whose daily lot it had long been to gaze on the perishing remains of mortality, the sight of a dead child was in itself of little interest. Death's spoils had too long been familiar to my eye to give any concern or afford novelty. Let not the reader, however, suppose that those whose office it is to become familiarised with such sights lose their sensibility —become callous to suffering—or that their hearts acquire a stoniness and want of feeling. Far from it; but duty requires they should divest themselves of morbid emotions, and have no maudlin sympathies, where action and collectedness of mind are so often indispensable for the welfare of those under their care. As a member of that profession I would not here by any means in a tone of vain and inflated boasting trumpet forth the virtues of ourselves, yet, as an impartial judge and an unbiassed speaker, I might aver that the practitioners of the healing art are in reality the practical Christians. The pulpit orator, in his oratorical display, may there inculcate the actions of virtue; depict graphically imaginary scenes of poverty and affliction; eloquently portray sights most appalling of wretchedness and sorrow; talk in affecting language of halls of pestilence and haunts of death; harrow the mind by the destitution of uncared-for vice and friendless virtue; he may paint such scenes in studied phrase and finely perorated diction, without any nearer approach to the reality than the velvet cushion over which he leans. Professing philanthropists may expatiate on their familiarity with man's worst condition, and tell of dens of infamy and disease, but it is the parish doctor and the good physician who are brought in daily and intimate relation with those gloomy and darkened pictures of humanity. They are ever ready to encounter dangers more dread and fatal than the deadliest battle-field; often they are rewarded with no return but the honest applause of their own hearts, and, it may be, doomed to die the uncanonised martyrs of applied science! "Go," says an eloquent divine—"go into the abodes of the sick, and the poor, and deserted; wherever there is disease or distress there will you find some medical practitioner exercising his glorious art—patiently, freely, and fearlessly, for those whose poverty or vice, or the breath of pestilence, has deprived of every other friend. Or again, follow him amongst the higher classes of his patients, and you will find him then the friend and honest adviser of those who can seldom hear truth from any other lips—ministering hope and comfort to the sick, reviving ex-

piring life, or soothing the bed of death for the drooping spirit, by counteracting the depressing influence of those maladies that might otherwise rob the philosopher of his fortitude and the Christian of his consolation."

To retorn. I followed Mrs. Parkins more through considerations of politeness than from any real satisfaction. The little sitting-room was calm, and dull, and deathly! The curtains were drawn, and an air of sombre gloom bespoke the spoiler had visited. Over the side-table was thrown an ample white cloth, which evidently had an object beneath. It did! On removing the snowy coverlit a beautifully made little coffin was presented; its handsome covering of light blue, the glittering rows of shining nails, the silvery tire, and the small breastplate, rendered it fantastically pretty, if such an epithet might be applied to any receptacle for the remains of mortality. Mrs. Parkins gently raised the lid, took off the fretted shroud, and revealed the tranquil features of the sleeping innocent. Around its head was tastefully arrayed a wreath of winter flowers, as if emblematic of the fate of that being of whom all that remained was as perishable as they,—like them, to return to the dust that gave! Sad reflection, methought, to think the slimy reptile must ere long revel on thy dear remains, the loathsome worm banquet on thy flesh, and that form soon turn to the insensate clod!

. In no great length of time Mrs. Allen was convalescent; yet although she did not positively need professional attention, there was a languor remained which, in my own mind, I deemed more a mental than a bodily malady. My visits, however, were not infrequent, and there sprang up something of kindliness and intimacy between the ladies and myself. They were utter strangers in Scotland, and thus my calls, perhaps, broke the monotony of their quiet retirement. Mrs. Parkins repeatedly expressed a wish that I would pay them a visit whenever my leisure permitted. The more our acquaintance increased, the more I saw of them, the more I became convinced of their superiority. Little incidents confirmed this opinion, and from time to time a word in conversation escaped that created my internal curiosity still more. Mrs. Allen was exceedingly accomplished, and on every subject she conversed with fluency and ability. Without any parade of literary attainments, it was evident she possessed a full and well-stored mind; and the language in which she expressed her sentiments was of that high order for which in these days the better classes of her sex are distinguished. She was one of those prodigalities of nature, so rarely seen, where Providence has united mental superiority with personal beauty.

Some few months subsequent to Mrs. Allen's accouchement, I was hastily summoned to her lodgings, and found the poor lady in a fit. Mrs. Parkins was in a state of intense alarm; and, in justice to the landlady, she was also extremely anxious. Seeing at a glance that her paroxysm was not likely to be of serious import, I first endeavoured to tranquillise those who hung over her in such trepidation, as Mrs. Parkins's terror and excitement precluded the possibility of the requisite means for restoration being applied. The patient was laid on the sofa; her golden ringlets had escaped their graceful fastenings, and fell in negligent confusion around her face—that face so bloodless, deathlike now, and that seemed to say every drop of the crimson current had "returned to its last citadel, the heart." Ever and anon she heaved a deep sigh, then subsided into a still, motionless quietude, like unto that sleep that knows no waking.

Mrs. Parkins hung over her in very distraction; she clasped her hands, then placed Mrs. Allen's between hers, kissed the pale brow, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "My child, my dearest child, speak—speak, if you love me, that I may know you live. Speak—speak but one word, Miss Emily, but *one* word!"

Restoratives being applied, more consciousness was apparent. Ere long, in a dreamy and confused stare, she opened her wandering eyes, and for a moment looked wildly around, closed them again, and, in half-reproving, half-tender accents, said, "Alfred, oh, Alfred, you have killed me!" In a few minutes she sank as before into statuary repose. Mrs. Parkins became calmer, the landlady more collected. I requested the patient might have an uninterrupted slumber. After a time she awoke, and was once more aware of what was passing around her, yet still her senses seemed somewhat benumbed, and her soul drooped under her malady. The lightning shock was over; the storm had expended its fury, but the wreck remained; and long, long the tempest left a torpid calm—that after-silencer of the heart!

In the requisite attendance that followed, it became indisputable that there had been some mental suffering: the haggard look, the nightly watching, and corporeal decline, told there was a rooted sorrow in the brain.

Week after week with noiseless pinion sped away, yet without bringing any change for the better. I tried such remedial measures as the case required, yet without benefit; the constant wasting went on, the features became more and more sunken and altered, and it was too manifest that gloomy apprehensions might with good grounds be formed. I suggested that another opinion should be given. Mrs. Allen received this proposition with heedless indifference, and, indeed, expressed a wish that no one else should see her. Mrs. Parkins prevailed on her to consent, and I then desired a physician of eminence to meet me. The consultation was held, the prescription agreed to, the medicine long continued; but, alas! without amendment: it was too obvious that in this instance human aid would prove of little avail.

Without troubling the reader with a prolix detail of particulars, I will not protract the sequel. Like a lovely and blighted flower, she faded beneath the lightning-stroke of despair—she died! On that bed, on which but a few fleeting weeks before she had given birth to her departed infant, now lay the quiet corpse of its once beautiful mother! Disease and death had verily worked their ravages on her once fair face; the roseate hues had fled, the hollow cheek and sunken eye were there—the ghastly traces of the spoiler's hand!

In the course of a few days the funeral took place. On my arrival at the house, two or three respectable neighbours, who had kindly come to pay their respects to the memory of the *stranger lady*, were seated in the little sitting-room I knew so well. The hearse and a mourning-coach were at the door. All that remained of Mrs. Allen left the house of the living for the home of the dead. The plain oaken coffin, bearing the initials of the deceased's name and the date of her death, was put into the vehicle, and the simple *cortège* gently moved off to the pretty little village of Colinton. In the secluded churchyard of that retired hamlet the perishing form of the mother was lowered, to mingle with the dust of the infant, so that "in their deaths they were not divided."

A plain stone slab, laid horizontally over the grave of both, now marks the spot of their repose, and on it are the words—

ALAS, POOR EMILY!

Not long after the death of the *stranger lady*, the matron of the hospital informed me of some particulars that transpired immediately before the deceased's tongue was stilled for ever; and amongst others, that her last intelligible words were "Alfred," and, Mrs. Logie fancied, something about a "*sacred promise.*" "Poor gentlewoman," thought I, "the grave will now inviolably keep thy secret!" I asked myself again, "Had she ever been at the altar?" Yet the emblem of that ceremony was on her finger—or—or had she "loved not wisely, but too well?"

One day, about this time, I received a note desiring me to call on Mrs. Parkins. On doing so, Mrs. Parkins, in the same sorrow as on previous visits, burst into an unrestrained flood of tears; her grief seemed to acquire force and intensity instead of becoming mitigated. She could not even mention Mrs. Allen's name without greater poignancy of suffering. After the first ebullition of her fretting had passed, she became more calm, and at length informed me of the deceased's having left a small token of her regard and memory. Mrs. Parkins then put into my hand a handsome emerald ring, bearing the simple inscription "*From E. A.*" This treasured relic I yet retain, and often now, though long and obliterating years have passed, do I steadfastly look upon the amulet, and think with a sigh on the donor.

It was the intention of Mrs. Parkins to leave Scotland immediately after the burial of Mrs. Allen. The constant watching over the former, the weeks of broken rest, and, more than all, the mental suffering which that death had created, conjointly proved too much for her health. She became ill, and was for some time confined to her room. The stranger lady was no more. It was less important for Mrs. Parkins to be so taciturn; she became communicative, and I was informed of the sad history of her late companion. From the perusal of journals, letters, and other documents, as well as from the oral details of Mrs. Parkins and other sources, I have endeavoured to arrange that information as follows:

THE STORY OF THE REMINISCENCE.

In scarcely any country, except England, are to be seen those picturesque and pleasing realities of rural felicity which in every age artists have painted and poets sung; and when we behold those happy pictures so frequently to be met with in every part of this richly-cultivated country—when we see the luxuriant fields, the waving woods, green pastures, white flocks, and yellow corn, the landscape here and there interspersed with villages, hamlets, and scattered homes—the distant prospect impresses the notions of simple virtues and artless life, reminds the beholder of Arcadian days and the retired happiness of the Sabine farm! The mightiest and most dignified of mankind, when tired of camps, wearied of senates, and nauseated with splendour, have in all ages loved for a season to steal away from the world's disquietudes and cares, to dwell at ease in the tranquillising retirement of country life.

There, a constant survey of the beauties of nature, the stillness and repose of every scene, form agreeable contrasts to the turmoil and excitement of cities. The mansion hereafter to be described was so situate, and in it warriors, statesmen, and courtiers, had in other days found a pleasant and acceptable retreat.

In one of the southern counties, in a remote and unfrequented district, is the pretty little village of Woodthorpe—situated on a gentle acclivity, and commanding an extensive prospect over a broad expanse of country, screened in on the north and east by dark woods of sturdy oak, towering elms, and spreading beech, with a crystal stream meandering below it, formed a spot happily selected for human habitations. They who peopled it were a simple, an unsophisticated set, many of whom tilled the soil which several progenitors had successively cultivated. The tenure of the lands had remained unaltered for many generations, and so sure were the occupants that their successors would hold them on the same terms, that it was not uncommon for the father to will the lease to one or more of his children. Dwelling in this quiet seclusion, and pursuing a kind of patriarchal existence, far from the vanities and temptations of politer life and a more advanced world, this little community, if it lacked the advantages of refinement and fashion, escaped many evils and moral corruptions. If their pleasures were not intense and exalted, their happiness was of a more even tenor and more lasting. But it must be confessed that even the denizens of Woodthorpe did not enjoy an immunity from human trials and human afflictions. They had their cares and their grievances—a share of those ills which man is born to inherit.

In the midst of a few low-built and scattered houses stood the venerable mansion long known by the name of Spenser House. Its massive walls, crumbling buttresses, small latticed windows, stone-covered roof, the lots of green ivy whose clinging tendrils had for ages pertinaciously clung to their barren attachments, the corroded corner-stones moulded by winters long passed away, and the general tendency to dilapidation, bespoke its antiquity, and told of the wasting breath of Time. The garden by which it was surrounded was fenced in by tall and unsightly walls. Its once neatly laid-out parterres had run to wildness with weeds and rank grass; the trees and shrubs had grown in unrestrained luxuriance ; it seemed as if the proprietor had long been an absentee, or that the property was under the keeping of a niggardly expectant heir. Two or three mutilated figures, once set up for picturesque effect, were in unison with other associations ; here stood a headless Apollo, there Neptune without his trident, yonder Hercules bereft of his club. The pretty little summer-house, in its green alcoves, was filled with empty flower-pots, garden implements, and similar lumber; the conservatory could hardly boast a single pane of uncracked glass ; the walks were covered with grass and rubbish. When you entered the sombre hall, that spacious and unfurnished entrance imparted an air of discomfort. The two or three dark oaken chairs, undoubtedly coeval with the building itself, the worn-out mats and oil-coverings, gave a foretaste of what was to be anticipated in other parts of the house. Dining-room, drawing-room, up-stairs and down, the long unpainted doors, the shabby curtains, dirty gilt picture-frames, worn-out carpets, old-fashioned furniture, told of the occupant's oddities or his poverty. The head of the house was Godfrey Spenser, the representative

of a time-immemorial and aristocratic family; and proud indeed was Godfrey of the gentle blood that flowed in his veins, prouder far than the base-bred rich whose wealth might make him ten times richer. Between him and those who could boast but of their wealth, he deemed a great gulf fixed; a distinction that exalted him immediately above. But all have their vanities, and it was Godfrey's vanity to expatiate on his illustrious descent. At the Conquest his genealogical tree did not first fix root. He could prove, he said, that his remote ancestry were Scandinavian chieftains, commanding clans on the borders of the Baltic before the Norsemen had gained a more convenient territory in the Gallic dominions; that they had served with the Rou; that some of the name had perished with Harold Hardrada, whom the Saxon Tostig had led to death, and his followers to discomfiture. When Duke William made his descent upon England, a De Spenser (the prefixture had been omitted in successive generations) figured at Hastings, and the roll at Battle Abbey now bears his name. He was sprung from that Godfrey too who, with Tancred, valiantly rode over slaughtered Moslems to prostrate at the sepulchre of Christ. His progenitors had ensanguined the fields of Cressy and Poictiers, and been foremost in those heroic bands who sought to win for the brave Plantagenets a sovereignty over kingdoms on the continent. A Spenser fell at the battle of Bosworth; and, coming down to the days of Charles the First, his great-grandfather not only distinguished himself amongst those valiant gentlemen who espoused the royal cause (and better known as the Cavaliers) at Naseby and Worcester, but Godfrey could show the receipts given to the said great-grandfather for silver christening-bowls, tankards, and gold cups, which he had sent to be melted down to fill the king's treasury at Oxford. In more recent times, his forefathers, if less known to fame, were always considered of the aristocracy; and, indeed, Godfrey felt his house was noble in all but name. The lands on which he lived had been bestowed on an ancestor by Richard the Second. The tarnished gilt frames before referred to preserved the quaint portraitures of some of those stalwart heroes who are now alone remembered by the canvas on which they frown. He had truly some reason to be proud of his lineage, and he classed his house rather with the De Veres and Talbots than with the Percys and Howards!

In person Godfrey showed the good breeding it had been his lot to inherit. His tall and commanding figure, with finely moulded limbs and erect carriage; those acute, strongly marked features, with quick eyes and aquiline nose; the thin lips, ample brow, and dark hair, together with the small foot and little hand, testified his origin as not plebeian.* He

* The description of physical formations given in the text are the generally received personal peculiarities of Norman extraction, and nothing is more generally accepted than that the small hand and foot are the characteristics of gentle blood. This opinion is not unmixed with error. Small hands and feet were common to the whole race of Norsemen, and not to their chiefs alone. They are Scandinavian peculiarities. The museums in some of the northern capitals of Europe possess swords used during the times of the sea-kings, which have handles so small as to only admit hands of a very diminutive size, and these swords were the weapons of the hardy bands who accompanied their leaders as half-pirates, half-soldiers. From such historic records as we possess, the Norsemen were of agile figure; yet we are also told of certain Saxons who were of equally elegant proportions. When Harold, son of Godwin, was at William the Norman's court, he was admired for his fine

dressed after the manner of the times, and just hit that happy medium, neither to incur the disdain of frivolous foppery, nor the censure of a sloven. There was a neatness, an exactness in his attirement, which showed the man of the world as well as the man of taste. His blue coat, buff vest, ruffled shirt, clean smalls, bright buckled shoes, and powdered wig, set off to advantage that neat and agile form. Though his wardrobe might have with advantage been more frequently replenished, yet he was never in dishabille, and always looked the gentleman. At thirty years of age he married the daughter of a country squire, who was not more celebrated for her beauty than esteemed for her worth. By this lady he had a large family, and, as Godfrey used to say, they were within a fraction all of the wrong sort, seven-eighths of the number total being of the softer sex. Their only son was a fine lad, and long before his birth Mrs. Spenser had fixed upon the name of Alfred. The father did not like that name, and wished instead of Alfred to call him Godfrey, because it was a family name; and it was one of his prejudices that old family names should be kept up. Mrs. Spenser, when the time came, prevailed upon her husband, for that one time, to let her have her own way; she contested that she had named six of the girls out of the seven, and it was but fairness in the present instance to allow her to decide; because, she said, the infant had her uncle's nose, and he was Alfred,—because it was a pretty name,—and because Alfred the Great was a good and learned man, as she had said this boy would be. "Powerful arguments, indeed!" ironically said Godfrey; but at length he was obliged to yield, yet not without stipulating that the next should be a Godfrey; in default of such next he would put into his last will and testament for the next male heir to be so named, or it would, as he conceived, be a decided reflection on not less than three of the previously mentioned gentlemen occupying the shabby gilt frames; and, in a kind of consolatory strain, he muttered in conclusion, "It's no use arguing, women will have their own way, and the more you reason and explain, the more obstinate and wrong-headed they become!"

As Alfred grew up, he became the apple of his father's eye. And, it

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figure, and they *might have thought him Norman*. It must be remembered, too, that at the Conquest many of low station emigrated to England, and on their arrival assumed the importance of esquires and nobles, who in their own country had really been grooms and lacqueys, and they had doubtless the personal peculiarities in question. It is a fact equally true, that the Saxon nobility had large hands and feet; and Bulwer says that their characteristics may be yet traced amongst some of our oldest noble families who are more directly sprung from the ancient Saxon blood. Large hands and feet are common to the Teutonic tribes, and as the ancient Saxons were Teutonic, this physical distinction has been transmitted through many centuries. An ingenious writer has recently written elaborately on the formation of the human hand, and has classified the various conformations common to particular races. The Celtic are more elegant, having long taper fingers, and that shape is associated with an imaginative mind, hence possessed by the highest order of poets and artists. The broad palm, the short, obtuse, truncated fingers are Teutonic, which he terms the spatula conformation. It is the spatula form which is common to the Anglo-Saxon races, to that race which, by a strange chance of Providence, is peopling the earth, and spreading its language and religion from Cape Horn to the northernmost region—from the sunny banks of the Ganges to the immense valley of the Mississippi; and, says the chirologist, the spatula hand is associated with all that energy and enterprise common to the Saxon blood.

is truth to say, never was there a finer, more fearless, more taking lad. Nature had favoured him, in bestowing a well-built frame, that promised, when matured, to be herculean, with an animated eye that flashed with the impetuous feelings of a soul full of ardour and enterprise. His features were particularly handsome, manly, and expressive—though without the deep lines of his father's. His hair fell in thick jetty curls down low and powerful shoulders, whilst his quick step and erectness of bearing bespoke no common personage. Well, indeed, might a father look complacently on so comely a youth, and little would his insensibility be envied who felt not a father's pride when he beheld a young cedar whose head might tower aloof in the forest of Lebanon. As he advanced in years, horses, dogs, and every field-sport, were a passion with him. Many are the deeds of mischievous fun which in the buoyancy of boyhood spirits he committed. Towards the villagers' cats he held perpetual hostilities, and whenever one of the feline tribe crossed his path, two or three yelping terriers, which were his constant companions, were sure to be hounded on in the pursuit. Rooks' nests he plundered with an unsparing hand, and it was his delight to courageously climb the loftiest trees in which they had built their eyrie homes. The finny inhabitants of the deep were also frequent sacrifices to his adroit snaring, or the dexterous manner in which he threw the fly. At fourteen, his deadly aim could hit the swallow on its lightning flight, and often had his rifle stopped the wild pigeon when sailing on electric wing. Such the fancies of his active boyhood—such his happiness when "confinement's lingering hour was done." Possessing faculties created for energy and action, it was a task to remain in palling quiet, and he constantly sought some object for the occupation of a restless mind. Nature, in the consummate wisdom which she hath observed in the attainment of her plans, has wisely implanted in the breasts of infancy and youth the inextinguishable desire for variety and action; by which the body receives that proper amount of exercise indispensable for the natural stimulus of its complicated functions, which could not otherwise be insured at a time when the reasoning faculties cannot observe or comprehend the necessary rules of health. The pastimes and amusements of children are to them a kind of business, which they prosecute with as much ardour and labour as are brought to bear on those sterner duties of after life; and again in the selection of those the particular bias and characteristics of mind may at an early age be often rightly foretold. The great Newton, in his childhood, delighted in mechanical constructions; Pope lisped in numbers; William of Nassau was a pensive, thoughtful child, and in early youth pondered on camps and senates; Walter Scott delighted in the legendary tales of his nurse; Napoleon was a hero in his schoolboy band. From the youthful delights of Alfred his partiality for an exciting life might be judged.

Though Godfrey Spenser was a man of unrelenting sternness, and at times having a coldness of manner amounting well-nigh to aceticism, he doted on his boy; to him he looked as the upholder of their name; he was the sole representative of an illustrious line.

Godfrey, in the early part of his life, had been in the army, and on his retirement was captain in the —— regiment. For the profession of arms he had a passionate partiality, and he deemed the two services as the

great schools of gentility and politeness; in fine, as he always would have it, none but gentlemen were there, and none but gentlemen ought to be there. The doctrine of *exclusiveism* on all such matters he stoutly favoured, and for such he argued on what he conceived right principles; he was indeed one of the old school, full of bigotry and prejudice, averse to innovation, because he hated things that were new, and had a foolish reverence for the past, which he always would have it was more to be venerated than the present. Preferment from merit he held to be vulgar and nonsensical, and fitted only for democratic states—thought it impossible for people of a lower grade, from any circumstances, to be eligible for an equality of privileges with those born above them. Such being the notions of Captain Spenser, it may easily be imagined how partial he was to services that placed positive demerit and ineligibility in command of real superiority. It was indeed likely that he should wish his son to enter the army. But that son had not yet finished his scholastic duties, and there was time for such considerations.

Three years more of academic discipline at length passed over. When at school he had ever been more signalised for pugilistic contests and frolicsome mischief than his mastery over Latin and Greek, yet it was allowed by common consent that he could have outstripped his compeers in study, as he did in all athletic pastimes, if he chose to do so. The power was there, but it remained unemployed. He delighted rather to be the Ajax of the schoolboy band than *dux* in his class. Long after his school days were over he would pleasingly revert to those halcyon times, and ever remember them with a sigh. He loved to wander again over the old haunts, and in fancy revisit the sunny scenes of earlier years; to think of forest walks—to roam through thicket shades that even in mid-day were said to be peopled by elves and sprites; and there was a joy once more

"—— to paddle in the burn
When simmer days were fine!"

But now a profession had to be thought of, and the world was before him.

One morning Captain and Mrs. Spenser were seated in the little back room, whose glass-door opened into the shrubbery, and which apartment, from the fact of there being divers rusty volumes arranged on dusty shelves, was called the study; but this was a misnomer in the general acceptation of the term. In one corner stood a number of walking-sticks, with two or three superannuated fishing-rods. Over the old-fashioned fireplace was a gun-rack, on which lay Godfrey's fowling-piece, and there, too, an old sword, which an ancestor had wielded in the wars of the Roses. His hunting-whip hung behind the door, and on some pegs a pair or two of rusty dog-couples. Two fox-brushes, the antlers of a stag, a stuffed badger, and other trophies of the chase, were arranged in conspicuous positions. An antiquated whist-table stood in the centre, which would have been indisputably improved by a fresh covering of green baize. The window-curtains painfully reminded the beholder of the numerous summer suns they had defended; and, indeed, the same air of shabby gentility pervaded this as every other part of that venerable hall. The only studies there ever carried on were such as were suggested by the newspaper, the Army List, or, more than all, when Godfrey studied how to liquidate urgent claims. I repeat, he and

the partner of his cares were seated in the study, the former looking over the County Gazette, the latter silently engaged at her knitting, when the servant entered with a letter, the superscription of which was in a bold round hand.

"A letter from Alfred, Susan," said the father to Mrs. Spenser, as he broke the seal of the epistle, "to inform us of the vacation, I suppose," continued he, before he had noted the contents. "Yes, it is so," first reading the half-dozen lines, then throwing the missive into Mrs. Spenser's lap.

Godfrey crossed his legs, wistfully looked at the fire, and after a few moments of reflective silence, asked of the mother if Alfred were seventeen or eighteen next birthday.

"He will be eighteen, my dear, on the 25th of next month," said Mrs. Spenser, throwing down her knitting, as if to consider a moment. "Yes, I am right—eighteen next month."

"Be a man directly," replied the captain, as he shuffled in his chair, and drew closer to the fire, then taking up the poker, he, with military precision, aimed a mortal blow at a huge coal, which crumbled beneath his vigorous thrust—"yes, he'll be a man directly. He must enter *the* profession; my interest, my connexions, will get him in, I am sure."

"In the army, I suppose you mean, Godfrey, as you always extol the life of a soldier?"

"Oh, yes, of course, my love, I mean the army; to be sure I do. Besides, Susan, independent of its merits and recommendations as the profession of a gentleman, there are other advantages—collateral interests. A dashing officer is courted in society; he has the chances of making a good bargain—he can marry well. Indeed, I have heard yourself declare that half the young ladies in Christendom are in love with the red coat. Alfred must have a person of property, and that's the long and short of it, or all my scheming and hopes are at an end. He is handsome, of good family, and every way eligible for making a good speculation. He must have one with a fortune; he must, indeed," repeated Godfrey, as he re-crossed his legs, folded his arms, and then looked fixedly at the fire.

"But, my dear Godfrey," said Mrs. Spenser, after a brief silence, "I never yet heard our son express his desires relative to a profession; and as regards to his matrimonial alliance, that time will not be yet, and in his case—I mean, with his independent spirit—it will be a matter of chance, perhaps, rather than prudence in choice. The unsettled life of a soldier is ill-suited for a wife and family. Alfred is a youth of strong passions, wayward, and of his own way of thinking, and depend upon it, if his affections should happen to become fixed, he would strive desperately for the object of his attachment. Love hearkens not to the reasoning of wisdom. Young folks in this are obstinate and determinate, when docile and obedient in all other matters. It often happens that the greater the pains taken to divert the current of an affection, the more powerful and impetuous it becomes. It is true that, so far, you have always had as a father the command of parental authority; but remember, a time comes when the youth grown to manhood considers himself emancipated from the trammels of authority; a time comes when he deems it his prerogative to think and act for himself. Alfred may be

more easily drawn by a siken thread than forcibly brought to moorings by a cable."

"Susan," replied the captain, testily, "you talk as all women do on all matters of importance—like a simpleton; like one who knows not the world; who has no notion of the expedients sometimes which must be had recourse to. As regards his entering the service, that I can manage; I can, I am convinced I can. He is made for the army, the very man for an officer's life, and he will win the heart of an heiress. His natural taste inclines towards a soldier's vocation. From infancy fond of dogs and horses, delights in field sports; at school he has fought his way like a young Hector, and these are the youths of England who are destined to defend her rights—who turn out men and heroes! So far as pertaineth to the hope which I cherish of a good *match* which I trust he'll make, how can you look only to the dark side? You are aware, Susan, ours is a take-all, bring-nothing family. Seven girls!" here he gave a sigh. "They will want much more than I can give them. It is true they are tolerably good-looking, and they are of the Spenser blood, which ought to be an efficient off-set against the lack of dowry. Besides, Susan, you are aware the estate is deeply mortgaged. If Alfred should not marry well, that evil day must come when Woodthorpe shall pass to other hands —when the hall of my fathers, old as the hills, shall be another's. Amongst the higher classes (and we assuredly belong to that order) matches of expediency are got up every day, or how do you suppose the good old families and their estates would hang together?—otherwise the broad acres of many a fair domain would long ago have gone to ill-bred merchants; to a class whose only superiority consists in the heaps which niggardly parsimony and vulgar pursuits had accumulated. This expediency may, perhaps, be reckoned amongst some of the drawbacks which there are to mar the peace of upper life. It would be downright stolidity—madness, in fact—for a man of birth, one young, handsome, and courageous, and whose ancestors were renowned before the Plantagenets, to descend to having a portionless wife. It is all very fine to talk about affection and such stuff in the hearing of school-girls. The great fact must present itself to every person of sense, that without a competency there is no happiness. To sigh and dream about pretty faces and such like nonsense, is ridiculous in a man of mind, and I am convinced, when Alfred grows up and knows something of his position and my affairs, he will have the prudence and resolve to act accordingly."

In the delivery of these sentiments, Godfrey was not a little animated. He was painfully reminded of his financial position, and painfully reminded of those ills that must some day come upon his house, if the son, in his own language, did not act prudently. It wounded him to the quick when he contemplated such a melancholy wind-up as that of Spenser House becoming the home of one who did not bear his name. Mrs. Spenser was a person of correct principles and good understanding, yet not possessed of that penetration and depth which were such characteristics of her husband. She had more ingenuous goodness and less of his pride. Had the captain continued his profession, he would have been more likely to have risen from strategic scheming than from fearless courage. If he had seen the garrison could not easily be carried by storm,

he would have held parley with the enemy, matured his plans, and gained conquest by artifice. Had he been possessed of power and high command, he was precisely the person to be imperious, overbearing, and haughty—to carry out those false notions of exclusiveism and prerogative of order with which his mind was so strongly imbued. The fates had decided otherwise, and his capabilities of exercising arbitrary influence were circumscribed, just as nature wills it that ferocious animals are less physically endowed than the more docile tribes. Mrs. Spenser wisely considered that avarice and vanity were evils which brought with them their often severe but certain corrections; she wisely deemed that humbler associations were more likely to be followed by happiness; consequently there was an opposition between the false notions of her husband and her own more unprejudiced reasonings, which not unfrequently gave rise to altercations that too often disturbed the repose of their domestic hearth.

"You seem to suppose, Godfrey," replied she, after a short silence—"you seem to suppose that all our energies and desires ought to be directed towards the attainment of an exalted position; that in such consists our chief good. Happiness is not thus always to be found. Those matches of expediency, as you term them, are, in the majority of instances, matches of misery. Besides, the higher classes do not form the prototype of all that is to be observed; it is a mistake to look to their order for all that is estimable, or for the true enjoyments of life. It is a fact too broadly acknowledged, that with them there are, perhaps, some hidden anguish, some silent repining, and more inconstancy than in any other grade. An eminent senator very recently said, it was his opinion that there was more virtue amongst mechanics than peers! For my own part, I had rather see Alfred a happy than rich man; I had rather behold him contented in mediocrity than miserable in splendour. Never, I beseech you, exert an undue influence over him. It is your duty to kindly advise and patiently admonish, and offer such parental advice as a father's love would suggest. Were you to deceive him, his confidence would be for ever lost. You may be politic, not cunning; you might persuade, you could not force him."

This strain of reasoning was ill-suited to Godfrey's plans; it was at variance with his projects. He could not deny the truth of what had been said, but truths are not always acceptable; they do not always dovetail with worldly scheming and worldly minds. He replied, by saying,

"Well, well, my dear, what you have said is all very fine, and I dare say true; but you know, as well as I do, an unfortunate marriage would be a positive calamity to the family. It is fine talking—very, indeed!"

With these words he rose from his chair, and petulantly left the room.

FEMALE NOVELISTS.

No. V.—Mrs. Trollope.

Goethe complained that modern poets put too much water in their ink. Of many modern novel-wrights, we may similarly, or inversely, complain that they put too little ink in their water. No wonder, then, that the manuscript so soon becomes *fade*, colourless, illegible, and survives not the "first reading." Even a large piece of bullion will only supply a certain amount of gold-leaf, and cover a limited surface. Genius, too, has its boundaries. If it pass them, it must pay the penalty, and that is sometimes a heavy toll. Genius has no infinite mood. In trying to prove that it has, it becomes an irregular verb. Mrs. Trollope is one of those who, by over-writing, refuse to do themselves justice. At least, she writes too fast, and gives way too indulgently to the rash speed of her grey-goose quill, so that it sometimes, in the nature of things, leads her a wild-goose chase. Her gold-leaf is beaten too thin; her ink, though abounding in gall, is diluted with too much water. Not that we hold the impossibility of a prolific author being a great author, confronted as such a theory is by ancient and mediæval literature, belied as such an *un*wise saw is by so many modern instances. But there are cases in which the fecundity proves the weakness of the offspring, as well as the vigour of the parent. The talent is too widely diffused, instead of being wisely concentrated. Three or four of Mrs. Trollope's works are marked by a more terse and compact habit of thought, and show, by their superiority to the rest of the family, what she can produce when she likes. Assuredly this lady's industry and exuberance of invention entitle her to the proverbial name she enjoys, or endures, for prolific authorship. With Virgil's rustic we may admiringly exclaim:

O quoties, et quæ nobis Galatea locuta est!*

In vain have reviewers tried to keep up with her. A blue-stocking who travels in seven-leagued boots may well run critics and criticasters out of breath—*she* triumphantly ascending the hill Difficulty, as fresh as a daisy, while *they* wallow, and struggle, and give up the race (and almost the ghost) in the Slough of Despond. Pant and puff as they will to run her home, she is in a trice miles out of sight, over the hills and far away, and wondering what those sluggard lameters are doing in the rear. It was once suggested by Tom Moore,† as an expedient to keep pace with the *celeritas incredibilis* of certain literary Cæsars, that they should each have a reviewer appointed expressly, *auprès de sa personne*, to give the earliest intelligence of his movements, and do justice to his multifarious enterprises. But would one such officer suffice in the case of Mrs. Trollope? We trow not. Poor wight, he would "strike" ere the first year was out; and his successor, however able-bodied and conscientious a man-of-all-work, would find the accumulated arrears too much for him, protest that the place was too hard for him, and go off at a month's warning.

* Bucol. III., 72.

† In his "Edinburgh Review" of Lord Thurlow's Poems, September, 1814.

What a Lady Bountiful hath Mrs. Trollope been to printers, Marlborough-street puff-factors, Wellington-street advertising columns, provincial paper-makers, and eke, we fear, to universal trunk-makers! The prosiest of utilitarians must be sensible to the weight of her claims in this economical aspect, and must reverence (in spite of his *nil admirari* temperament) the colossal scale on which she has employed national capital and labour. Nor is she ever weary in this well-doing, nor does she ever betray symptoms of fatigue. Again and again are novel-readers on the wrong scent, and have quite lost the trail, when asking one another, "Have you read Mrs. Trollope's last?" finding that what they supposed her most recent venture has been superseded by two or three others, and that the hypothetical "last" is neither the ultimate, nor penultimate, nor even antepenultimate, but quite an old story in the *rationale* of circulating libraries. And we have a profound conviction that so inveterate is this *kalo* or *kako-ethes scribendi* in her constitution —and so impressed is she with the resolution not to suffer the cold oblivion implied in the adage, "Out of sight, out of mind"—that she will be found to have taken measures for many a year to come, by which her perpetual re-appearance shall be ensured. Depend upon it, her literary executors will be entrusted with the supervision of a few bales of "copy," containing work for generations of compositors and readers yet unborn; so that novels of the approved Trollope fabric may, by a judiciously frugal rate of publication (say two or three per annum) be made to last some half-way into the next century. If, however, our prognostications should be disproved by the event, we shall console ourselves with the reflection that it was only because the novelist's will was wanting; and if we chance to survive her, we shall battle as stoutly as ever in behalf of her power to have worked out this *paulo-post-futurum*. Our faith in her potentiality is illimitable. But there are such things as "foiled potentialities," as Mr. Carlyle so graphically shows*—and that fact must be our apology, if Time, the Avenger, should call us false prophets, or other bad names. But we must leave to the *New Monthly* critic of A.D. 1950 the duty of defending our hallowed memory on this score.

Satire is, perhaps, *the* characteristic of Mrs. Trollope's writings—satire of a hard, poignant, persevering sort, which is little akin to the more graceful raillery of Mrs. Gore, or to Thackeray's goodnatured irony. It wears an almost vicious look—goes about seeking whom it may devour—snaps at strangers—bites as well as barks, and, when it does bite, makes its teeth meet. There is nothing reserved or indefinite in its vocables; it carries no trace of "equivocal generation;" it beats about no bush, nor strives to break the fall of its victims, nor meditates excuse for its own hostility. To "damn with faint praise," it knows not; to "hesitate dislike," it scornfully repudiates. It is alien from all these refined equivoques and dissembling sarcasms which, to compass their ends,

> assent with civil leer,
> And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
> Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
> Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.†

* "Latter Day Pamphlets."

† Pope (Prologue to the Satires).

Its lines are deeply indented and coarsely grained, and do *not* fall on pleasant places. In anatomising her subjects, Mrs. Trollope shows no profound psychological science; in fact, her incisions are often but skin-deep; but then she gashes to and fro after a terrible sort, and produces jagged wounds, and leaves unsightly scars, and seems to revel in diagrams of morbid pathology. Her illustrations are generally lively, not always truthful, and frequently farfetched. The absurdities and abuses of social life have had few sharper inquisitors, but many of abler discrimination and more practical judgment. Fools and villains are not to be shamed and reformed, or their ugliness to be made a warning, by unqualified expositions of their actual or their ideal excesses. Satire, by bein too broad, too unconditional, too straightforward, defeats its being's , and aim. Its acute angles become obtuse, and its parallel lines ne meet their object. According to Sir Walter Scott, the nicest art of satire lies in a skilful mixture of applause and blame: there must be an appearance of candour, and just so much merit allowed, even to the object of censure, as to make the picture natural.* But in no case is Mrs. Trollope a friend to the *media via*. If she scolds, it must be vehemently; if she admires, it must be sweepingly—like the duke, with whom

> Railing and praising were the usual themes,
> And both, to show his judgment, in extremes.

In the same manner, her humourists are too often buffoons; her wit trenches on caricature; her romance goes Surrey melodramatic lengths; her comedy merges in farce. A blackguard *à la* Trollope is all black. In reading her fictions we are consciously *en rapport* with a clear-seeing and clever woman, who surprises us with the extent, the variety, and the lucidity of her visions; but we feel the while that truth and nature are sacrificed or forgotten—that the clairvoyance is a skilful delusion, the performance a make-believe, the performer a professional artiste. Sometimes, indeed, Mrs. Trollope draws from life, and supplies the finishing touches as well as the outline from the same source. But as a rule, she overdoes nature, or contrives to do without it—*novis saltem judicibus*.

The celebrity of that literary *scandalum* to the taste of Uncle Sam, "Domestic Manners of the Americans," which he reckons to "whip creation" in the article of *scan. mag.*, was not rivalled by the accompanying novel, "The Refugee in America," with which Mrs. Trollope clenched her argument. The former was fiction enough, on American showing—it was all "tarnation romance" from beginning to end; and to follow it up by a professed work of fancy or unreality, was adding insult to injury. From the vulgarism and utilitarianism of this prosaic theme, she turned in the following year (1833) to Italy and the sixteenth century, producing "The Abbess," a romance rich in convent characteristics, love intrigues, and Inquisition unpleasantries. The same strong and pointed lance that had just run-a-muck against Yankeedom, was now couched, in the same martial and uncompromising spirit, against old abuses of ultramontanism. There is ingenuity, but no great grasp of passion or power in this tale; some of the characters are spirited, but they

* Thus Dryden's Portraiture of Shaftesbury ("Absalom and Architophel" qualifies the censure so artfully with praise of his talents, as to render his faul even more conspicuous and more hateful.—Scott's "Life of Dryden," § 5.

are superficially drawn, and, when we close the book, they leave hardly a trace behind to recal and perpetuate the circumstances under which we "were first acquent." The author's *penchant* for political agitation and polemical romance, of which later years produced notable proofs in the career of Michael Armstrong and Jessie Phillips, declared itself in 1836 by the publication of the "Life and Adventures of Jonathan Jeffreson Whitlaw"—an atrocious rascal, who plays pranks to make angels weep and gentlemen swear, upon slave-hordes of what old Fuller called "God's images cut in ebony," on the banks of the Mississippi. For depicting an unmitigated scoundrel of the A 1 force—one of those male excrescences of human nature which now and then appear in paper and print—commend us to *female* novelists in general and Mrs. Trollope in particular. To adopt a fastidious paraphrase, she goes the entire animal. Othello peered downwards to see whether Iago had not cloven feet.* The feet of Mrs. Trollope's splendid sinners reveal the cleft—almost as deep as a well, and as wide as a church door—through patent leather and all. Wondrous is her arithmetical mastery of these impossible quantities. A good hater herself, she indoctrinates us with her principles, until the force of hating can no further go, and the sense of our incapacity to wreak summary vengeance on the objects of it becomes intolerable, and makes us scream for the police, or frantically devise other retaliatory measures. The prosperity of Mr. Whitlaw increases our repugnance to his mal-practices; and the savage relief we feel when he is at last checkmated in the game of life, by that grim old Obi crone, is positively unchristian in its ebullitions. Yet Jonathan is ably represented: and other characters there are in the book which attest the writer's vigour and comprehensive skill—as Lotte Steinmark, the winsome German *Fräulein*, and Lucy Bligh, and Aunt Clio—(great is Mrs. Trollope in the matter of aunts). In the following years "The Vicar of Wrexhill" made his celebrated *début*; and to this hour that clerical notoriety is considered by many—taking him and his history together—the masterpiece of his race. As usual, the story bristles with satire of the roughest, and, as usual, it excited a stormy outcry from those whom it assailed. That the Doctor Cantwell, or Tartuffe, of this work, is an exaggerated piece of moral deformity we should be sorry to doubt; and that the acrimony and heat of Mrs. Trollope's strictures *en masse* are offensive and immoderate we are constrained to hint. But we fancy she did the state some service by this *exposé* of Jesuitism in social life—this onslaught upon the morbid phases of the "Evangelical" school. So far we view it with a degree of approval similar to that we award to Sydney Smith's crusade against the Methodists,† when he laughed at the accounts of Providence destroying an innkeeper at Garstang, for appointing a cockfight near the Tabernacle, and of a man who was cured of scrofula by a single sermon, and of the poor Leather-lungs who, when he rode into Piccadilly in a thunderstorm, imagined that all the uproar of the elements was a mere hint to him not to preach at Mr. Romaine's chapel. We incline to hold with a distinguished clerical poet, that

* *Oth.* I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable:
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.—*Othello, Act V., Scene 2.*

† Works of Rev. S. Smith, vol. i.

he only is the Evangelical
Who holds in equal scorn dogmas and dreams,
The Shibboleth of saintly magazines,
Deck'd with most grim and godly visages;
The cobweb sophistry, or the dark code
Of commentators, who, with loathsome track
Crawl o'er a text, or on the lucid page
Beaming with heavenly love and God's own light,
Sit like a nightmare!*

This, and not the accomplished spouter who turns out on a Sunday morning, "with looks saddening the very sunshine, to instruct the parish poor in evangelic lore," and teach them to cast off all good works as filthy rags, and to fly morality as the gates of hell. What sort of world would that school substitute for the world they bid us forsake and *in toto* abandon? A dark, narrow world, indeed—so Christopher North has answered that question—yet, narrow as it is, haunted by thoughts that can, and [illegible] often do, debase and terrify into idiocy or madness; for nature [illegible]ed, must dwindle into decay or distortion—the very shape of the [illegible] becomes deformed, its lineaments ghastly, as with premature age; the spring is struck out of life; the gracious law of her seasons is disobeyed; and on the tree of knowledge we are to look for fruits before blossoms. Bad philosophy and worse religion!† Hence our sympathy with the "high-and-dry" bard's apostrophe:

Oh shallow, and oh senseless! in a world
Where rank offences turn the good man pale,
Who leave the Christian's sternest code, to vent
Their petty ire on petty trespasses—
If trespasses they are—when the wide world
Groans with the burden of offence—‡

who swallow camels, straining at a gnat; who deem the Almighty frowns upon his throne, because two pair of harmless dowagers,

Whose life has lapsed without a stain, beguile
An evening hour with cards; who deem that Hell
Burns fiercer for a Saraband.

In its tendency, therefore, to "show up" a sham system and a sham professor of sanctity, we recognise something healthy and seasonable in the "Vicar of Wrexhill." The effect of this beneficial tendency was, however, as in so many other instances of Mrs. Trollope's polemical ventures, marred and disabled by the bitterness of the medium employed for its "exhibition," as doctors say. The character of the Vicar has been not unjustly pronounced, by a favourable as well as competent reviewer, "not merely a libel on the sect, but a libel on humanity." Painful as this novel is in tone and in details, and overwrought though it be in glare of colouring and in the drawing of the central figure, it is the one of its author's thousand-and-one productions which most completely and pointedly illustrates the individuality of her art—its disagreeableness of course included.

The subject of "Michael Armstrong" trenches upon the debateable ground of art. The province of fiction has its limits. "Child-torturers,"

* Rev. W. Lisle Bowles: "Banwell Hill; or, Days Departed."
† See *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xxvii., p. 300. ‡ Bowles.

says Currer Bell, "slave-masters, and drivers, I consign to the hands of gaolers; the novelist may be excused from sullying his page with the record of their deeds."* Whether the novelist may be excused for depicting those deeds in extravagant form and lurid colouring, is another question, and one which touches Mrs. Trollope a little closely. For she has here detailed a very revolting and, as we think (albeit no devotees to the cause of cotton lords and millocracy), a very *ex parte* sort of history—whereof neither the fiction interests, nor the logic convinces, nor the rhetoric subdues us. The titled Vampire of the tale, Sir Matthew Dowling, is an impossible creature—happily for human nature, though unhappily for the success of the novelist: she represents him as a brute of incomparable coarseness, an atrocious scoundrel whose very name excites kicking propensities in every male reader's *pedis pollex,* and at the same time a man of ambitious and refined intellect, aspiring to the credit of a literary and accomplished gentleman, a speaker of modern languages, a critical French scholar, a playful votary of the Muses himself, and a universal Mæcenas to all who wield a pen in their service —valuing himself chiefly upon his reputation for the lighter graces of wit and gallantry, for being a delightful something between Killigrew and Count de Grammont,—so that there is no receptacle of wit from Joe Miller downwards, no gallant memoir in an unintelligible tongue, which Sir Matthew does not study with assiduity and perseverance of the highest order. Such is Mrs. Trollope's Manchester model man—the representative in her parliament of the cotton interest—the *ex uno disce omnes* pattern of millowners and manufacturers. And this vulgar oppressor has a familiar worthy of him, in the person of Mr. Joseph Parsons—a parasite who contracts to do his principal's dirty work wholesale, and does it beautifully—breaking the hearts and the bones of the factory folks after a magnificent system of his own. Such a couple of ogres can be had to order, to any amount, from the staff of dramatists at our minor theatres, or the "Able Editors" of our red republic-ations. They are unworthy of the ingenuity and Toryism of Mrs. Trollope. Not much more to our taste, in point of draughtsmanship at least, are Dr. Crockley, whose sportive malice is so repulsive—and the Lady Clarissa, a sentimentalist *minus* a heart; and even the good people have more goodyness than goodness about them—the little hero wanting individuality, his mother wanting nature, and his lady friends wanting ease and relief. The incidents of the tale are carelessly wrought; the descriptions are of the forcible feeble type; the conversations are improbable and stilted. On the whole, we submit that this volume of political agitation was a mistake. It sought to do in one social department what "Oliver Twist" had just been doing in another; but it had no support *ab intrà*—no corps dramatique of Bumbles, and Claypoles, and Fagins, and Sykeses, and Artful Dodgers, and Nancys, to clench the argument and drive the nail home.

About the same time, however, Mrs. Trollope played the literary chaperon to a lady of real character and definite idiosyncrasy—one who stands out as a distinct and living form among the accepted celebrities of the English novel. And this is the Widow Barnaby. Her adventures

* Shirley, vol. i., p. 85.

are traced with more of unctuous humour than is usual with the author, and, excepting the hurry-skurry of the finale, with more equable respect to truth. Miss Martha Compton's matrimonial tactics make up a rich piece of comedy—and the widowed career of the same adventurer maintains the fun to the fifth act. Showy, strong-willed, supple-tongued, audacious, garrulous, affected, tawdry, lynx-eyed, indomitable in her scheming, and colossal in her selfishness—*was für eine Frau* is the Widow Barnaby!—Then she is ably played up to by the other characters, in whose portraiture unwonted skill is apparent: Agnes Willoughby, for instance—whose artlessness shows delightfully beside her guardian's systematic art; and Aunt Betsy, a worthy old soul, in excellent keeping; and my Lord Mucklebury, whose flirtation with the "fat, fair, and forty" matron is wound up so smartly. Like all, or nearly all continuations, "The Widow Married" suggested invidious comparisons, and made admirers wish that "let well alone" had been the order of the day. It is perilous for an author to tamper with what has become public property, and in the disposal of which the public *will* have a voice.

To the same period belongs "One Fault"—a novel to which we should be happy to apply its own title, if we could; but which, we fear, has more than one, or two, defects incident to its constitution. It is a story of a persecuted wife, whose trials are elaborated with abundant minuteness and frequent pathos; but it is deficient, to a marked degree, in action, in probability, in character, and in finish. Read piecemeal, or in the elegant extracts of a Review, it tells very well, and testifies to the nervous energy of the hand which indited it; but when conscientiously perused (in the grammatical sense) as a "matter" of three volumes, it drags, and droops, and would dwindle away but for the intervals of irregular vehemence which relieve the tedium. Its moral is good—to wit, the evils of morbid sensitiveness, illustrated in the "ways and means," of Wentworth; but the development of this principle is sufficiently eccentric and overdrawn to mar the purpose it involves. It seems too far removed from the level of actual life to make its didactic import available within that region.

"Charles Chesterfield; or, the Adventures of a Youth of Genius,"* is one of those novels of literary life—its double-double toil and trouble, its contradictions and absurdities, its hopes and fears—of which so many writers have made significant use, as Balzac and George Borrow, Thackeray and G. H. Lewes. The Byronian hero and his gradual disenchantment pertain to a twice twenty-times told tale; but of course there is amusement and spirit in Mrs. Trollope's version, and even more than her average outlay of caricaturing skill and sarcastic commentary. The London coteries are quizzed *ad libitum*, and almost *ultra licitum*—and to the same sharp fire of quizzical artillery are exposed Whigs and Yankees, and sentimentalists alike of the German silver type and of Brummagem ware. Literary life furnished another theme in the instance of her next work, "The Blue Belles of England," whereof the title is its own interpreter. With higher claims to nature than its predecessor, it is its inferior in smartness and caustic power; on which grounds it is less acceptable to those who read the author for her distinctive character-

* Originally published in this Magazine.

istics, and more so to those who are thankful for repose from the constant din of satirical sallies.

An improbable but somewhat exciting tale followed, in the shape of "Hargrave; or, the Adventures of a Man of Fashion," the Pelham or Cecil of the work being a disreputable *roué*, whose type is to be found rather in Robert Macaire than in either of the aforesaid London coxcombs. The conduct of the incidents is reckless, and the elaboration of characters null. About the same time appeared "Jessie Phillips," a pendant to the "Factory-Boy" already mishandled by us. The New Poor Law is the object of this assault, as the Factory System was of that. Enough to say, that on a subject which she herself pronounces "one of such enormous difficulty and such stupendous importance," she fails as signally as in the preceding one. Right pleasant was it to meet her in a more congenial element, when engaged in showing up "The Laurringtons; or, Superior People"—a cluster of artificial flowers *not* born to blush unseen, or to blush at all, of which the natural history is here detailed with the keen "knowingness" of one acquainted with the entire process by which such things are made. We miss, however, something of the early vigour of the satirist. Still she is greatly preferable on topics of this order, however they may savour of the *crambe repetita*, than on a delineation of "Young Love," to which she subsequently turned her attention, working up a rather complicated story with ingenuity, but without marked success. A month or two's breathing-space, and she re-appeared in full feather as exhibitor of the "Attractive Man," Mr. Theodore Vidal, *alias* Luke Squabs. This worthy is just one of the clever, bland, impossible rascals whom she takes to pieces with such dissecting-room gusto. He is a man of strong feelings and considerable powers of mind—completely devoted to the pleasures of life, but with method in his madness—an Epicurean *sui generis*—living luxuriously upon his friends, a Mr. Affable Hawk doing the agreeable in a dovecot, and now, in middle life, looking out for an eligible spouse. A perennial flow of impudence there is in him, springing up like the strong jet of a well-supplied fountain, and blinding the eyes of any audacious mortal who ventures within splashing distance. The portrait is strongly drawn, but wants relief. The same with Lucy Dalton, a beautiful and gifted creature, without heart, principle, or decency—one of those happily unreal characters whom Mrs. Trollope, unhappily, seeks to endow with a local habitation and a name, but which human nature will never accept, and the circulating libraries only *pro tempore*. One or two personages in this novel are, however, excellent: as Squire Clementson, the comely, stout-hearted, and sweet-blooded (to use Jeffrey's pet phrase) old English gentleman; and the shy geological bachelor, Mr. Norman; and the gin-loving widow Dalton, that hard-featured and fluent-tongued virago, repulsive as she is. With occasional displays of such graphic ability, it is tantalising to find so many inequalities, and such intervals of dreary platitude, as detract from the merit of nearly all Mrs. Trollope's fictions.

During the last five or six years her dashing, mocking pen—dipping deeply as ever in the gall of her ink, and flitting recklessly as ever over her paper (not always of the satin-wove or cream-laid fabric)—has instructed the world in the sayings and doings, the foolish sayings and mis-

doings, of other concentric circles of artificial life. Though she, perchance,

> is vicious in her guess,
> As, we confess, it is her nature's plague
> To spy into abuses; and, oft, her jealousy
> Shapes faults that are not,*

and though it is objected, with reason, that her satire is directed against the mere superficialities of life, and is little calculated to check vice or encourage virtue; and though there may be in her lightest mirth a bitter and virulent spirit, which is "as misplaced as it is unfeminine," still do we owe her something for her persevering war against hypocrisies and shams, and her merciless raillery of frippery and pretence in a thousand Protean guises. Among the fictions of this last epoch are her "Robertses on their Travels,"† "Father Eustace," "The Three Cousins," "Town and Country; or, the Days of the Regency," "The Young Countess," "The Lottery of Marriage," "Petticoat Government," "Second Love; or, Beauty and Intellect," and "Mrs. Mathews; or, Family Mysteries." Tory as she is, and prejudiced as she so frequently shows herself, it is unjust to accuse her of exclusiveness or sectarianism in the use of her sarcasms. No one class appropriates her irony. No one pariah society is the recipient of her hard words. Wherever, high or low, she discerns what she honestly believes to be weak points or vicious abuses, she as honestly proclaims war, and incontinently fires a broadside. She is, in fact, one of the most catholic of satirists—a very Ishmaelite in the impartiality of her pugilism—one who looks out for squalls on every coast and in every latitude, plying her craft in mid-seas as well as in creeks and shallows, in tropic and arctic zones, in waters salt and fresh, for prey large and small, and treating all as fish that comes to her net. What a capacious net! what a prodigious take of the "finny tribes!" and what a marvel that not yet is the net broken! How dear to this enterprising voyager the "*blue* above and the blue below—the blue, the fresh, the ever free—without a mark and without a bound!"‡

> Roll on, thou *deep and dark blue* ocean,

may exclaim Mr. Colburn and the libraries of the United Kingdom; for it is this lady's joy "on thy breast to be borne, like a bubble onwards," reflecting thy profoundest azure, and rivalling thy unrestful energy and varying aspects: thee she loveth

> in all time,
> Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
> Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
> Dark heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime!§

* "Othello," Act III., Scene 3.
† Originally published in this Magazine.
‡ Barry Cornwall. § Byron—"Childe Harold," c. IV.

THE EVE OF ALL-SOULS.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

I.

[According to popular superstition, the souls of the departed are set free upon earth on the Eve of All-Souls. They are said to pass before the gaze of the watcher in their well-remembered human forms.]

I SAT beside a high cathedral's door,
  When the priest chanted masses for the dead;
For souls departed in the shades of yore,
  And those o'er whom the scarce-dried tear was shed;
For all who lived and died since Time began—
They prayed that night for every soul of man.

The fragrant incense through the portals rolled
  On the cold brightness of the wintry night;
Here glared red torches, shone the yellow gold;
  There lay the calm moon's spiritual light.
Here wept the Magdalen in blooming woe
  On Rubens' canvas—beamed the Holy Child
Murillo pictured o'er the altar's glow;
  And, strong in faith, from present pain beguiled,
  Here Guido's Martyr on his torturer smiled!
Without, grey vapours o'er the moonbeams sail,
And ever and anon the wind's wild wail,
With gust and cry, comes sobbing up the vale.

Then through the arches, with majestic swell,
The lab'ring organ poured its mighty knell,
Like voices gathering in earth's myriad graves—
First deep and distant, as the roar of waves
Pent up and raging in vast shadowy caves—
Then bearing upward, in one gush sublime,
The hope and fear that outlives death and time—
A prayer supreme, to move the heart of God
Toward all the sinners garnered 'neath the sod—
The "Miserere" of the human race,
Breaking the silence of the burial-place;
Then sweet, low tones, like one who prayed and wept,
In faltering utterance through the temple swept—
The voice of penitence! but love was there,
And faith grew strong amid the chanted prayer;
"Te decet Hymnus Deus" proudly rose
Above the requiem of all human woes;
That praise triumphant swelled from vault to dome,
And, launched on space, vibrating, travelled home.

THE GATHERING OF THE SOULS.

I watched within the porch that night,
  Till from the graves around
There crept a wan and bluey light
  Along the death-sown ground.
A heavy, lumbering noise I heard
  Within the tombs below,
As though the coffins heaved and stirred,
  And rolled in sudden throe.
The rage of winds died faint afar,
  Lulled was the realm of air,
A pallor came upon each star,
  The Souls were passing there.
The shadows took a myriad forms,
  The breath of night was quick,—
Faster than rain in thunder-storms,
  Than snowflakes falling thick.
No figures known to men may tell
  The numbers of that throng;
They pour up from morass and fell,
  And mountain-bulwark strong;
They crown the peaks 'twixt earth and sky;
  They thread the straight defiles;
They fill the valleys silently;
  They crowd the forest aisles.
As the white vapours hovering o'er
  The cataract's deafening tide,
As the sea-mist that wraps the shore,
  A vast shroud floating wide,
They rolled along, that spectre throng,
  Stretching in space away;
Fleecy and white, into the night
  Swept on the wan array.

I felt the salt wind smite my face,
  The stirring, buoyant breeze;
It bore into the burial-place
  The odour of the seas;
It syllabled in murmurs vain,
  That o'er the waters creep,
"His own He bringeth back again
  From out the great sea-deep."

A lurid gleam rose through the ocean,
  It lighted up each pale green wave;
It travelled with a trembling motion,
  The corpse-light of the watery grave.
And softly through that spectral brightness,
  From coral-grove and pearly bed,
They glided up in human likeness,
  The spirits of the ocean's dead.

The dead, O Earth, are on thy face,
The spoil of every age;
Each dons for this night's narrow space
The garb of pilgrimage—
The semblance of the frame he wore
In days of mortal strife,
That wept his long past sorrows o'er,
That knew his joys in life.

Lo! I heard a mighty singing,
Bursting from the valley ground
Through the midnight silence ringing,
Even to the starry bound,
Every echoing headland bringing
Up the Jubilee of Sound!

CHANT OF THE MARTYRS OF TRUTH AND SCIENCE

Hark, the music rises sweetly.
Up the coming days it swells,
For the pulse of hope beats fleetly
On the future's golden bells;
Light is filt'ring through its curtain.
And apart the cloud-drifts roll.
With a joy profound and certain,
Gazes on the wond'ring soul;
For the years that hasten nearer,
Dawn'd afar to seers of yore;
Faith hath risen stronger, clearer,
Fear dishonours God no more.
Thoughts a few great hearts had treasured
In the day-dreams of the mind,
By the sense of nations measured,
Blossom broad-cast o'er mankind.
Yes! the souls of men are growing
Riper, wider, 'neath the Sun,
Leaven through the mass is flowing,
Swift and bright the currents run.
All the Wonder and the Glory,
All the Counsel and the Might,
Even Nature's hidden Story
Is opening into Light!
Not in vain We Martyrs perished;
Truths our tears and blood bedewed,
In the heart of man were cherished,
'Mid the spirit's solitude.
Mysteries of the earth and ocean,
Secrets wrapped in light and sound,
Laws of sympathy and motion,
Chains affinities have bound,—

These we dimly sought, while o'er us
  Hung the terrors of the tomb,
And with rack and stake before us,
  Tested in the prison's gloom,
We the mighty secrets sounded,
  Riper thought revealed to time,
And the wondrous hopes we founded
  Live—realities sublime.
Wingéd seeds! in faith and weeping
  Cast o'er unbelieving earth—
Races gather to the reaping,
  Nations share the harvest mirth!
[illegible] our sign and traces
  Of the days that [illegible] away,
They who rose to fill our places
  Took the clue up where it lay.
Yet we speak in silent chambers,
  From the long dim years behind,
When the lamp shines o'er his labours,
  To the student's listening mind.
Time the wrongs of Life hath righted,
  Death hath made th' imperfect whole;
Height and Deep our God hath lighted,
  Raised, redeemed, and freed the Soul!

WAS WALLENSTEIN GUILTY?

The period of the Thirty Years was the most melancholy of all those chronicled in the pages of Germany's history, not alone through its external ruinous result, but also by its disastrous effect on the morals of the nation. In the foregone century, a deep and holy enthusiasm had seized on the noblest of the land, and aroused a glorious spirit of emulation for the amelioration of the condition of Church and State, and the foundation of permanent prosperity. Those solid principles, which kept selfishness at bay, [illegible] into existence, and while the Reformer himself, by the simplicity of his life and his disinterestedness, afforded that rare ensample of virtue which may be traced through his whole career, many of his adherents signalised themselves by their devotion to the cause of the Reformation, and even by joyfully undergoing a martyr's death. No sign of such a spirit was manifest during the whole of the religious war, but the energies of man seemed solely concentrated on self, and the satisfaction of his unbounded covetousness. Many Protestant princes only saw, in the progressive amelioration of the Church, a prospect for their own aggrandisement, and the augmentation of their territory; they ravenously stretched forth their hands on every side to satiate their rapacity, by the confiscation of Church lands, and such an example was not calculated to moderate the selfishness and cupidity of the lower classes. When the religious war broke out, this feeling displayed itself in the

lukewarmness shown by many as to the interests of the common cause, and in the want of active co-operation, which eventually brought the work of reformation to the verge of destruction. Foreign nations mixed themselves up in the war: the system of maintaining Lanzknechts was carried to an immoderate extent, and an anarchical character impressed on the struggle. While the hope of plunder and booty alone caused the mercenaries to take up arms, many leaders continually stimulated their wild bands by the promise of robbery and good cheer. And even when this did not occur, still rich estates, out of the conquered territory, were hinted at as the rewards for action. Greed for money and rank among the Lanzknechts, for territorial aggrandisement and high dignities among their leaders, were, for the most part, the sole enticements to enrol themselves under one banner or the other. Every principle of morality had been so utterly subverted, that it was a frequent occurrence for a mercenary to fight against his own creed, although mentally avowing it. In Friedland's army there was a whole mass of Protestants, who served the duke or the emperor most zealously, and employed their utmost efforts to overthrow the Suedo-German party, and, consequently, the Reformation itself.

Albert of Wallenstein was not the man to raise himself above this universal corruption of the age; indeed, he was as much subjugated by the promptings of selfishness as the lowest mercenary in his army. It is true, he never degenerated to sordid covetousness, but was frequently (of course, for the furtherance of his own designs) remarkably liberal; but he recognised nothing beyond his own interest, which could impel him to action: fellow-feeling, love of his fatherland, the prosperity of his country, were to him words without meaning—virtues in which he placed no belief. He certainly struggled with and combated difficulties, privations, and dangers; but then it was only for his own advantage.

This the whole history of his life proved. Although he employed a large portion of his private fortune in the service of the emperor, still his riches ever grew with his years. We must not forget to add that, as is frequently the case, the more his fortune increased, the less was he satisfied. After his landed property had been enormously extended, he raised it to the value of several millions; and when he had been so far successful, he did not rest till he had secured a princely revenue. In his ambition he displayed a like want of moderation. After he had been raised to the rank of count, he directed his wishes towards a princely mantle; and after being invested with this, he aspired, through the possession of the duchy of Mecklenburg, to the enjoyment of actual and independent sovereign authority. Through his mighty fortune accustomed to pomp; through his military position, to unbounded domination; through the homage paid him by crowned heads, to a rank equal to theirs; called by the emperor himself "uncle;" by the King of France, "cousin,"—he could not longer support the idea of being a subject; and the choice was left him between utter ruin, and taking his place by the side of the princes of the empire as an independent sovereign.

If, then, the accusation against Albert of Wallenstein is grounded on the fact of his aspiring to the Bohemian throne, his feelings and principles, behaviour and actions, and finally, his conduct during the whole course of his life, justify us in deeming him capable of entertaining such designs.

In Bohemia he had great estates and family connexions; there he carried out all his political schemes; in that country he ever preferred, at the decisive moment, to concentrate his whole army. Just before the attempted completion of the deed of which he was accused, he withdrew his forces into Bohemia, against the express wishes of the emperor. Grave circumstances, therefore, give weight to the probability which generally supports the charge.

As regards the immediate proofs, in the first place, it is shown by documentary evidence that Count Kinsky was in treaty with the court of France, for a considerable portion of the year 1633, touching the elevation of Friedland to the Bohemian throne. His defenders assert that such schemes were carried on without the privity or assent of the duke. This palliation is primarily opposed by the serious fact that, coincidentally with these negotiations, Friedland himself suffered the suspicious remark to escape him in the Silesian camp, "That peace must be concluded, and the emperor compelled to restore the right of free election to the crown of Bohemia." Another still more serious circumstance may be added, that Friedland offered, through Marshal Arnim, to join the Swedes. When his defenders object that this was only done with a view to delude the enemy, in the first place, such an answer is utterly without proof, and the *onus probandi* is on them; and secondly, it is fully controverted by the letter addressed by Field-Marshal Holk to Bernhard of Saxe Weimar, quoted in Förster's "Wallenstein's vertraute Briefe."

However, supposing it to be the case that Kinsky, in all his negotiations with France, acted without the knowledge of the Duke of Friedland, assuredly the latter would have publicly declared himself irresponsible for all the steps taken by his brother-in-law, in his capacity as imperial general, immediately informed his master of all that had occurred, and have exerted himself to the utmost to stop Kinsky's equivocal machinations. But no, Friedland acted exactly in the opposite way. On several occasions he was officially informed of his relative's schemes, first, through the memorial of the Marquis de Feuquières, which the latter sent to Wallenstein immediately after his first interview with Kinsky, and again by the letter written to him by the King of France, *manu propriâ*, in which he terms him "cousin." In the face of all this, Wallenstein neither protested against Kinsky's negotiations with France, nor informed his court of them: his brother-in-law, on the contrary, remained in his perfect confidence, assisted him in the most weighty affairs, and even accompanied him when he at length set out to join the enemy.

"This circumstance is decisive," as Mailáth justly says in his "History of the Austrian Empire." "Since Friedland listened to the proposals of France, without informing Ferdinand II. of them, since he knew that his brother-in-law was negotiating on his behalf with France, and since he, nevertheless, neither protested against them nor attempted in any way to thwart them; from these reasons, Albert of Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, was guilty of treason towards the emperor."

All subsequent events only served to furnish further proof of the existence of this treachery. Wallenstein was no admirer of prompt action, but was wont to be above all measure scrupulous, and almost vacillating, that he might seize on the decisive moment. His superstitious belief in astrology, which ever required a favourable conjunction of the planets for

such a moment, went far to nourish this predisposition. Though determined on deserting the emperor, he hesitated for a length of time before carrying it into effect, in order to unite every circumstance in his favour. That he might not be prematurely detected, he concealed himself behind Count Kinsky in his negotiations with France, and reserved to himself the subterfuge, that the latter acted without his cognisance. After his return from the Silesian campaign in the autumn of 1633, his whole conduct seemed to pre-suppose a design for an eventual rupture with the emperor; for he gave up Bavaria to Bernhard of Saxe Weimar without a blow, turned a deaf ear to all Maximilian's entreaties for assistance, and disobeyed the emperor's most authoritative commands to him to aid the elector. Each day he advanced slowly to the consummation of the deed: the treaty with France was to have been ratified on the 1st of January, 1634, but still he employed Kinsky as a cloak. At length, the emperor received an official statement of the negotiations with France, and immediately Friedland's hesitation was changed for energetic action. Preparations were made to estrange the army from the emperor, through the memorial the colonels were pressed to sign at Pilsen; when this failed, an attempt was made to invest this proceeding with a halo of innocence, through a pretended protestation; he sought to concentrate his partisans, first at Prague, then at Pilsen, and to break the ground for the army's desertion to the enemy by his order that it should only obey him, Illo, and Terzka. After all this had been essayed in vain, Wallenstein set out for Eger with the *reliquiæ* of his once colossal army, in order to deliver this important fortress at least into the hands of the enemy, and by the help of the Swede commence recruiting a new body of forces. All these facts stand in such peculiar connexion, and are accompanied by such remarkable circumstances, that it is rendered evident that Wallenstein's intention was to complete the treaty with France at the commencement of the year 1634. We must enter a little further into details.

Friedland based his plans pre-eminently on the pecuniary embarrassments of the emperor, through which the latter would be rendered incapable of reimbursing the advances made by his general officers, and punctually paying his army. With calculating zeal he aroused in the commanders the fear of losing their money, and in all his speeches showed, in glowing colours, that not only the emperor would not be able to keep his promise, but that, however good his will might be, could not possibly fulfil it, as his finances were in such a dilapidated condition. On the other hand, he sought to show how watchful he had ever been of the interests of his soldiers, and how much he was still disposed to do if he remained at the head of the army. In order to accomplish this, Wallenstein required great pecuniary resources: the aid of France in the contemplated alliance was to consist of subsidies of money. Twelve days, then, prior to the attempt on the fidelity of the officers at Pilsen, Kinsky had tried to conclude the treaty with France. The union among the officers was, from its very tendency, in the highest degree improper, and evidently a preliminary attempt to withdraw the army from its obedience to the emperor. Though it is incapable of proof, still it is highly probable that foul play was at work to do away with the reservation contained in the memorial as to serving the emperor. So many rumours were in circulation about it, that it would be difficult to regard the whole affair as a

pure invention. Besides, it must be added that menaces were employed to induce those officers who still hesitated, to attach their signature to it. In the examination afterwards made into the matter, Duke Julius of Saxony denied, it is true, that persons had been forced to sign by threats of strangulation, or of being hurled out of the window, or that swords were drawn; but still he allowed that Losi had called all the other colonels present, cowards. Now, as Losi was one of Wallenstein's most unscrupulous partisans, he was necessarily angered because others raised serious objections about signing the memorial. Although all this does not positively go to prove anything, still it furnishes "*indicia*" which acquire importance when taken in conjunction with the many other immediate proofs—such, for instance, as the treaty with France.

Wallenstein's defenders do not attempt to deny his formal desertion to the enemy, in his march to Eger; but in his excuse they allege that the Duke of Friedland was driven to this step, when he received the information that he was deposed from his command, and placed under the ban of the empire. We will be more reasonable than others, and would not deny in toto the validity of this excuse, if it admitted of proof; but, in truth, there is none, and every circumstance leads us to quite the opposite conclusion. We will attempt to explain this.

According to the narrative of Quartermaster-General von der Grün, Duke Bernhard of Saxe Weimar, in consideration of Wallenstein's repeated and pressing entreaties, assembled his troops about the commencement of February, 1634, in order to march through Wieden to Eger. For the sake of impartiality, we must certainly remark here, that some doubts have been raised as to the time at which Grün states that Bernhard commenced his march. If the duke heard of Wallenstein's death, which took place on the 25th of February, while still at Wieden, it is very improbable that he set out to join him at the commencement of that month. But we fortunately possessed a letter written by Duke Francis Albert of Saxe Lauenbürg, addressed to Illo, and dated February 24th, 1634, from Ratisbon, in which he announces that Bernhard of Saxe Weimar was concentrating his whole force on the frontier, and that all his arrangements would be completed in a very few days. This clearly shows that Bernhard commenced his march at a later date. It appears, too, from Grün's narrative, that Wallenstein had laid his prayer for assistance before Duke Bernhard long prior to the 19th of February, the day on which he received news of his deposition. Grün assures us, too, that Bernhard had at first declined, and only consented when he received a very detailed account of all Wallenstein's designs. This evidently has reference to many and longer negotiations—at least to such as must have been commenced long before the 19th of February. Other considerations must lead us to precisely the same result. If it was true, as Förster so confidently asserts, that both Sweden and France only saw in Wallenstein's proposals a design to entrap them; if, further, Friedland had not, till three days antecedent to his murder, done anything to do away with that opinion,—it is quite inconceivable they would hurry to help him in the extremity of his danger. Instead, then, of marching to Eger, and there awaiting the arrival of the Swedes, Friedland would necessarily have sought to save himself in quite a different direction. The march to Eger was the open rupture with the emperor, and Wallenstein, through the ill-success of his attempts on the army, irrecoverably lost, could he not cal-

culate on the help of the Swedes. Friedland was quite aware that he must soon be attacked in Eger; he was, further, much too conversant with state business not to see that without preliminary negotiations the time was much too short to complete a treaty with the Swedes; under such circumstances it would have been more than a mere error of judgment to shut himself up in Eger, and actions of this character do not resemble Wallenstein's usually cautious and reflecting policy.

In consideration, then, that a number of concurrent circumstances revealed Prince Friedland's settled design of deserting the emperor, and gaining the crown of Bohemia by a coalition with France and Sweden;

That such a design was primarily, though obscurely, visible in Wallenstein's remarks to Field-Marshal Arnim during the first Silesian armistice, and openly expressed during the second;

In consideration, also, that negotiations were commenced with France for the purpose of carrying out the scheme, to which Wallenstein silently assented;

And fourthly, that the desertion was openly displayed in the march to Eger, and the attempt made to form a junction with the Swedes;

Albert of Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, was guilty of treason towards his emperor, Ferdinand II.

On the other hand, it has been laid to the emperor's charge that, without conceding Wallenstein a judicial hearing, he ordered him to be not merely executed, but basely assassinated. Such a deed, if committed in Germany, would appear in the sight of history a grievous crime, even if done by an emperor. It is therefore fitting to make an impartial inquiry into the subject. The accusation against Ferdinand II. is mainly grounded on a justification of Wallenstein's death, which appeared in print by authority of the imperial court. In it was stated, among other matters, that, concurrently with the decree of deposition, dated 24th of January, 1634, an order was sent to Gallas to possess himself of Wallenstein's person, either alive or dead. Count Kevenhüller affirmed this as well, and wrote that Wallenstein, before his death, had been placed under the ban, and declared "vogelfrei." This served to propagate the idea of the emperor's complicity. On a nearer examination of the true state of the case, we shall be led to form quite the opposite opinion. The reasons are as simple as they are numerous and decisive.

Both Ferdinand II. and his confidential Camarilla entertained serious apprehensions as to Wallenstein's power and influence with the army. When Friedland's negotiations with France became the subject of public conversation, in December, 1633, and his deposition had been already decided on, Ferdinand was in great difficulty about what he should do with his rebellious general, as simple imprisonment appeared hazardous. Even after Wallenstein's deposition, he did not dare to make it publicly known, but only imparted it to his stanchest adherents. The various precautionary measures taken by the emperor prove how much he feared, even at that hour, Wallenstein's power. Besides these circumstances, it is highly improbable that orders had been issued for Wallenstein's murder, even in secret. In the imperial manifesto, it is true that Friedland and two of the chief conspirators were excluded from the general amnesty; but this could not well be otherwise, when we consider its comprehensiveness. Again, too, it was added, in regard of Illo and Terzka, that they were shut out because they were reported to be organisers of the conspi-

racy; and this seems to indicate the reservation of the power of further examination. We possess no document in the German archives by which Wallenstein was placed under the imperial ban, or his assassination authorised.

After the decree of deposition of the 24th of January, 1634, a second manifesto was issued by the emperor, conceived in much sharper terms, and in which Wallenstein is openly accused of treason. It bore date 18th of February, 1634; but it is highly probable it was only drawn up after Wallenstein's death, and purposely post dated. Even in this document there is no mention of Wallenstein being placed under the ban, or any order to capture him dead or alive. This raises serious doubts as to the moral complicity of Ferdinand II. in Wallenstein's murder; and, besides, various facts furnish conclusive evidence that Colonel Butler designed and executed the deed without any settled plan or previous authority, and specially without any proposal from the emperor. This we will proceed to prove.

After the assassination of Wallenstein had been irrevocably determined, still, at the moment of action, the conspirators felt great repugnance. This was very natural, for up to that time the Duke of Friedland had ever been to them an object of the greatest reverence; the severe commander, whom none dared to approach with the slightest mien of insubordination, least of all, of insult. Though his majesty was at an end, still a holy awe of his will and person, through long association, remained on the mind of his inferiors. This *prestige* had a powerful effect even on Butler, Leslie, and Gordon. After Wallenstein's confidants had been murdered, these three consulted together whether there was no method left open to spare the general's life, and render him harmless by imprisonment. Then, however, one reminded the other of the dangerous speeches they had heard at table. Illo, namely, was not satisfied with merely expressing his joy at the speedy approach of the Swedes, but even asserted, that within three days the duke would be at the head of a greater army than ever. Rittmeister Neumann also said, that as the emperor had so shamefully oppressed German liberty, he would, for his part, take such vengeance that he would shortly wash his hands in the blood of the lords of Austria. The conspirators, therefore, considered the danger so pressing, that it could only be averted by Wallenstein's immediate death. Thus, then, they were driven to adhere to their previous decision. All this is selected from various narratives; and Butler's letters prove most clearly that he determined on the deed without persuasion from other parties, and solely through consultation with Leslie and Gordon. His letter to Gallas explains, quite calmly, why he determined on murdering the Duke of Friedland. It does not contain the slightest reference to any commission he had received, and Butler appears in it the sole and independent suggestor of the deed. Had he received any authority from the emperor, he would have most certainly made some allusion to it in this letter. At that day men were only prone to act from the hope of reward, and had he been authorised by the emperor, he would certainly have laid claim to payment for the speedy completion of the deed. Butler promised himself great gain from the murder, as his letter to Gallas testifies: had he had the slightest encouragement from higher quarters, he would have pictured in glowing

colours his zeal in the emperor's cause. His letter to Ferdinand II. does not contain the slightest allusion to such a subject; but, on the contrary, shows that Butler hoped to surprise the emperor with some perfectly unexpected news.

Count Piccolomini, it is true, had intended to command Butler to possess himself of the person of the Duke of Friedland, either dead or alive; but while remarking that this does not furnish any proof of the emperor being implicated, it is seen from Publicius Taafe's statement, that Piccolomini's orders never reached Butler. The suspicion that the emperor was an accessary before the fact in Wallenstein's murder, arises mainly from the fact, that after the deed was done, the imperial court not only expressed its approbation, but sought to justify it in the sight of the world. The inference naturally seemed to be, the man who can approve of such a deed after it has been done, might easily be capable of authorising it, or even of being *particeps criminis.* But Ferdinand, as it appears, knew nothing of it beforehand. After it had been accomplished, he doubtlessly approved of it, and certainly burdened it on his own shoulders. In that lawless age, the supreme authority usurped the right of passing a sentence of death on a culprit, even though he might no longer be among the living; and this was called *sententia post mortem.* The emperor's eldest son, Ferdinand, who had already been crowned King of Bohemia, gave it as his opinion that the murder of Wallenstein should be converted into a legal act by such a reflective sentence. This took place through the public justification of the deed, and through this arose the belief in the emperor's intellectual complicity.

Ferdinand II. was, therefore, guiltless of the murder of the Duke of Friedland; the severest reproach must, however, be cast on him for the simulated friendliness which he displayed in his letters to Wallenstein, from the period of his deposition up to February 3, 1634. We cannot consider it a crime, that from precautionary motives, he delayed to publish his manifesto; but to maintain a confidential correspondence with the duke, was a piece of hypocrisy altogether unworthy an emperor.

The Italian generals in the imperial army behaved also in a very reprehensible manner. Förster is perfectly in the right when he ascribes to them mainly the downfal of Wallenstein: we allude especially to Aldringer, Maradas, Piccolomini, Suys, Colloredo, and Marzini. They were not actuated by zeal for the public good, but instigated by implacable personal hatred. Piccolomini's passion, indeed, carried him so far that he wished to eke his revenge on the corpses of Friedland and his companions in crime, by publicly exposing them in the most ignominious quarters of Prague. Ferdinand II., however, would not suffer this barbarity to be executed on any of the main actors, with the exception of Rittmeister Neumann, "on account of his foul tongue;" another proof of the authenticity of the preceding narrative.

THE ROVINGS OF THE RIPPLE;

OR, SCENES AND ADVENTURES DURING MY SUMMER CRUISE.

CHAPTER I.

The Description of a Yacht, and a Sketch of some Yachting Gentlemen—How to Kill Time—The O'Wiggins.

"WELL, old fellow, what shall we do next?" exclaimed my friend Ashmore, as he and I, with two other *compagnons de voyage*, sat at table after dinner in the cabin of his yacht, the *Ripple*. Now, whether to describe our four selves or the yacht first? Our "Home on the Ocean Wave" shall have the preference. She was a very fine vessel, of about eighty tons—a cutter—and as her owner was not fond of racing, she was well fitted for sea. She was beautiful to look at; and as her old master, Isaac Griffith, always remarked when her qualities were spoken of, "a good 'un to go." In fact, she possessed all the usual qualifications of a yacht, and was a first-rate sea-boat. Her interior fittings, though not gaudy, were thoroughly comfortable; for as Ashmore usually spent five months out of the twelve on board, he had made her as habitable as space would allow. She was his hobby, and, as he had no wife to share his affections, he loved her well. She had a large main and after-cabin, besides three good sleeping cabins, and a small one to be used on a pinch. Then there was the master's berth, the steward's pantry, and the galley, with a good kitchen-range and a fine fore-peak for the crew; indeed, by careful arrangement, in the space of a few feet there were as many people comfortably housed as would require a large mansion on shore. All the arrangements for the table were equally substantial and good; indeed, in every respect, below and aloft, the *Ripple* was what a yacht should be, and I can say no more in her favour.

And now for the freights she bore—the four jovial bachelors who tenanted her at the time I speak of. Of our worthy host, her owner, to say that he was a very nice gentlemanly fellow, a good companion, and a firm friend, would be less praise than he deserved, for I can affirm that he had many other excellent qualifications, which I need not now sum up. Our fat friend, Porpoise, must come next. He was a lieutenant in the navy, of some years' standing; he had seen a great deal of service, and was considered a good officer. He sang a good song, told a good story, and was always in good spirits and good humour. He had been in the Syrian war, in China, on the coast of Africa, and in South America indeed; wherever there had been any fighting, or work of any sort to be done, there has dashing Jack Porpoise been found. He had a good appetite, and, as old Griffith used to say, his victuals did him good. Porpoise was fat; there was no denying the fact, nor was he ashamed of it. His height was suited to the dimensions of a small craft, and then, having stated that his face was red, not from intemperance, but from sun and spray, I think that I shall have sufficiently described our most excellent chum.

The third person in the cabin worthy of note was yclept Gregory

Groggs. How Ashmore came to ask him on board I scarcely know. It could scarcely have been for his companionable qualities, nor for his general knowledge and information, for I have seldom met a more simple-minded creature; one who had seen less of the world, or knew less of its wicked ways. It was his first trip to sea, and he afforded us no little amusement, by his surprise at everything he beheld and everything which occurred. He had a tolerably strong inside; so, as we had fine weather, he, fortunately for us and for himself, was seldom sea-sick. Our friend Groggs was a native of an inland county, from which he had never before stirred, when, having come into some little property, he was seized with a strong desire to see the world. He had been reading some book or other which had given him most extraordinary principles; and one of his ideas was, that people should marry others of a different nation, as the nearest way of rapidly bringing about the Millenium. He informed us that he should early put his principles into practice, and that, should he find some damsel to suit his taste in France, he should, without fail, wed her. We bantered him unmercifully on the subject; but, as is the case with many other people with one idea, that was not easily knocked out of his head.

Ashmore, having fallen in with him on a visit to his part of the country, invited him, should he ever come to the sea-side, to visit the *Ripple*. By a wonderful chance, Groggs did find his way on board the yacht, as she one day had gone up to Southampton, and once on board, finding himself very comfortable, he exhibited no inclination to leave her. He therein showed his taste; and Ashmore, though at first he would have dispensed with his company, at last got accustomed to him, and would have been almost sorry to part with him.

So much for Groggs. Of myself, the last of the quartette, it becomes me not to speak; so the world must remain in ignorance of what manner of man I am.

We lay at anchor off Cowes—that place far-famed for yachts and yachting adventures. Several other vessels lay there also, mostly schooners—a rig which has lately much come into fashion.

I began the chapter with a question; it has not yet been answered.

"What shall we do next?" said Porpoise, repeating Ashmore's question; "why, I vote we go on deck and smoke a cigar."

We had not time to execute the important proposal, before the steward put his head into the cabin, and announced a boat alongside.

"Who is it?" asked Ashmore.

"Mr. O'Wiggins, of the *Popple* schooner, sir," answered the steward. "She brought up while you were at dinner, sir."

"Oh, ask him down below," said our host, throwing himself back in his chair with a resigned look, which said, more than words, "What a bore!"

Before the steward could reach the deck, O'Wiggins was heard descending the companion-ladder. He was a tall, broadly-built man, with a strongly-marked Hibernian countenance. Ashmore did not think it necessary to rise to receive his guest, but O'Wiggins, no way disconcerted, threw himself into a vacant chair.

"Ah, Ashmore, my boy! faith, I'm glad to find any one I know in this dull place," he exclaimed, stretching out his legs, and glancing

round at the rest of us, as he helped himself from a decanter towards which Ashmore pointed.

"We are not likely to be here long, but we are undecided what next to do," returned Ashmore.

"Och, then, I'll tell you what to do, my boy," said O'Wiggins. "Just look in at the regattas to the westward, and then run over to Cherbourg. I've just come across from there, and all the world of France is talking of the grand naval review they are to have of a fleet, in comparison to which that of perfidious Albion is as a collection of Newcastle colliers. There'll be rare fun of one sort or another, depend on it; and, for my part, I wouldn't miss it on any account. What say your friends to the idea? I haven't had the pleasure of meeting them before, I think?"

"I beg your pardon," said Ashmore, "I forgot to introduce them." And he did so in due form; at which O'Wiggins seemed mightily pleased, and directly afterwards began addressing us familiarly by our patronimics, as if we were old friends. In fact, in a wonderfully short space of time he made himself perfectly at home. The proposal of the Cherbourg expedition pleased us all; and it was finally agreed that we would go there. We could not help being amused with O'Wiggins, in spite of the cool impudence of his manner. He told some capital stories, in which he always played a prominent part; and though we might have found some difficulty in believing them, they were not on that account the less entertaining. Meantime coffee and cigars made their appearance. O'Wiggins showed a determination to smoke below, and Ashmore could not insist on his going on deck; so we sat and sat on; Porpoise enjoying the fun, and Groggs listening with open eyes at all the wonders narrated by our Irish visitor, for whom he had evidently conceived a vast amount of admiration. At a late hour O'Wiggins looked at his watch, and finding that his boat was alongside, he at length took his departure.

Chapter II.

The Ripple sails—Plymouth Sound—England's Bulwarks—The *Albion*—The Regatta—Jack Mizzen and the *Fun*—Her Fair Crew—Naval Heroes and Nautical Heroines.

We were present at most of the regattas to the westward, but as they differed but little from their predecessors for many years past, I need not describe them. No place equals Plymouth for a regatta, either on account of the beauty of the surrounding scenery, or in affording a good view of the course from the shore. By-the-by, it was some little satisfaction to look at the two new forts run up on either side of the entrance to the harbour, as well as at the one with tremendously heavy metal between the citadel and Devonport, not to speak of the screw guard-ships, which may steam out and take up a position wherever required. I can never forget the superb appearance of that mammoth of two-deckers, the *Albion*, with her ninety guns and a tonnage greater than most three-deckers. It is said that she could not fight her lower-deck guns in a heavy sea; but one is so accustomed to hear the ignorant or unjust

abuse, and the falsehood levied at her talented builder, that one may be excused from crediting such an assertion. She is acknowledged to be fast; and, from looking at her, I should say that she has all the qualifications of a fighting ship, and a great power of stowage. What more can be required? If she is not perfect, it is what must be said of all human fabrics. If Sir William Symonds had never done more than get rid of those sea-coffins, the ten-gun brigs, and introduce a class of small craft superior to any before known in the service, the navy would have cause to be deeply indebted to him. He has enemies; but in the service I have generally found officers willing and anxious to acknowledge his merits.

There is no little satisfaction in cruising about Plymouth Sound. I suspect that now our neighbours would not be so ready to attempt to surprise the place and to burn its arsenal, as they one fine night thought of doing some few years back. People in general are so accustomed to believe our sacred coasts impregnable, that they could not comprehend that such an enterprise was possible. Yet I can assure my readers that not only was it possible, practicable, in contemplation, and that every preparation was made, but that we were perfectly helpless, and that they would indubitably have succeeded in doing all they intended. Neither Plymouth nor Portsmouth were half fortified; and such fortifications as existed were not half garrisoned, while we could not have collected a fleet sufficient to have defended either one or the other. Providentially the differences were adjusted in time, and the French had not the excuse of inflicting that long-enduring vengeance which they have a not unnatural desire to gratify. When they have thrashed us once, and not till then, shall we be cordial friends; and, though electric wires and railroads keep up a constant communication, may that day be long distant! We had brought up just inside Drake's Island, which, as all who know Plymouth are aware, is at the entrance of Hamoaze. We were just getting under weigh, and were all on deck, when a cutter yacht passed us, standing out of the harbour. Our glasses were levelled at her to see who she carried, for bonnet-ribbons and shawls were fluttering in the breeze.

"What cutter is that?" asked Porpoise. "There's a remarkably pretty girl on board of her."

"That must be—yes, I'm certain of it—that must be the *Fun;* and, by Jove, there's jolly Tom Mizzen himself at the helm!" ejaculated Ashmore, with for him unusual animation.

He waved his cap as the rest of us did, for Porpoise and I knew Mizzen. Mizzen waved his in return, and shouted out:

"Come and take a cruise with us. We'll expect you on board to lunch."

"Ay, ay!" shouted Ashmore, for there was no time for a longer answer before the yacht shot by us.

We had soon sail made on the *Ripple*, and were standing after the *Fun* towards the westernmost and broadest entrance to the Sound. It was a lovely day, without a cloud in the sky, and a fine steady breeze; such a day as, from its rarity, one knows how to value in England. Yachts of all sizes and many rigs were cruising about in the Sound. Largest of all was the *Brilliant*, a three-masted square topsail schooner, of nearly 400 tons, belonging to Mr. Ackers, the highly esteemed Com-

modore of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club; and as for the smallest, there were some with the burgee of a club flying of scarcely ten tons. We, meantime, were standing after the *Fun*. Her owner, Tom Mizzen, had once been in the navy; but before he had risen above the exalted rank of a midshipman he had come into a moderate independence, which enabled him to keep a yacht and a hunter, and not being of an aspiring disposition, he had quitted the service, with the intention of living on shore and enjoying himself. He, after a few years, however, got tired of doing nothing, so he got a yacht and went afloat, and, as he used to say,

"Fool that I am, I have to pay for sailing about in a small craft, not knowing where to go or what to do; when, if I had stuck to the service, I might have got paid for sailing in a large ship, and have been told where to go and what to do. Never leave a profession in a huff; you'll repent it once, and that will be to the end of your days, if you do."

Such was Tom Mizzen. He was a jolly, good-natured fellow. He sang a good song, told a good story, and everybody liked him. He had seven ladies on board, two of whom we judged to be chaperons; the other five were young, and if not pretty, were full of smiles and laughter. The *Fun* was much smaller than the *Ripple*, so we easily kept way with her, and ran round the Eddystone and hove to, while the racing vessels came round also. We four bachelors then went on board the *Fun*, and were welcomed not only by her owner, but by the many bright eyes she contained. There were already four or five gentlemen on board, but they had not done much to make themselves agreeable, so nearly all the work had fallen on Mizzen. We gladly came to his assistance; poor Groggs, also, afforded them much amusement, but it was at his own expense (not the first person in a like position), unknown to himself. They were all talking about Cherbourg, and had insisted on Mizzen's taking them over there. He, of course, was delighted. The main-cabin was to be devoted to them. Fortunately, however, one chaperon and two damsels could not go, so the rest might continue to rough it for a few nights. We had a large luncheon and much small talk. I mustn't describe the ladies, lest they should be offended. If I was to say that one of the chaperons was fat, and another tall, all the fat and tall elderly ladies on the water that day would consider I intended to represent them. However, there can be no risk in saying that the eldest dame was Mrs. Mizzen, an aunt of the owner of the *Fun*, and chaperon-general to the party. The very pretty girl was Laura Mizzen, her daughter, and the other married lady was Mrs. Rullock, wife of Commander Rullock, R.N., and who had also two unmarried daughters under her wing. Of the other young ladies, one was Fanny Farlie, a rival in beauty, certainly, of Laura Mizzen—it was difficult to say which was the prettiest—and another was her cousin, Susan Simms, who read novels, played on the piano, was devoted to the polka, and kept tame rabbits. It was perceptible to us, before we had been long on board, that Mizzen affected Fanny, while Miss Mizzen at once, with some effect, set her cap at Ashmore. She did not intend to do so, but she could not help it. She was not thinking of his fortune nor of his position, nor did she wish to become mistress of the *Ripple*. Of the gentlemen, one was in the Marines, Lieutenant Pipes, an old messmate of Mizzen's, and Mr. Simon Simms, the brother of Susan, who had an office in the dockyard, smoked cigars, and was very nautical in

his propensities. There was a fat old gentlemen and a thin Major Clay, of a foot regiment; but I have not space to describe all the party. They will reappear in their proper places. We ate and drank, and were very merry, and sailed about all day, most of us hoping to meet again at Cherbourg.

Chapter III.

Yacht Squadrons on a Cruise—O'Wiggins's *Popple*—Arrival in Cherbourg—The Peace Congress and the French Channel Fleet—Reflections and Suggestions to Presidents Cobden and Burritt.

A crowd of yachts might have been seen one fine morning becalmed outside the Needles. We were among them. We had sailed from Cowes the previous evening, but had been unable to get further, from the light winds and calms which had prevailed. At last a breeze from the northward sprung up, and we went gaily along. It was a beautiful sight, and no one could fail to be in good spirits as we spoke the various vessels on board which we had acquaintance. The *Popple* was among them, but having started first, was ahead till we came up with her, much to her owner's disgust. O'Wiggins entertained the idea (very common not only to yachtsmen, but to masters of vessels and seamen in general, and a very happy one it is) that his vessel was the fastest, the most beautiful, and the best sea-boat going. "Ah, Ashmore, old fellow, how are you?" he hailed. "You've brought a nice breeze up with you. We haven't had a breath of it till this minute; we shall now stand on in company." As he spoke, we observed his master trimming sails with the greatest care, for he saw that we were already shooting past him at a great rate. We laughed, for we knew that the *Popple* was a regular slow coach, as slow as she was ugly. She had once, I believe, been a cutter of the old build, with a high bow, and she was then lengthened, and had a new stern stuck on to her, and was rigged as a schooner. As a cutter she had been considered fast, but her new canvas was too much for her, and she could not manage to wag with it. Her copper was painted of a bright red, and she had altogether a very peculiar and unmistakable appearance. We saw O'Wiggins walking his deck with very impatient gestures as we shot past him. He could not make it out; something must be the matter with the *Popple;* she was out of trim; it was the master's fault, but what was wrong was more than he could discover. His philosophy, if he had any, was sorely tried as yacht after yacht passed him, and more than all, when every one on board laughed at him. The fact was, that poor O'Wiggins had done so many things to make himself ridiculous, that every one considered him a fair subject to exercise their merriment on. It was night before we made the lights on the French coast. First the Barfleur lights and Cape La Hogue to the south were seen, then those of Pilee and Querqueville, and lastly the breakwater and harbour lights, and we soon after ran in by the south entrance, and anchored among the crowd of vessels of all sizes already in the harbour. One by one the yachts came, and last, though not least, the *Popple* appeared, and brought up near us. O'Wiggins instantly came on board to explain why the *Popple* had not got in first, but all we could make out was, that she had not sailed as fast as she could because she had not. We did not go on shore that night.

We had amusement enough, as we walked the deck with our cigars in our mouths, in watching the lights on shore and afloat, and the vessels as they came gliding noiselessly in, like dark spirits, and took up their berths wherever they could find room, and in listening to the hails from the ships of war, and those from the yachts' boats, as they pulled about trying to find their respective craft. We amused ourselves by marking the contrasts between the voices of the two nations—the sharp shrill cry of the French, and the deep bass of John Bull.

A good deal of sea tumbled into the bay during the night, in consequence of the fresh northerly breeze, and many an appetite was put *hors de combat* in consequence. Poor Groggs, we heard him groaning as he lay in his berth, "Oh, why was I tempted to cross the sea to come to this outlandish place, for the sake of watching a few French ships moving about, which, I dare say, after all, don't differ much from as many English ones." He exclaimed, between the paroxysms of his agony, "Oh dear! oh dear! it's the last time I'll come yachting, that it is." Poor Gregory—he was not the only one ill that night, I take it; and I am sure Ashmore pardoned his not very grateful observations. We were early on deck, to inhale the fresh breeze, after the somewhat close air of the cabin; then indeed a splendid sight met our view. In the first place, floating in the bay, were nine line-of-battle ships, in splendid fighting order, their dark batteries frowning down upon us; and, drawn up in another line, were a number of large war steamers, besides many other steamers, both British and French; and last, though not least in consideration, were some seventy or eighty yachts; it was impossible to count them—schooners, cutters and yawls, besides some merchantmen and innumerable small craft of every description, all so mingled together that it appeared as if they would never get free of each other again. To the south was the town, with its masses of houses and churches, and its mercantile docks in front. On the west, the naval arsenal and docks, the pride of France and Frenchmen, and which so many had come to see. On the other side were the shores of the harbour, stretching out to Pilee Island, and not far from the town a scarped hill looking down on it, with a fine view obtainable from the top, while to the north, outside all, was the famous digue, or breakwater, which is to eclipse that of Plymouth, as the big sea serpent would a common conger eel. It was begun by Louis XIV., and brought to its present state during the reign of Louis Philippe, during which period it was one night nearly washed away, while some hundred unfortunate workmen engaged on it were in the morning not to be found, but their place being supplied, the works were continued.

I wish no ill to France or Frenchmen, only I hope, if it ever shelters a flotilla for the invasion of Albion, it may, the night before they sail, meet with its former fate, and that their ships may be driven high and dry on the sand. It will be a mercy to the Frenchmen, and save them from being very sick and tremendously thrashed at the end of their voyage. Now, I would not have it supposed that I, a yachtsman, who have often set foot in France, have any rabid dislike to Frenchmen or Frenchwomen. Their cooks, I own, dress most digestible and palatable dinners, and their ladies and grisettes dress themselves to perfection, so that in both cases our tastes are captivated. They talk fluently and amusingly—they dance vehemently, and as if either they liked it or thought it an impor-

tant occupation—and they make very pretty clocks, which don't go very well, and very elegant toys, which are apt to break in the hands of clumsy little John Bulls. Indeed, I might enumerate numberless good qualities they possess, and I am not in the humour to pick out any of the bad ones which may be discernible; only I do wish that they would listen to the exhortations of Cobden of England, and Elihu Burritt of Uncle Sam's country—monarchs of thousands of humble adorers—and would not enlarge their arsenals in every direction, and increase their fleets as far as their means will allow.

Of course they don't sail along our coasts in the said fleets, and look into our harbours with any sinister motive. Of course they do not wish to accustom their seamen to the view of the much-dreaded coast of perfidious Albion, nor to show them the way into our numberless unprotected harbours, far away from railroads or the means of sending down troops in a hurry to dislodge an invading army—for, of course, no Frenchman doubts the possibility of their landing. Perhaps, however, they have listened to those angels of peace, the aforesaid Cobden of England, and Burritt of America; and that their only desire is to instruct their seamen in the art of sketching from nature, and to afford them a finer and bolder coast scenery than is to be found on their own shores. That, of course, was the reason why they selected Torbay for the honour of their first visit; and I hope their friends there were flattered by the compliment paid to their scenery.

So much for the French Channel fleet; and now to return to the show at Cherbourg, and the doings of our party there.

Chapter IV.

Arrival of the *Fun*—Lionizing on Shore—Groggs lost—His first Love—An irate Father—We rescue our Friend—Yacht Squadrons—Manœuvring—Our first Day over.

The first day nothing of public importance took place. Yachts came gliding in from all quarters, and steamers, if with less grace, at all events with more noise, bustle, and smoke, paddled up the harbour, with their cargoes of felicity-hunting human beings, very sick and very full of regrets at their folly at having left terra firma to cross the unstable element. Among other English craft, the *Fun* came in with Jack Mizzen and a large party on board. We quickly pulled alongside to welcome our friends. The ladies had proved better sailors than most of the gentlemen; and though good Mrs. Mizzen, the chaperon of the party, had been a little put out, and still looked rather yellow about the lower extremity of the face, the young ladies, who had been cruising all the summer, and tumbling about in all sorts of weather, had borne the passage remarkably well, and were as frisky and full of laughter as their dear sex are apt to be when they have everything their own way.

We, of course, as in duty bound, undertook to escort them on shore to show them the lions of the place. As the President was not expected till the evening, there was nothing particular to be done, so we had full time to walk about and to lionize to our heart's content. Ashmore took especial charge of Laura Mizzen, while the owner of the *Fun* kept Fanny Farlie under his arm, and looked unutterable things into her bonnet every now and then, while Susan Simms fell to my share; for

Porpoise made it a point of conscience, I believe, always to watch over the welfare of the chaperon. It was one of his many good points.

Remember, in forming a party of pleasure, never fail to secure a man who likes to make himself agreeable to the chaperon, or you will inevitably make some promising youth miserable, and bore the old lady into the bargain. Groggs was the only man not paired. It was a pity the Miss Rullocks had not come; no blame to them, but their pa would not let them. Mizzen had brought no other gentlemen, as he had to give up all the after-part of his craft to his fair passengers, in order to make them comfortable.

The two gigs carried the party properly apportioned between each, and in fine style we dashed up under the eyes of thousands of admiring spectators to the landing-place at the entrance of the inner basin, now filled with a number of yachts, which had got in there for shelter. The hotel was, of course, full; so the ladies resolved to live on board the yacht while they remained.

Our first visit was to the dockyard, through which we were conducted by a gendarme. We were particularly struck by the large proportion of anchors, of which, as Mizzen observed, he supposed there was a considerable expenditure in the French fleet. The vast inner basins, yet incomplete, look like huge pits, as if excavated to discover some hidden city. There are lines of heavy batteries seaward, which would doubtlessly much inconvenience an approaching fleet; but as their shot would not reach a blockading squadron, they could not prevent an enemy's fleet from shutting up theirs inside the breakwater, while it remained fine, supposing such a squadron ready to convoy over a fleet of troop-ships to the opposite shore; and were it to come on to blow, they might be welcome to put to sea as fast as they like, and a pleasant sail to them across channel.

We went into a church where mass was being performed, and had to pay a sous each for our seats: the faithful who do not like paying must kneel on the ground, which is kept in the most holy state of filth, in order not to tempt them to economise. Our next visit was to the Museum. Its attractions were not great, with the exception of some large pictures of naval combats, drawn by artists of merit undoubted by the citizens of Cherbourg, but who, nevertheless, had not read "James's Naval History" to any good purpose; for, by some extraordinary oversight, the English were invariably getting tremendously thrashed (without their knowing it), and the French fleet were with colours flying, proudly victorious. Perhaps our histories differ; for certain battles, which we consider of importance, were not even in any way represented. Trafalgar, St. Vincent, the Nile, were totally ignored. Porpoise said that, to show his gratitude for the attention we received, he should present them with a correct painting of the first-named battle.

"They'll alter the buntin, if you do, and hoist the French over the English," observed Ashmore. "Though they may suspect that they cannot deceive the present generation, they hope to give their descendants an idea that they were everywhere victorious. They will boast of their glory, even at the risk of being convicted of fibbing by their posterity."

"They know pretty well that the easy credulity of their countrymen will allow them to go any length, in direct opposition to truth, without fear of contradiction," replied Porpoise. "Why, the greater the scrape

Nap. or any of his generals got into, the more glowing and grandiloquent was their despatch. Depend on it that humbug has vast influence in the world, and the French knowing it, small blame to them, they make use of it whenever it suits their purpose."

After we had shown all the sights to be seen to our fair companions, we were walking through the somewhat crowded streets on our return to the boats, when by some chance we got separated from each other. We, however, managed to find our way at the rendezvous, with the exception of Groggs, who was not forthcoming. As he was guiltless of speaking a word of any other language than his mother-tongue, we could not leave him to find his way by himself on board, and accordingly Porpoise and I, handing our charges into the boat, hurried off in search of him. We agreed not to be absent more than a quarter of an hour, and away we started, taking different routes among the crowds of women with high butterfly muslin caps, and bearded soldiers with worsted epaulettes, and sailors totally unlike English, notwithstanding all the pains they had taken to imitate them. We agreed that this dissimilarity arose much from the different mould in which the men are cast, and the utter impossibility of a French tailor cutting a seaman's jacket and trousers correctly. Poor fellows, they all wore braces, and though they tried to swagger a little in imitation of the English seaman's roll, we could not help pitying them, as destined to be soundly thrashed one day or other, if their leaders chose to go to war with us.

In despair of finding Groggs among such a collection of idlers, I was wending my way back, when I was attracted by a crowd in front of the shop of a marchand d'eau-de-Cologne, and above the din of shrill voices I heard one which, by its unmistakable accents, I recognised as that of our lost companion. At the same time, Porpoise appearing some way up the street, I beckoned him towards me, and together we worked our way through the grinning crowd. In the shop was a damsel with considerable pretensions to beauty, before whom, on his knees, appeared Groggs, fervently clasping her hand, while with no less fervour, and much more gesticulation, his hair was grasped by a little man, the father, we found, of the damsel, and whose dress and highly-curled locks at once betrayed the peruquier, or the hair-artist, as he would probably have styled himself.

"But I tell you, old gentleman, my intentions are most honourable towards the lady!" exclaimed Groggs, trying to save his head from being scalped entirely. "I tell you, sir, I have rarely seen so much beauty and excellence combined; and, if she is not displeased with my attentions, I don't see why you or any other man should interfere."

"Je suis son père, je vous dit, et je ne permets pas des libertés avec ma fille!" cried the irate Frenchman, giving another tug at his unlucky locks.

Groggs now caught sight of us, and appealed to us to save him. As we advanced, the young lady disengaged herself from his hand and ran behind the counter, the peruquier withdrew his clutches, and Groggs rushed forward to meet us. The Frenchman gazed at us with a fierce look of inquiry; but the uniform Porpoise wore on the occasion, and my yachting costume, gained us some respect, I suppose.

"What in the name of wonder is all this about?" I exclaimed, looking at Groggs; and then turning to the Frenchman, I observed, in my best

French and blandest tone, "that our arrival was fortunate, as I hoped instantly to appease his wrath, and put everything on a pleasing footing."

Groggs then, in a few words, gave us his eventful history since he parted from us. He had been attracted by the words "Eau-de-Cologne" in the *affiche* over the door, and being anxious to show well how he could make a purchase by himself, he had entered. Instantly struck all of a heap by the beauty and elegant costume of the lady, forgetting all about the eau-de-Cologne, he endeavoured to address her. What was his delight to discover that she could speak some English! Forgetful of the quick passing of time, he stayed on, till the father, hearing a stranger talking to his daughter in a tongue he could not understand, made his appearance. It was at the moment that Groggs, grown bold, had seized her hand, to vow eternal constancy. The lady was not unmoved, though somewhat amused, and not offended. It was probably not the first time her hand had been so taken, she nothing loath; of which fact her most respectable sire was doubtlessly cognizant. To pacify the irate barber, we interpreted the protestations of his honourable intentions which Groggs was pouring out. The daughter, Mademoiselle Eulalie Sophie de Marabout, ably seconded our endeavours, by assuring her papa that the gentleman had behaved in the most respectful manner, nor uttered a word to offend her modest ears. At length we succeeded not only in appeasing the wrath of the *artiste*, but in propitiating him to such a degree that, assuring us that he felt convinced we were most honourable gentlemen, he invited us all to a *soirée* in his rooms over the shop that evening. Eulalie, with sweet smiles, seconded the invitation. Groggs was delighted; and we, provided we could manage it, consented to avail ourselves of the respectable gentleman's kindness.

We now hurried off Groggs, for the ladies were all this time waiting in the boats; not before, however, he had whispered to Eulalie that nothing should prevent him, at all events, from renewing the acquaintance thus somewhat inauspiciously begun. It was impossible to refrain from telling the story when we got on board; and had Groggs's admiration for Eulalie been proof against all the raillery and banter with which he was assailed, it would have been powerful indeed. The ladies did not openly allude to his adventure, but they said enough to show him that they knew all about it, or, perhaps, surmised more than had actually occurred, which was worse still.

We returned on board just in time to get under weigh at a signal from our respective commodores, when the yachts of the various squadrons sailed in line outside the breakwater, under the command of the Earl of Wilton, who acted as Admiral of the Fleet. We formed in two columns, and performed a number of evolutions—we flattered ourselves, in the most creditable manner—and then we re-entered the harbour, and, running down the French line in gallant style, took up our stations again according to signal. Our hearts swelled with pride, and we felt very grand indeed, only wishing that each of our little craft were 74 or 120 gun-ships, and that the French fleet were what they were. O'Wiggins's yacht was the only one continually out of line, or somewhere where she ought not to have been. This was owing partly to his imagining that he knew more about the matter than the commodore or any one else, and partly to the bad sailing of his craft.

Mizzen invited us four bachelors to spend the evening on board the *Fun*, and the attractions of our fair friends proved stronger than those held out by Mademoiselle Eulalie. There was an addition to our party in the person of O'Wiggins, who invited himself on board, and served as an assistant laughing-stock to poor Groggs. There was, consequently, a bond of union between the two—similar to that of two donkeys in a cart, both being lashed with the same whip. In the course of the evening O'Wiggins heard of Groggs's adventure, and, clapping him on the shoulder, assured him that he would take care it should not be his fault if he lost the lady.

We had all day been waiting in expectation of the arrival of the President, every craft being decked out with flags, and every gun loaded to do him honour. At the hour he was expected, enthusiasm was at its height; but as time drew on, it waxed colder and colder. People had come from far and wide to see a sight which was not to be seen; they had expended their time and money, and had a right to complain. Complain, therefore, they did, ashore and afloat; and had it at that time been put to the vote whether he should longer remain President, I fear he would instantly have been shorn of his honours.

At last the bright luminary of day sunk behind the dockyard, the commodores of the English craft fired the sunset gun, the flags were hauled down, and night came on. We had begun to fancy that the President's carriage must have broken down or been upset, or that he was not coming at all, when a gun was heard, and then another, followed by such a flashing, and blazing, and banging of artillery, and muskets, and crackers, and rockets, that we could have no doubt that the great man had indeed arrived.

Thus ended our first day at Cherbourg.

Chapter V.

Gay Scene in Cherbourg Harbour—The O'Wiggins again—Aquatic Visiting—Groggs discovers that he is not Eulalie's First Love—O'Wiggins the Perfidious—A Disciple of St. Impudentia—How to banquet uninvited—The Ball—A Prince in Exile, and a President on his Chair.

By the time the world was up and had breakfasted on Friday, the harbour of Cherbourg presented a very gay appearance. The water was covered with hulls of vessels, and on the decks of the vessels were crowds of gay people, and above them a forest of tall masts, surmounted by flags innumerable, showing all the hues of the rainbow, while in every direction were dashing and splashing boats of every description, men-of-war's boats, and shore boats; and faster moving than all, yachts' boats, which, like comets, seemed to be flying about in eccentric orbits, without any particular reason, and for no definite purpose. O'Wiggins made his appearance on board the *Ripple*, foaming with rage and indignation at not having been invited to the grand banquet to be given that day to the President.

"Neither have I, nor Mizzen, nor any other of the owners of yachts, except the commodores and a few noblemen."

"Faith, but that's no reason at all, at all, why I shouldn't!" exclaimed our Hibernian friend, drawing himself up; "and, what's more, I intend to go in spite of their neglect."

We laughed, as usual, at his unexampled conceit; but fancying that he was joking, we thought no more about the matter. He soon took his departure, carrying off Groggs, who had conceived a high respect for him. O'Wiggins had promised to conduct him to the feet of the fair Eulalie, which was an additional temptation to the poor man. Never, perhaps, was there so much paying and receiving of visits as there was in the course of the day. The yachtsmen paid visits to each other, and then to the men of war; and to do the French officers justice, they treated us with the very greatest attention. I must say that all the French naval officers I have met are as gentlemanly a set of fellows as I know; they are highly scientific, and as brave as any men one would wish to meet.

It appeared as if all the inhabitants and visitors of Cherbourg were on the water also paying visits; and a report having got abroad that the owners of the English yachts were happy to show their vessels to all comers, we were all day long surrounded by visitors. The general joke was to send them all off to O'Wiggins's craft, the *Popple*. Her cabins were, certainly, very gaudily and attractively furnished. It was hinted to the townspeople that he was a very important person, and that he would be highly offended if his vessel was not the first honoured by their presence. O'Wiggins was at first highly flattered with the attention paid him, and had actually prepared luncheon for the first comers; but he soon discovered that he had more guests than he could accommodate, and in a little time he was almost overwhelmed with visitors, who, for hours after, crowded his cabins, without a possibility of his getting free of them. Among others, while Groggs was on board, came the fair Eulalie and her respectable sire, habited in the costume of the National Guard, and looking very military and dignified. Groggs hurriedly advanced to receive the lovely maid; her surprise equalled his delight; when O'Wiggins stepped out from an inner cabin. There was a mutual start and a look of recognition, and Eulalie sunk back, almost fainting, into the arms paternal, open to receive her, while, with a look which would have annihilated any man but O'Wiggins, she exclaimed the single word, "*Perfide!*" M. de Marabout, with paternal solicitude, endeavoured to remove his daughter to the fresh air of the deck, but she recovered without that assistance, and exhibited signs unmistakable of a wish to abstract one or both of the eyes of the O'Wiggins from his head.

"What means all this, my dear sir?" inquired Groggs, with a somewhat faltering voice, for suspicions most unpleasant were beginning to take possession of his imagination.

"Ask the lady," replied O'Wiggins, looking out for a mode to secure his retreat.

The lady saw that he was cowed, which of course gave her courage; so, releasing herself from her father, she sprung towards him. The skylight hatchway was the only available outlet; so he sprung on the table, and from thence was endeavouring to leap on deck, when she caught him by the leg. He struggled hard—for expose himself to her fury he dared not, and he did not like to summon his people to his assistance. At last he was obliged to do so; when, as the seamen, with shouts of laughter, were hauling him up, off came his shoe and a piece of his

trousers; and he was spirited away and stowed safely in the forepeak before the irate damsel could gain the deck, where she instantly hastened in the hopes of catching him. Of the distracted and astounded Groggs Eulalie took no further notice, and having in vain sought for the object of her just anger, whom she supposed to have escaped in a boat to the shore, she and her father and friends took their departure, and Groggs saw his beloved no more. How O'Wiggins had thus mortally offended the damsel remains a secret, as do also the reasons which induced her to visit England, and the means by which her journey was accomplished.

When O'Wiggins discovered that Eulalie was in reality gone, he retired to his cabin, to compose himself and to change his tattered garments for a magnificent uniform of some corps of fencibles, or militia, or yeomanry, of which he professed to be colonel; the said uniform being added to and improved according to his own taste and design, till it rivalled in magnificence that of a Hungarian field-marshal, or a city lieutenant's.

We had been giving the ladies a pull about the harbour, and were passing the *Popple*, when her owner made his appearance on deck. The previous account, it must be understood, we received afterwards from Groggs, who recounted it with a simple pathos worthy of a despairing lover. On his head O'Wiggins wore a huge cocked-hat, surmounted by a magnificent plume of feathers, which, waving in the wind, had a truly martial and imposing appearance, while the glittering bullion which profusely covered his dress could not fail of attracting the notice of all beholders. With the air of a monarch he stepped into his gig, which was alongside, manned by a grinning crew, and seizing the yoke-lines, he directed her head up the harbour. He was too much engrossed by his own new-fledged dignity to observe us, so we followed him at a respectful distance, to watch his movements. The boats of all descriptions made way for him as he advanced, and the men-of-war's boats saluted, every one taking him for a foreign prince, or an ambassador, or a field-marshal, at least. At length he reached the quay, and with a truly princely air he stepped on shore, taking off his plumed hat, and bowing to the admiring and wondering crowds who stood there to welcome him. A space was instantly cleared to allow full scope for the wave of his cocked-hat, and as he advanced, the crowd made way, bowing to him as he progressed. In execrable French he signified his wish to know the way to the mayor's hotel, where the banquet was to be held; and an officious official instantly thereon, perceiving the gestures of the great unknown, stepped forward, and, profoundly bowing, advanced before him.

"Some dreadful mistake has doubtlessly occurred, and by an oversight which no one but I can remedy, no one has been deputed to conduct the prince to the banquet. For the honour of my country I'll tell a lie." So thought the patriotic official, as he observed, in an obsequious tone, "I have been deputed, mon prince, by monsieur the mayor, who deeply regrets that his multifarious duties prevent him from coming in person to conduct you to the banqueting-hall, where the great President of the great French republic will have the satisfaction of meeting you."

"I am highly pleased at the mayor's attention," answered O'Wiggins, with an additional flourish of his hat, and wondering all the time whom he could be taken for, that he might the better act his part. "A prince,

at all events, I am, and that's something," he thought; so he walked on, smiling and bowing as before.

Of all nations in the world, the French are certainly the greatest admirers of a uniform, and the most easily humbugged by any one who will flatter their vanity, and certainly republicans are the greatest worshippers of titles. On walked the great O'Wiggins, admired equally by the vieux moustache of the Imperial Guard, by the peasant-girl, with her high balloon starched cap, by the dapper grisette, by real soldiers of the line, by shopkeeping national guards, by citizen gentlemen and ladies in plain clothes, and the queer-shaped seamen and boatmen, of whom I have before spoken. His step was firm and confident as he approached the hall, and as he got near, he saw with dismay that the guests arriving in crowds before him were admitted by tickets. This we also observed, and fully expected to have seen him turned back, shorn of his honours, amid the shouts of the populace. But the knowing doorkeeper, equally knowing as the officious official, who now, with a glance of pride, announced him, could not dream of insulting a prince by asking him for his ticket, only bowed the lower as he advanced, bestowing on them in return some of his most gracious nods. The act was accomplished. He was safe in the banqueting-hall; but still there might be a turn in the tide of his affairs; some one who knew him might possibly ask how the d—l he got there, and the mayor might request his absence. But O'Wiggins was too true a disciple of St. Impudentia thus to lose the ground he had gained. Having begun with blusters and bold confidence, he now called in meek humility and modest bashfulness with an abundant supply of blarney. Stowing away his cocked-hat in a safe corner, he retired among a crowd of betinselled officials, and earnestly entered into conversation with them, expatiating largely on his satisfaction at the sight he had that day witnessed, assuring his hearers that in Turkey, Russia, or America, or any other of the many countries he had visited, he had never seen anything to equal the magnificence he had beheld in this important part of *la belle* France. He endeavoured also to bend down, so as to hide his diminished head among the crowd, and thus, as he had calculated, more wisely than a well-known wise man we have heard of, he passed undetected.

Dinner being announced as served, he found himself, much against his will, forced upwards close to the English naval officers and yacht commodors; but by a still further exertion of humility he contrived to take his seat a few persons off from those who knew him and might put awkward questions. The French, however, could not fail to admire the admirable modesty of the foreign prince, and the liberals set it down to the score of his respect for republican institutions, while the royalists fancied that he was afraid of assuming on his rank before his republican host. From the information I could gain, and from his own account afterwards, his impudence carried him through the affair with flying colours, for no one detected him, though many wondered who he was; and even some who were acquainted with him by sight, failed to recognise the O'Wiggins in the gaily-decked *militaire* before them.

Having seen him enter the hall, we returned on board the *Fun*, to give an account of what had happened to our fair friends; and of course we did not fail of making a good story of the affair, and surmising that

O'Wiggins would be discovered and compelled to strip off his feathers. After dinner we prepared to go to the ball, to which the ladies wisely would not venture. Poor Groggs was very downcast at the events of the morning, and with the discovery that he could never with propriety make Eulalie Mrs. Groggs. As we were going on shore we met O'Wiggins pulling off in his gig with four highly bedecked officers of National Guards, whom he had invited to visit the yacht. He had selected them for the gayness of their uniforms, which he fancied betokened their exalted rank. They had discovered that he was not a prince, but still were under the impression that he was at least a M Lord Anglais, imbued with liberal principles. He nodded condescendingly to us as he passed.

"I'm going to show my craft to these officers whom I brought from the banquet, and I'll be back soon at the ball," he exclaimed, with a look of triumph.

It is understood—for I cannot vouch for the truth of the statement—that he made the officers very drunk, and then changing his gay uniform for his usual yacht dress-coat, he made his appearance at the ball, where he boasted of the polite manner in which the President had asked him to the banquet, quoting all the speeches which had been made, and many other particulars, so that no one doubted that he was there.

The ball-room was crowded to suffocation, and dancing was out of the question. I looked at the President with interest. The last time I had seen him was in a London ball-room, and at supper I had sat opposite to him and his cousin, the very image of their uncle. At that time, neither had more influence in the world than I or any other humble person. They were little lions because they had the blood in their veins of the most extraordinary man our times has known; but any Indian from the East, with a jewelled turban, created more interest. Now I beheld the same man the head of a great nation—the observed of all observers—dispensing his courtesies with a truly regal air. One could not help feeling that a mockery as he may be, and unstable as is his seat, that there must be more of his uncle's spirit in the man than one was before inclined to suppose. A considerable number of ladies' dresses and men's coats were torn, and purses and handkerchiefs abstracted from pockets, and the ball terminated. I have not given a very lucid description of it; but a crush in England is so very like a crush in France, that my readers who have endured one may easily picture the other.

CHAPTER VI.

Another Day at Cherbourg—Scenes in the Harbour—The Visit of the President to his Fleet—A large Expenditure of Gunpowder—An Address to British Economists—A few Remarks on Affairs in General—The *Ripple* and *Fun* sail—Matrimony the happy Conclusion of the Tale.

MRS. MIZZEN and her charges were anxious to sail to get back to Plymouth for Sunday, but we induced them to stop till the afternoon, by promising then to accompany them, that they might see the President visit the fleet, which it was understood he was to do on Saturday. The day was lovely, and every craft afloat, from the big *Valmy* to the smallest yacht, did her best to look gay, and to add to the brilliancy of the scene. The piers were crowded with people, and so were the decks of the vessels,

and boats and barges laden with passengers were moving in every direction. It was amusing to watch the numerous parties on board the steamers at their meals; those forward indulging in bread and cheese and sausages, and vin ordinaire or beer; the more aristocratic aft in chicken-pies, hams, champagne, and claret, in which beverages they drank prosperity to the republic and long life to the President, though they would as readily have toasted a king or an emperor. It was a day of excitement. The first thing in the morning there was a pulling-match, but who was the winner I am unable to say. Then the President paid a visit to the dockyard, and from that time every one was on the tip-toe of expectation to catch a glimpse of him as he pulled off to the ships-of-war he purposed visiting.

At length he appeared in a state barge of blue and white and gold, and prow and stern raised and carved richly, which floated as proudly as that of any Lord Mayor of London, from Whittington downward; for not altogether dissimilar was she in appearance. She pulled twenty-four oars, and a captain stood by the coxswain to con her. Under a canopy of purple cloth, the colour reminding one of imperial dignity, sat the President of the republic, a tricolor flag waving in the bow from a lofty flagstaff, speaking, however, loudly of republicanism. As his galley shot out of the dockyard, there burst forth from the mouth of every cannon on board the ships and in every fort on shore, roars most tremendous, flashes of flame, and clouds of smoke. Never had I before heard such a wild, terrific uproar; crash followed crash, till it appeared that every soul afloat or on shore must be annihilated.

Thundering away went the guns, every ship firing every gun she had as fast as she could, and every fort doing the same. Bang—crash, crash, crash. The ladies stopped their ears, and looked as if they wished themselves well out of it. It appeared as if a fierce battle were raging, while the ships, and the batteries, and the shore, were shrouded by a dense mass of smoke. On a sudden the firing ceased, the smoke blew away, revealing once more the masts and rigging of the ships of war, now crowded with men in the act of laying out on the yards. The crews cheered, and the bands of all the ships struck up martial music, which floated joyfully over the water, and one could not help fancying that something very important was taking place. In reality, it was only a *coup d'état*—Prince Napoleon was trying to supplant Prince de Joinville in the affections of the seamen of France. It is said that he made himself very popular, and gained golden opinions from all classes of men.

His first visit was to the *Friedland*, the flag-ship of Admiral Deschenes, then to the *Valmy*, and next to *Minerve*, the gunnery-ship, on the same plan as our *Excellent*. Here some practice took place, but I cannot say that the firing was anything out of the way good. Having inspected his own ships, he paid a visit to Lord Wilton's beautiful schooner, the *Xarifa*, and afterwards to the *Enchantress*, Lord Cardigan's yacht, both perfect vessels of their kind. We yachtsmen had, indeed, reason to feel not a little proud of the display made by our peaceable crafts on the occasion.

Perhaps it may have occurred to any Frenchmen, who might have looked with boastful eyes on their proud war-ships, if these sons of perfidious Albion can make such a display with their pleasure-boats, what

will they do if they get into earnest, and fit out a national fleet of big ships and steamers? Unfortunately, however, there is that indomitable self-sufficiency and pride in the composition of Frenchmen that they cannot be convinced of our superiority at sea, and will, to a certainty, on the first favourable opportunity, try to pay off old scores.

I do not say this from any dislike to the French, but being in an economical, or rather an utilitarian, mood, I wish they would sensibly reduce their squadron to dimensions suited to the wants of peaceable people, and allow us to employ our ships in carrying emigrants, putting down the slave-trade, and taking care of our interests in various parts of the world. I only do hope, if they ever do go to war with us again, that we shall not let them rest till we have sunk every one of their ships, and burnt and destroyed every dockyard and arsenal on their coasts, so as to put it for the future out of their power to threaten us. That dockyard at Cherbourg is a sore subject with me. It puts me too much in mind of a man's fist held up to my nose to be pleasant. It is a doubled fist near John Bull's nose, let him depend on that, and one that will strike very hard, if he ever shuts his eyes and has not his own knuckles ready.

We went on board several of the French ships, and were much struck with their beauty, cleanliness, and order, while every improvement which science has suggested has been introduced on board them. We were not particularly prepossessed in favour of the French seamen, either on shore or on board. There was a roughness in their manner which savoured somewhat of national dislike, fostered for sinister purposes, to be pleasant; or, if it was put on in imitation of the manners of our own honest Jack Tars, all I can say is, that it was a very bad imitation indeed, and about as unlike the truth as when they attempt to represent the national character on the stage.

From the French officers all who visited their ships received the very greatest attention and courtesy. We sailed that afternoon, as soon as the spectacle was over, in company with the *Fun*. I cannot, therefore, describe the ball, with its overpowering heat and crush, which took place that evening, nor the sham-fight, when the boats of the squadron attacked the steamer *Descartes*, nor the evolutions of the fleet, nor the awful expenditure of gunpowder from the ships, sufficient to make the economical hearts of Joe Hume and Cobden sink dismayed within their bosoms. Oh, Cobden—oh, man of Manchester! think you this expenditure of gunpowder and noise breathes the spirit of peace? Oh, Joe, surnamed Hume, excellent calculator, well versed in addition and subtraction, is it not worth while to employ some portion of our own income, even a large portion maybe, to insure old England against any freak our volatile neighbours may take into their heads? We have heard lately of the descendants of the Crusaders talking largely of winning infidel Britain to become the humble servant of a certain personage who manages, by aid of our volatile friends' bayonets, to sit, somewhat uneasily perhaps, in a chair in which St. Peter it is said once sat. We live in the nineteenth century, and therefore neither the nonsense spoken by the Crusaders' descendants, nor by the developers of religion, nor by any Father Ignatius alive, nor by Brumigem patriot Cobden, affect us much, nor destroy our night's repose; but they serve, nevertheless, to show the *animus* of the

speakers, and therefore would we wisely guard against them, for fools, if allowed to go on in their foolery, or knaves in their knavery, are apt to prove dangerous in the end. But I have done with public affairs. The *Ripple* and the *Fun* danced gaily together over the starlit ocean towards Plymouth, wind and tide favouring us. The voices of our fair friends, as they sung in concert some delicious airs, sounded across the water most sweetly to our ears. What a contrast to the loud roar of the cannon in the morning, and the glare and bustle of Cherbourg harbour, did that quiet evening present!

"Well, what do you think of it?" I asked of Ashmore, as we stood late at night watching the *Fun* gliding on noiselessly close on our weather-beam.

"That she is one of the sweetest girls I have ever met, and so fond of yachting. She'll suit me," he answered.

"I was speaking of the Cherbourg affair," I observed, laughing.

"And I, my dear fellow, was thinking of Laura Mizzen," he replied, frankly. "But my doubts are whether she will have me. A woman may like a man, and yet not be in love with him, or ready to marry him."

"Take my advice, and ask her," said I; "you have no great reason to dread her reply."

We arrived safe in Plymouth in time for the afternoon service. Ashmore took my advice, and I am happy to say that in the autumn I received cards with silver ties from my friends Mr. and Mrs. Ashmore and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mizzen. I think it right to announce to the spinster world that Groggs, Porpoise, and I, are still bachelors.

I'M THINKING OF THE PAST.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

I'M thinking of the past, Kate,
  I'm thinking of the time
When we both look'd to the future
  As to some far sunny clime;
But the present is not brighter,
  Though our lives are waning fast,
For our bosoms then were lighter,—
  Yes, I'm thinking of the past.

I'm thinking of the past, Kate,
  I'm thinking of the hours
When we thought to have *a home*, Kate,
  With its garden and its flowers;
But our little ones must stem, love,
  Like us, life's wintry blast;
We had *hoped* to live for them, love,—
  But I'm thinking of the past.

I'm thinking of the past, Kate,
  I'm thinking of our talk
When hand-in-hand we wander'd
  In many a moonlit walk;
And that sweet recollection
  Of love, that still shall last,
Will cheer my deep dejection
  As I'm thinking of the past.

THE ANCESTRESS; OR, FAMILY PRIDE.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF THE LATE BARONESS KNORRING.

By Mrs. Bushby.

I.

Adelgunda was one of the most beautiful creatures ever moulded by the great Master's hand, and one on whom He might deign to look with the same paternal complacency as Pygmalion looked on his Galathea.

Adelgunda was also as the apple of their eye to her father and mother; but not the less did they bring her up with the utmost strictness and severity, in the awful loftiness of their aristocratic principles, which made no allowance for a single error, a single imperfection, a single weakness even, among any who belonged to them. Every one was to be super-excellent, and supremely high-bred like their ancestors; for their ancestors had only *virtues*, their failings being entombed with their bodies. The slightest infringement of the stately decorum, the formal propriety—and, to the honour of their ancestors we must add—the rectitude, the loyal and chivalric conduct of these worthies, called forth as unmerciful punishment as a heinous fault. And Adelgunda, from her earliest infancy, learned to form grand ideas about her noble, ancient, and opulent family; it was impressed on her mind that she would be very degenerate indeed if she did not resemble all those long departed and now mouldering dames and damsels, whose portraits hung in long rows in the great picture-gallery, as a large old-fashioned apartment was called, which, in spite of accidental fires, of repairs and renovations in the old baronial castle, had preserved unaltered its antique appearance since the middle of the sixteenth century.

In her infancy, Adelgunda had often been taken into this venerable saloon, and, counting with her five small fingers, she could repeat the names of all these haughty-looking, long-bearded cavaliers, equipped in heavy armour, or these stiff, richly-dressed nobles, most of them decorated with jewelled orders, or other tokens of a high worldly position; and these grand-looking ladies, encased in whalebone and stiff corsets, with towering powdered heads, and magnificent jewellery, evincing the wealth of the family. These ladies and gentlemen hung, as has been said, in straight rows on each side of the long, narrow, dark, oak-panelled hall; and they were all half-length portraits in oval or almost square frames, the gilding of which had long since faded into a sort of a brownish-yellow cinnamon tint. But at the end of the hall, between two deep Gothic windows, with small old-fashioned panes of glass, there hung alone in state the great *ancestress*, or founder of the family—a tall, dark, stern-looking woman, whose countenance was grave, austere, and almost menacing, though the features, when narrowly examined, were regular and beautiful.

In contrast to the half-length portraits around, this picture was almost colossal in size; and the noble lady it represented, who in Roman Catholic times had ended her days as the abbess of a convent, stood there so stately and so stiff in the close black garb, with the unbecoming white linen band across her forehead, and with one hand, in which she held a crucifix, resting

on a dark-looking stand, on which a missal, a skull, and a rosary, lay near each other, the other hand hung carelessly down by her side, and almost reached the lower portion of the picture-frame, which seemed considerably darker and more time-worn than all the rest. This picture was painted on thick wood, or on canvas stretched on wood, it was not certain which, but every one knew that it was as heavy as lead—and so it proved to be.

The likeness of the patriarch of the family—of the father of the race—painted to correspond in size and everything else to that of the high-born lady above mentioned, had in former days hung also in this saloon, but had been destroyed in a fire which had taken place between the years 1740 and 1750, so that the stern, imperious-looking dame now occupied the place of honour alone.

Her parents had never omitted, when they accompanied Adelgunda into the picture-gallery, to take her up first to one, then to another of the noble ladies whose lineaments adorned the walls, saying, "How fortunate for you if you could be as good as *this* ancestress of yours was—as clever as *that* one—as beautiful as *she* was—as dutiful and affectionate as *yon* lady!" Adelgunda would fix her eyes on each by turns, and every time she looked at them her desire to resemble them increased. But the great gloomy portrait of the tall dark lady always awakened a thrill of terror in the little girl's mind. This was partly owing to the tales with which the servants frightened her about this harsh, awful-looking abbess, partly to her being obliged, whenever she was naughty, to go into the sombre apartment where the picture was, and, curtsying before it, to beg pardon of the stern, threatening figure.

With her tearful looks fixed upon it, she had often fancied that the eyes of the portrait moved; but it was a still greater trial to poor Adelgunda, when she had been guilty of some great offence, to be condemned, as a punishment, to stand for a quarter of an hour, or half an hour, under the dreaded portrait with her back to it.

There was a tradition in the family that many, many years back, during the lifetime of one of the more ancient lords of the castle, a little girl, a member of the race, who was undergoing a similar punishment, distinctly felt the terrible lady's hand, which hung unemployed by her side, stretch over the picture-frame and seize roughly hold of her hair. The recollection of that tradition was martyrdom to Adelgunda when this most dreaded penance was inflicted on her; and on one occasion, when her conscience was not of the clearest, and she had cried herself almost into a fever from fright, she fancied that she actually felt a grasp at her little golden tresses.

It is easy to imagine how anxious, in consequence of all this, Adelgunda was to avoid committing any faults, and with what terror the picture inspired her. And even in riper years, when she began to lay aside her childish dress and childish ideas, and when reason told her that a painted figure could have no more power or influence than any other inanimate object, she still looked with a certain degree of awe upon the portrait of her frowning ancestress, especially when her conscience told her that she had been guilty of any slight indiscretion; while, on the contrary, she felt some pleasure at gazing on the other family pictures, which all seemed to smile upon her.

But years and time wore on, and the aristocratic bones of Adelgunda's

proud, high-born parents were laid in the dust to mingle with the honoured remains of the old stock. She was then still in her minority, and found a new home with a kind aunt, who had resided too short a time under the same roof with the ancestral portraits, and in the place which had been the cradle of their race, to have imbibed their exaggerated family pride.

The estate, which was entailed, with everything belonging to it, including the much-prized portrait, passed in trust, for future generations, to Adelgunda's only brother, of whom we purposely have not spoken, that we might not be obliged to give an account of all the exaggerated ideas of the consequence of his family which his father and mother had diligently and zealously laboured to imprint on the mind of their son—the only male scion of that ancient house, which was now threatened with speedy extinction—he who, after them, was alone to represent the glory of their time-honoured ancestry. What precepts and exhortations he, the only son and last hope, received under his progenitor's portrait,—what deference and devotion were inculcated to the name of the haughty-looking abbess, whose severe virtue and pious deeds were held to reflect honour on her descendants,—what aristocratic ideas and exclusive principles were there engrafted on his soul, we will not stop to relate,—they would be incomprehensible to many, and do not require to be dwelt on in our short tale.

In the aunt's cheerful, hospitable, pleasant, light modern villa quite another tone prevailed, and quite another mode of life from that within the solid walls of the old baronial castle or under its gloomy roof. At Adelgunda's age new impressions are soon received, new associates and new ideas are welcomed with avidity, and seldom fail to influence the mind. Adelgunda—truth obliges us to confess—soon forgot a very stringent and important paragraph in the paternal and maternal lectures,—forgot the faithful portraits of the defunct females of her noble house, and even the threatening glance—the dark eye that shone from beneath the white linen fillet of the haughty abbess,—forgot them all amidst new-born and overflowing happiness in the arms of an adored and adoring husband, a young naval officer, rich in all nature's brightest gifts, and standing high in the opinion of the world, but on whom the great ancestress would certainly never have permitted her hand to be bestowed, had she known of the matter; for his patent of nobility was not mouldy from age, was not even made out, and still worse, was not likely ever to be drawn up, because he did not feel the slightest wish ever to possess one.

Adelgunda, nevertheless, felt unspeakably happy, and her noble brother, to whom the family mode of thinking had descended as an heirloom in conjunction with the entailed property, winked at the plebeian match,—partly because he well knew that Adelgunda's very limited portion would never tempt any among the needy and impoverished of his own class to lay their hearts at her feet,—partly because it was the preservation of the family name and tree in his own person that lay nearest to his heart, not the offshoots from the female line,—and partly that, though he was a proud man, and unflinching in his aristocratical notions, he had a kind heart, was fondly attached to his sister, rejoiced in her happiness, and was well aware how much superior in character his estimable brother-in-law was to the generality of the young men of the day.

But for himself, this brother and lord of the castle sought a spouse who should entwine no vulgar burgher twig around the fair branches of his genealogical tree, but one who counted as many generations as other good qualities; for ancient lineage is not apt, like wealth, to corrupt the heart, and Adelgunda's sister-in-law was truly an amiable lady.

Again the lordly halls of the ancient castle became the abode of domestic happiness; and it was admitted that it could not be otherwise, for not one alone, but many of the old servants who had passed into the service of the heir of entail, and who were *not* notorious for their superstition, had clearly and distinctly observed that the first time the young countess entered the picture-gallery, the majestic ancestress had relaxed her stern lips almost into a smile of approbation, which had never happened but once before—in the year 1664, on a similar occasion; a remarkable event, which had been recorded by the chaplain of the castle, with many subscribing witnesses, in a document which was preserved like a holy relic amidst the family's most valued papers, parchments, and deeds.

When the young count and countess were happily wedded, and comfortably settled at the castle, which, however, did not happen until about five years after Adelgunda's marriage to her delightful naval hero, the brother and sister felt a strong wish to meet once more under the paternal roof. And Adelgunda's husband promised that on his return in autumn from an expedition in which he was then engaged, he, his wife, and their little son, a boy about four years of age, should without any delay accept of the count's invitation, and make the visit so much desired by all parties—even by the young countess, Adelgunda's sister-in-law, who was by no means a stranger to her. They had been friends in childhood, indeed were distantly related to each other; for it so happens that almost all the families amongst the most ancient of the Swedish nobility are connected by ties of consanguinity.

At length the long-looked-for day arrived, and Adelgunda beheld, with tears of mingled joy and sorrow, the grey old towers of the castle where she was born, and where she had spent her earliest years—those years which, on comparing them with the subsequent epochs of our life, we denominate the gayest and the happiest. Adelgunda and her husband, who had had a long day's journey, arrived late in the evening at the castle, and were shortly after conducted to their sleeping-rooms, a suite of lofty arched apartments in one of the furthest towers, and in the olden time the principal guest-chambers, but which did not bear the best of reputations as regarded spectres, midnight noises, groans, rattling of chains, and the like horrors. Adelgunda had all her life entertained great respect for, but also no little fear of, these apartments; and those feelings were probably heightened by an old tradition which averred that some most extraordinary and mysterious events had taken place in these chambers. Some pretended to know that one of these apartments, which along with the picture-gallery had remained most unchanged during the lapse of years, had served as the bridal-chamber for the great ancestress of the family; at any rate, there was something that savoured of awe and discomfort about them.

Never in her life had Adelgunda slept in any of these gloomy apartments, and in former days nothing would have induced her to do so;

but now, with her brave, bold sailor by her side, she smiled at her old childish fears,—at least when he laughed at her recital of them. She would not, however, on any account, allow her little Victor to sleep in the first ante-chamber with the trembling waiting-maid, but placed the child's crib close to her own bed, and often during the long, dark, and stormy autumnal night, when the wind shook the panes of glass, and howled through the adjacent forest, and she was wakened by its violence, she turned quickly, and with a beating heart, towards the child, leaned over his little bed, and felt unhappy until she had ascertained that her darling was sleeping soundly and peacefully.

"Well!" said her husband, the next morning, when the sun was already pretty high in the heavens, and cast his cheerful rays through the narrow casements of these haunted chambers—"well, dearest Adelgunda, have you heard or seen any spectre last night—been visited in any way by a ghost?"

"No," she replied, laughingly, as the bright sunshine restored her courage; "there was but one spirit near me last night—one dear, good spirit;" and she embraced her husband.

"And you, Annette?" cried the incredulous visitor to the poor waiting-maid, "I hope you have not been disturbed by the ghosts either?"

But Annette, who was half dead from fear, asserted that she had not closed her eyes the whole night; that she had distinctly heard sighs and groans, and heavy footsteps up and down the floor; and there had been many other frightful things that she could not describe.

Now, in the cheering daylight, Adelgunda laughed heartily at these *fancies*, as she called them; but the previous night she would not have done so,—at least not with a heart so much at ease.

"I wonder what his uncle and aunt will say of my little Victor, now that he is nicely dressed, and not so sleepy and cross as he was last night, after that long, fatiguing journey!" said Adelgunda to Annette, with a mother's pride in her pretty boy, and while they were both engaged in arranging his curly hair, and putting on his handsome new green dress.

Adelgunda's husband had risen early and gone out to stroll round the old castle, and the former young lady of the mansion, who had now become a wife and mother, took up her little son in her arms to go down to her sister-in-law, who had already sent to inquire how she had slept, and to let her know that breakfast was ready.

Humming an air, Adelgunda proceeded with her light burden through the dear old well-remembered passages where her very footsteps echoed, until she came close to the door which opened into the picture-gallery; she then stopped, seized suddenly with a strong impulse to enter it, while a strange, sad foreboding of evil filled her heart. Influenced, as it were, by an invincible power over which she had no control, she laid her hand upon the lock, turned it, and stood, she scarcely knew how, in presence of the mute family, who seemed gazing on her from both sides. Adelgunda's heart beat quickly; recollections from her childhood and her youthful days began to rush back on her. These aristocratic feelings, which had so long slumbered, began to start up in her mind, and she dared not look towards the terrible lady at the extreme end, for fear of meeting her angry, implacable glance.

"That is a pretty lady! And there is another nice lady! What a grand gentleman! And see, yonder is a fine gentleman too!"

Such were little Victor's exclamations, as Adelgunda went slowly with him past all these well-known portraits of uncles and aunts, grandmothers, great-grandmothers, and other members of the family, all long since asleep in their graves.

"But, oh, mother, look!" cried Victor, as he first caught sight of the largest; "see how horrible that one up yonder looks! See, mother, how that tall woman there on the wall frowns down at us!" And Victor knit his little brows, and drew in his small mouth, to make his face look very terrible in return.

"Oh, do not speak so—do not speak so!" exclaimed his mother, trying in vain to hush the child. "On the contrary," she added, in a faltering voice, "she is an excellent lady, and very kind to all good, well-behaved children. We will go up yonder, and beg her pardon and her blessing."

"No, no!" screamed Victor, kicking his little legs with all his might, "I won't have anything to do with her; she looks as cross as if she would bite me."

Again his mother entreated Victor to be a reasonable, good boy, and by that time they stood under the great lady's picture. A tremor crept over Adelgunda as she encountered that austere, repulsive look, and involuntarily she dropped her eyes beneath it. But reason soon triumphed; she approached closer to the portrait, and said to her little son, whom she still held on her arms, "Now we shall say good morning to that lady;" and she curtsied herself, and bent with her hand the obstinate little head; "and we shall beg her to look kindly and gently down upon us, for your dear, good papa's sake, and we will kiss her hand." And Adelgunda kissed the hand in the picture that was hanging down; but when she attempted to raise the child's face up towards the hand, the little fellow, in whose infantine breast was aroused a portion of his father's bold spirit, and perhaps impetuous temper, and who, though somewhat frightened, felt his courage rising, and was, withal, extremely angry, struggled furiously, clenched his little fist, and instead of kissing the great lady's drooping hand, thumped it with all his might—and at that moment he was strong enough.

II.

ADELGUNDA'S brother and sister-in-law waited in vain for her appearance at the breakfast-table. She came not! But at length the startling intelligence was brought to them that a strange, frightful noise had been heard in the picture-gallery. No one knew what was the cause of it, for no one had dared to venture in to see what had happened. But now every one rushed in. A cloud of dust, a heap of mortar and wood was before them; and a sight so dreadful, so shocking, so appalling, met their eyes, that every heart was like to break.

But only one heart *did* break, for notwithstanding his strength of mind—his unconquerable spirit—his undeniable fortitude, the bereaved husband and father almost sank beneath the frightful calamity that had

suddenly deprived him of the wife he adored, and the child on whom all his hopes were centred. Yet he was the first—the only one who had sufficient energy and presence of mind to drag the lifeless remains of his wife and son from under the destroying weight of the heavy portrait.

It was a frightful event, and made a great sensation. A rotten rope, and the mouldering state of the wall which should have upheld the enormously heavy wooden frame, had done all the evil.

The naval officer passed over distant seas to many a foreign land—the world was all before him, but he never forgot what he had lost.

The picture of the awful ancestress met with little injury in its fall; but several years elapsed before it was hung up again in its former place. It was, however, at length restored to its old position, but fastened with new rope, and everything necessary to make it more secure. The dreadful occurrence was beginning to be forgotten, and the brotherly affection, which had somewhat cooled, seemed to have displayed itself sufficiently in having banished the lofty dame for some years to a lumber-room. She could not always be left there! So at length she hung in her old place again, as stern, as frowning as formerly. And the count, who had now become an old man, generally when he alluded to the terrible event, reasonably ascribed it to natural causes. But, once upon a time, when he observed his youngest daughter, a girl not much more than sixteen years of age, casting *furtive* and *rather friendly* glances at a young man, the son of a country parson, who, on account of his handsome person and pleasant manners, was often received at the baronial castle,—when he saw this, by means of some sidelong looks with the corner of his eye, which were not perceived by the young couple, then he took his daughter by the hand, led her silently and solemnly into the picture-gallery, walked with her up to the replaced portrait of their great ancestress, and said, with the gravity of an anxious father, and the dignity of an aristocratic nobleman,

"Beware, my daughter! Remember the fate of your aunt!"

These words were all he uttered.

"And this happened in the nineteenth century, and here in our fatherland?" Such an inquiry will assuredly be made by one or other of our readers. But we will not answer it ourselves; we shall only advise the inquirer to address himself to the descendants of *one of the most ancient families in Scania,* and ask *them* whether it be true or not.

HOW JEREMIAH TUBBS BECAME ENGAGED IN THE IRISH ELECTIONS OF 1852.

NEXT OF KIN.—If the Next of Kin or relations of William Farraday, Cordwainer, formerly of Aldgate-street (who ran away to sea in or about the year 1815), will apply to Messrs. Swanquill and Broomsgrove, Solicitors, Red Lion-square, London, they will hear of something to their advantage; or any person giving such information respecting the Next of Kin or relations of the said William Farraday as shall lead to their discovery, will be handsomely rewarded.—*Times*, August —th, 1850.

I.

JEREMIAH HODGSON TUBBS, general provision-dealer and grocer, kept a tidy little shop at the corner of High-street, Islington; his receipts were not very large, certainly, but they were comfortable; nor yet was his acquaintance so very extended either, but still it was very respectable. And as he sat in the commercial room of the Peacock tavern on a Saturday evening, smoking his pipe, and sipping between whiffs his cold brandy-and-water, he was as respected and as exemplary an elderly gentleman as any in London. He was yet a bachelor, though many a fair dame had thrown out her lures and meshes to birdlime obdurate Tubbs into matrimony. For instance, Miss Mary Straker, the fashionable milliner and *modiste de Paris* in the neighbouring street, had decked out her windows—not unmindful, however, of her sweet self—in the most glorious array and blending of varied hues. She had worked him slippers and nightcaps, sent him Valentines on that saint's day, and made herself remarkable towards him when they met at the tea-drinkings in the neighbourhood; nay, finally, as a last resource, deluged him with anonymous letters, containing threats, like a Miss Bailey of yore, to appear against him in a very spiritual and, to say the least of it, *dégagé* attire while he slumbered at night, or sent others with taunts of his breaking hearts and filching affections only as he would a rosebud, to pluck them in pieces and fling them to the winds; but it was all of no effect, for poor Miss Straker had to betake herself to a tom-cat and spectacles, while the object of her hopes was a bachelor still. Bessy Chaplin, the chemist's daughter, too, tried her little endeavours against Tubbs' stony heart; she sent him nosegays and sweet lozenges, pictured to him the delights and comfort of a nurse in sickness who had a little knowledge of medicine, and planted herself daily in her father's upper window, and gazed fondly on the butter-firkins and carmine face of their owner, the general provision-dealer. She copied out all the poetry she could get hold of from the magazines and newspapers, and sent it as her own to the unromantic Jeremiah, and was perpetually inquiring after his health, and felt sure he must be ill, which, to a gentleman in particularly robust health, were very unpleasant insinuations. So, to put a stop to all such persecutions, Tubbs hailed a hackney-coach one fine morning, handed into it Nancy Farraday, his housekeeper, and driving off to All Saints' church, they became man and wife, much to the scandal and jealousy of the neighbourhood, the hysterics of Miss Straker, and the anger of Miss Chaplin, who calmed her ruffled breast, however, by following the example, and eloping with a veterinary surgeon who was about to emigrate to Australia, where, from their combined knowledge of pharmacy, they practised as doctors in ordinary to that island.

II.

Years have rolled onwards, and the fruits of the union of Jeremiah Tubbs with Nancy Farraday were one son and one daughter. Julia Ann was a tall, thin, angular young lady of some twenty summers, plain in face, but very susceptible in heart, highly romantic, and much given to circulating libraries and *affaires de cœur*, hardly out of one (referring to either libraries or love affairs) but she was into another. In the latter she had experienced many disappointments. She clandestinely met and loved one whom she believed was a gallant captain of hussars, with immense estates in Norfolk, and who had promised to make her his wife; but he turned out, upon due inquiry, to be simply a full private of the Horse Guards Blue, of very disreputable character. She then fell desperately in love with a Signor Nicolo, a professor of music, who faithfully vowed they should be married, and then they were to fly to the sunny clime of Italy, and revel in everlasting bliss on the banks of the Lake of Como; but, unfortunately, Signor Nicolo proved to be Duncan Nichol of Glasgow, a married man, with a sickly wife and a large family in that famous burgh. Miss Julia's brother, John Hodgson Tubbs, was a great overgrown, awkward hobbledehoy, about seventeen to eighteen years of age, whose only aim in life seemed to be "to be thought *fast.*" He was a member of the Divine Apollo Club, and though he did not sing himself, he joined loudly in the chorus to his friend Jobkins' song. He was "great" (as he expressed it) with the Bloomer who kept the bar where their club was held, and whom he styled "a spiffy girl," and who had been graciously pleased to accept of a pair of very Brummagem-looking earrings, set with paste diamonds, with which he had presented her. He consumed many cabbages, under the belief they were prime Havannah cigars; frequented Rosherville and Vauxhall, and the pit of the Adelphi Theatre; and had even gone so far as to treat the Bloomer to a private box at the Surrey, when his theatrical madness was at its full. He had not knocked down a policeman, nor committed a little amateur pickpocketing as yet, but his inclination was willing, though, alas! the consequences calmed the desire. He had been on an omnibus to Epsom races, where he had lost all his money upon backing the pea to be under a particular thimble, and had had his pocket eased of his gold watch while an uncommon pretty gipsy was assuring him, from the crosses on his left palm, he was destined to marry the blue-eyed daughter of an earl.

The quartette was seated around the fire after supper. Tubbs, senior, with slippers on his feet and spectacles on his nose, was spelling over the *Times* newspaper; Julia was deep into the sympathies of Blanche de Courcy, pining for her absent lover on the plains of war; Tubbs, junior, was eyeing the burning coal, and wondering if Candlewick would win the Dinner Stakes, which he had backed him for at a betting-office from the information of "Newminster," in *Bell's Life*, "whose mouth was not for falsehood framed;" and Mrs. Tubbs was chewing the cud of supper and sweet fancies, and then occasionally dozing off for forty winks.

"Halloa, my dear!" exclaimed Tubbs. "'Next of kin—William Farraday—Aldgate-street—went to sea.' Why, is not that your brother Bill?"

"Eh? what?" said Mrs. Tubbs, shaking her head to arouse her faculties. "Read it all out, my dear, will you?"

Accordingly, Tubbs read forth the paragraph we have quoted above.

"It is him, my dear. What can they want with us?" said Mrs. Tubbs.

"Humph! no saying," replied Jeremiah. "Perhaps to pay for his coffin. He was always a ne'er-do-well."

"Delightfully mysterious," chimed in Miss Julia.

"A plant," observed Tubbs, junior, oracularly.

"I'll talk the matter over with neighbour Pumpkin," said Tubbs. "He is a long-headed, shrewd fellow, that Pumpkin. So come, my dear, light our bedroom candle, put out the lamp, and let us to bed. Good night, young people."

III.

"INVEST your money?" said Mr. Broomsgrove, as he sat nursing his left leg and meditating in his office, Red Lion-square, before the obese figure of Tubbs.

"Yes, invest it," said Tubbs; "railways are down, funds up, and thirty thousand pounds is a fairish lump. Mortgage, eh?"

"N—no," said Broomsgrove. "Plenty of money in the market; you won't get more than three-and-a-quarter on a safe mortgage. Had it offered last week."

"Humph! ecod!"

"There are the encumbered estates in Ireland. Good investments to be made there. Look out sharp and you will buy at seventeen years' purchase."

"And get shot like a woodcock for my trouble," hastily observed Tubbs.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Broomsgrove. "And what need for you ever to go over to Ireland, pray? Employ an agent."

"Ah! I did not think of that, sir. Good idea, that."

"Now, I have the plan of the estate of Ballymactarbarry in my office—a valuable freehold estate in Munster, near the great sea-port of Limerick, with an excellent stone-built mansion, in a fine domain of about eighty acres, with pleasure-grounds, rookery, garden, &c.," said Broomsgrove; and holloaing down a long tube, screamed, "Bring up the plan of the Ballymactarbarry estate, G 15."

Now, while the pair are poring over the plan of the Ballymactarbarry estate, let us inquire how Tubbs, the general provision-dealer, became possessed of so large an amount of ready money as thirty thousand pounds.

When William Farraday ran away from Aldgate-street to sea, he worked his way out before the mast to the mouth of the Ganges, and landing at Calcutta, came to the conclusion that he preferred living on dry land than rolling about on the stormy waves; and accordingly set to work to obtain some other employment. In this he fortunately succeeded, namely, as errand-boy in a wealthy merchant's office. From errand-boy he rose to be clerk, and from a clerk to be a merchant; and having realised seventy to eighty thousand pounds sterling, he wished to leave it to some one. His only relation was his sister Nancy, who, when he left England, was kitchen-wench in some gentleman's family in Lincolnshire; the chances, were, therefore, she had either changed her name through marriage, or else, perhaps, had changed the scene altogether by the common

debt of nature. Mr. Farraday had, therefore, intended to found a hospital in London for decayed shoemakers, and will the whole of his property away for that purpose; but before the necessary legal deeds could be executed, Mr. Farraday departed from this life by that common eastern issue, the total loss of his liver.

Dying intestate, therefore, his affairs were handed over to the firm of Swanquill and Broomsgrove, who, after no few advertisements, no little trouble, a large bill of costs, and a trial, incontestably proved that Jeremiah Tubbs, in wedding his housekeeper, Ann Farraday, had taken to wife the future heiress of seventy thousand pounds.

Space will not permit us to chronicle the arguments and asseverations with which Mr. Broomsgrove induced our friend, Tubbs, to invest the thirty thousand pounds of ready money lying idle in the Bank of Calcutta on an Irish estate, but simply inform our kind and courteous reader he did succeed (for the sly dog of a lawyer had a heavy mortgage on these lands); and that Tubbs, general provision-dealer, of High-street, Islington, became Jeremiah Tubbs, Esquire, of Ballymactarbarry Castle, a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for the county of Limerick, with votes and a stake in the country.

IV.

"What a delightful account of Killarney this is!" said Miss Julia Tubbs, as she languished over the pages of the *New Monthly*, "although I do not believe a syllable the cynical creature says about the beggars. The Irish ones we see in England are very interesting objects, I am sure, with such a nice flow of spirits; and I am told they are far more so in their native land. So do, papa, let us go to Ireland, and we can take Ballymactarbarry on our way there. For what is the use of having a property, if we are never to see it?"

"Ah, I should like to see our property very much. Besides, it is the scene of Charley O'Malley's early life," said Tubbs, junior, who had applied for an ensigncy in the Loyal Diddlesex Militia, and had already ordered his uniform.

"What lovely creatures the wild Kathleens and Norahs must be!" said Julia, with a deep sigh, as "Moore's Melodies" flashed across her mind.

"Jobkins says they are not half so stunning as they are painted," said the younger Tubbs, as a vision of the oily-faced Bloomer came full tilt upon his imagination.

Mrs. Tubbs was having a very indigestible sleep after dinner, and only snored heavily.

Mr. Tubbs, having no individual opinion of his own, but a very general one of other people's, immediately gave in to the wishes of his children to visit Ireland, simply observing,

"Neighbour Pumpkin and the newspapers thought the island very quiet, and the nature of the people quite changed."

At this point we shall now allow each branch of the Tubbs family to express their own individual views on their trip to Ireland and their own property. With a graceful bow, then, and, we trust, a few rounds of applause, and, perchance, a stray bouquet from some fair lady's hands,

we make our exit from the boards; and, while the little bell tinkles and the green curtain drops upon our endeavours to please and amuse, we wish our readers adieu!

V.

No. 1.—From Tubbs, at Ballymactarbarry Castle, to Pumpkin, at High-street, Islington.

Dear Pumpkin,—To escape the heat and bustle of a London election, I arrived here after a very unpleasant voyage from Holyhead to Kingstown, when we were all *horse-de-combat*, as Jully expresses it, which I conclude means very sick. From thence we proceeded to Limerick per train, and, having slept at Cruise's hotel, set off next day for our castle. I must own I was disappointed with it, for Ballymactarbarry on paper, and Ballymactarbarry in reality, is just as different as that American place Mr. Chuzzlewit mentions in his "Life and Adventures." There was a splendid lodge, with an old rusty iron gate, and a very dirty, slatternly woman, with ten almost naked children, keeping the said lodge, in a state of filth and vermin only to be equalled by the parlieus of Smithfield-market. The hens had grovelled up pleasant resting-places in the flower-plats, and a flock of ducks and geese were foraging in the shrubberies. There was not a vestige of a tree to be seen anywhere, and the whole scene was very bleak and blank, unbroken save by an elderly beggar with bagpipes, who had built himself a hut in the middle of our drive, and which Jully said was "very picturesque indeed." On arriving at the castle, which is a square, masonic-looking building, something like a farm-house in England, and but little better than the lodge, we were welcomed by a busy little woman, who was delighted to see "himself," as she would call me, and very much to see Jully, who, she said, was very like Lady Blessington, whom she remembered when first married, at Fethard Barracks. John she compared to the late proprietor, who, I understand, was a whiskey-drinking, red-faced, fox-hunting, six-feet-four gentleman, with debauchery as plainly written in his face as it is on this paper. While, being short of a comparison for my good woman, she declared she was a cross between Dan O'Connell and the Duchess of Leinster. Upon her showing us over the house, we found the pig had taken up his quarters in our best bed-room, and showed great disinclination to move away; and a party of pet hens were cackling over their incubations on a chasely-carved oak cabinet in the drawing-room: if I allude to there being no paper on many of the walls, no water in the pipes, or no cleanliness anywhere, so very cursorily, it is because they became matters of such very minor considerations after a short sojourn in Munster, you no longer remark them. I had not been there many days before my votes were, of course, solicited; and having indefinite ideas upon politics, like the present government, I sold my votes to each candidate, and voted for *none*, and recommended my tenants to do so likewise!

It was on the 12th of July—but I ought to tell you what occurred before. Our female servants, particularly Biddy, had informed me how Father O'Neil had denounced ME as a hypocrite from the altar, pointing out forcibly that I was not a hypocrite for selling my vote, but, after doing so, for not giving it; and as I still persisted in my determination, it appeared I was cursed!!! As a faithful Protestant, the priest might as well have blessed me, for all I cared; but Biddy was very anxious upon

my account. She had seen Father O'Neil pour milk and water into the same tumbler, and, after mixing them well, produce them separate. I assured her I had seen the same from the Wizard of the North. She was ignorant, and angry, and told me "the father" was to be translated to heaven on a car. "For what?" I inquired. She could not answer. "Gammon!" said I. For sacrificing some hundred lives, I suppose, my dear Pumpkin, as the sequel will show you. Pshaw! Well, to the 12th—no, I mean the 13th—for it was the day after the 12th *I heard* the sad doings from an eye-witness.

A troop of dragoons were formed up in the potato-market by the quay, when a *mêlée* commenced between the Russell party and Potter's, that exceeded anything you can imagine—broken heads, bloody noses, brains protruding, and split skulls. And one man, my informant tells me, was thrown from a room above stairs, and, alighting on some iron railings, remained spiked for some moments before he was released. Another Tory was thrown over the bridge, and as his corpse floated down the river, they stoned it as it went. A squadron of dragoons was ordered to charge, and one officer had his face cut open with a stone, and, but for his helmet, must have lost his eye; two or three of the others were hit, and some of the private soldiers severely hurt. A female hag having attacked a hot-tempered private soldier, I am informed he scalped her head with one sweep of his sword. He had not half the *gallantry* of the Birdcage-walk gentlemen, however (excuse an execrable pun), whatever his military gallantry might be—eh? On the Tuesday, the Horse Artillery planted their howitzers on each bridge, to prevent all ingress, but to allow all egress. Father O'Neil addressed the dragoons as they patrolled the town, and inquired the reason of this military array. The officer of the troop treated his question to a sneer.

"Then your blood be on your own heads," said the padre.

"The blood has been on some of *our own* bodies yesterday," said a trooper, *sotto voce*, "and it shall be on your party to-day, master."

On the Wednesday, all the garrison were called out, and kept patrolling the town; gentlemen in cocked hats dashing about the streets, with mounted soldiers with drawn swords galloping after them, and guards turning out and presenting arms; and cars filled with voters came galloping in, escorted by dragoons, and registering their votes, guarded by soldiers with fixed bayonets. In the afternoon, a report being prettily generally circulated that the Protestant candidate was getting the best of it, an attack was made by the mob, halloaed on by their priests—I am told, like a wild herd of buffaloes—upon most of the Protestant voters' houses—their windows broken, and their furniture and "household gods" seized and cast into the street.

I now come to the most unpleasant part of my reminiscences. You will recollect how honoured I felt when the Lord-Lieutenant of the country thought fit to appoint me to a commission in the peace; but I was then little aware of the duties required of me, or I would have hurled it in his teeth back again. You, my dear Pumpkin, who stay at home, and only see the mayoralty sitting in all the pomp of office, guarded by faithful policemen, will hardly credit their duties in Ireland. In our happy city, the most required of such a functionary is to commit to gaol some half-starved vagabond for tramping about the country, or im-

prison an hilarious young lord who gets drunk and wrenches off knockers; but here, my dear sir, they are compelled to lead the forlorn-hope for the troops!!!!

You would hardly believe it, but it is not until the soldiers have been well pelted with stones and brickbats, fish and dead cats, and the magistrate read over a lot of gibberish, that the freedom of the constitution allows her soldiers to fight. It may be very pleasant to some gentlemen to be set up, as we used a plaster-of-paris image at school, for a cock-shy, but for me there is no glory in danger—no delight in being hurt.

But to return to our subject. I received a peremptory order to be at the Royal Barracks, to accompany a troop of dragoons in aid of the civil power, at 8 P.M. that evening (Wednesday), couched in such terms, that I saw a refusal was out of the question. It was death or obey!—perhaps death either way; so having scribbled my will, and taken a long farewell of my dear family, simply telling them I was going to have my hair cut —which they thought a very inopportune period—I set off for the dreaded barracks. Now, ever since the time that that Scotch maid we had ran away with my cash-box and a life-guardsman, I have had a mortal antipathy to all people and places military; so I reached this "den of iniquity" (as many designate a barrack) with feelings much resembling a young truant who is going to be whipped for shirking school, or a cur dog that has had a tin kettle tied to his tail. I was received by a hirsute six-feet-high young gentleman, who ushered me into a mess-room, where a dinner was going on, and at the head of the table sat another hirsute six-feet-high gentleman, to whom I was introduced as being the "beak." I was thereon requested to be seated, and pressed to eat; but the deadly prospect before me quite overcame my appetite, which, had it not, the bloodthirsty stories of the different dressed gentlemen around me would have, without any question of a doubt. I heard of nothing but blood and fighting, death and glory. Some talked of their deeds in the Bengal presidency, others of those in the Punjaub, others in Canada, others in Caffraria, others in the West Indies, and one at Waterloo, until, at last, they all agreed they would no more think of "slipping a bayonet into a man's bread-basket," or "bagging some twenty Celts," than tossing off a glass of Moselle! I got nervous, and began to think I had made a mistake and got amongst a party of elegant highwaymen or gentlemen-murderers, until I heard an elderly officer, with a toupee and dyed moustache, who had chirruped something about Quatre Bras through his dissolute teeth, give us a little epitome of scandal as to his success with the ladies. He had just told us how Lady —— (my dear fellow, I refrain from giving names) and himself were yachting off Cowes, when——at this moment a gentleman with a gun in the barrack-square cried, "Guard, turn out!" and I saw a large party of hirsute soldiers, with brass caps on and drawn swords, come marching in. I then heard a trumpet sound, and something which, in the old posting days, we should have called "next turn out." Every one was in excitement, and I took a glass of champagne, and was partially unconscious until I knew I was to meet my doom—I was to lead the relieving-party! There are moments—but enough—Wellington, Cæsar, Marlborough, Lord Gough, have felt them, and so did I; but as I have said enough, I will not trouble you further upon that score. I recollected nothing until I felt a lurch, a plunge, a heave, and myself on the small

of my back, and lying like a lively turtle in the barrack-square, unable to rise. It appeared, that although I had never mounted a quadruped before, save, as a boy, a donkey at Gravesend, I had clambered upon the top of a troop-horse; and although the animal was very quiet indeed when mounted by a gent in red, it had a great antipathy to one in the dress of a respected and respectable burgher of the city of London, just as I am informed one of Barclay and Perkins' dray-horses would feel when first mounted by a yeomanry officer in "full fig" (a slang expression I picked up at "our" mess)—meaning, with a rattling sword and blazing helmet, and the clatter of what Shakspeare calls "harness." Success to champagne! I remounted, and, with the assistance of two soldiers on foot, preserved my equilibrium pretty fairly. Outside the barracks, alas! myself in front of all, my two soldier friends on foot now gone, and no chance of running away, my courage, like Bob Acres', fairly oozed out, and to you, my dear fellow, in strict confidence, let me say, I was in a "funk," and could have wept as a child! We proceeded down some bye-lanes, where I was assailed upon the cruelty of our dear native land—old England, the liberty of the subject, of elections, and so forth. Many of the soldiers were assailed with stones and dirt, and the latter being Irish dirt, was of course of a superlative degree; and they jeered the troop with being "sanguinary Englishmen," or "orange wreckers," until the captain told me "to read the Riot Act." At that moment I would have read anything to get out of such a mess as I was in, down to the whole of the "Magna Charta" or "Burns' Justice of the Peace;" but I am not an animated statute-book (double-entry being more in my line), so I said, "I *could* not, as I *knew* not such an Act by rote."

Upon this he pushed a small parchment-covered book into my hands, and in a wild, stentorian voice exclaimed, "*Read!*" The private soldiers began to use towards me some coarse expletives, so I quickly obeyed—though I have yet to learn what "Confidential Reports to the Military Secretary, Royal Hospital, Dublin," has to do with a proclamation for all people to disperse and peaceably depart to their lawful business (perhaps I read the wrong page). However, at the words "these reports must be sufficiently explicit," the captain said, "That will do; cry 'God save the Queen.'" So, did I not loyally scream "God save the Queen?"—when a sword grazed my left cheek, and went into a retiring gentleman's back, like a knife into a keg of melting butter, and the dragoon which wielded it swore a frightful oath he would *do* for every one of them the same, if they pelted *him* with stones. By holding my horse as firm as I could, I managed to let the soldiers pass me; and when they had fairly galloped away, I turned round to the left, and the nag quietly took me up to barracks. Judge, my dear boy, of my astonishment, when, upon my arrival there, I found I was a hero! You will laugh, doubtless, but it appears there is no glory to be gained by the officers on these occasions, and without glory in view these gents are as calm as ditch-water. No wonder, then, Louis Napoleon gets on so well with his army! Now it appeared that the troop, after satiating their thirst for blood, returned to barracks, said it was *nothing!* although I saw many of them hit and cut about with stones and that *I* did everything! And it was all along of *me* everything was done! Did I not drink champagne, that was all, that night? I was toasted as a "brick," and a "trump," and a —— I was going to write—a general. But to end my story briefly, on retiring to bed, I was

not in that state I should have been in; for with the officers I felt valorous, talked of Cambridge and Harry Smith, and even of the Duke as "old Velly," and said, the man who could not beat little Bonaparte, or spit an American through with his sabre, was not worth the price of a keg of pickled herrings. After that, I don't recollect much further than hurrahing a good deal, and joining a chorus of—

> Let the toast pass, drink to the lass:
> I'll warrant you'll find an excuse for the glass.

Next morning I was very bilious, and took soda-water to a great extent, and swore the only salvation for Ireland was—its immediate disfranchisement, and then handing it over, on a five years' lease, to Nicholas, Czar of Russia. Torrents of rain falling for the next two days, the town was quiet.

Hang the Cork Exhibition! To Islington immediate! What an unfortunate fatality hangs over this unfortunate country! With what fair prospects did that exhibition open! Did not the queen, and half England, intend to troop over to see Munster? A foul priest-ridden fiend stalks abroad, and overthrows the weak intentions of man! Next year, we are told, an exhibition is to be exposed in Dublin. Will it succeed? My Lord Derby (in my opinion) will be overthrown, Lord Palmerston and Sir J. Graham in power, and a fresh election—the issue, and the consequence, another series of riots. Form your own surmises. Poor Ireland! Believe me, faithfully yours,

JEREMIAH TUBBS.

No. 2.—*From Tubbs, at Ballymactarbarry Castle, to Pumpkin, High-street, Islington.*

DEAR PUMPKIN,—When I wrote you my last communication, I vainly flattered myself our next should be a vocal one in the bar of the Peacock. How vain is man's proposals! Alas! no, my dear fellow. Although a free and independent subject, I am still confined to this hated land. Sad, sad doings have been enacted within the very precincts of my threshold. I think I fully explained to you in my last the nature of these aborigines Celts. They are like a herd of wild buffaloes, and go trooping, and screaming, and whirling their shellelahs about wherever their priests choose to holloa them on to—ay, be it their own destruction—as the sequel will show.

The priests this year were fully determined the Derby government should not stand. The unfortunate riot at Stockport was a handle not to be despised, and inflammatory placards, headed with—"Hell broke loose in England," containing such a tissue of lies and calumnies as none but a blind and jesuitical society could string together, was posted up in every direction; as an instance, one bill was a large wood-cut, representing a row of nuns with upstretched arms, appealing for mercy, while two priests lay on the ground apparently dead, and another was beseeching two dragoons to have pity on these holy women!! while, how much the more must every right-thinking and rational man's disgust and indignation be aroused, when he was further told, by a notice beneath, that a convent of English nuns had been handed over to gratify the licentious and lustful passions of a troop of dragoons for their bloody work on the Irish at Stockport! The poor fanatics believe ALL their priests tell them!

It was a Thursday—the polling-day at Six-mile-bridge—that a long line of ten cars and vans, filled with voters, had to enter that town. Now let me explain to you how the soldiers were placed (as explained to me by an eye-witness). There were forty soldiers altogether; ten were placed in front of the cars, under command of an officer, and ten in the rear, under command of another officer, and the remaining twenty men were placed two-and-two to guard the ten cars, and it was upon these men the attack was made—the twos-and-twos guarding the cars. (And here, an officer informed me, was the error, as this part of the soldiering ought by rights to have been done by cavalry.) The priests excited on the people, who attacked the twos guarding the cars, and many of the voters were pulled off their cars, and a corporal had his musket broken, and himself treated in a brutal and savage manner, while the mob was about to treat others after the same Celtic fashion. Now it appears these soldiers, with their officers, had fought and conquered at Ferozeshah, Moodkee, and Aliwah, and were not likely men to see their officers and comrades treated in such a dastardly manner by a herd of creatures not one whit more civilised than a tribe of niggers. A fire was opened upon them, and it is worthy of remark that the first shot fired was by a Roman Catholic, and he shot his own cousin.* We must at all times deplore the loss of life, but in this instance it was absolutely necessary as an act of self-defence. If a mawkish sentimentality is to raise every Irish ruffian with a blunderbuss at full cock, aiming at his landlord's head from behind a "ditch," into an interesting object of pity, or every murderer who sends the "image of his Maker," unshriven, at a moment's notice, into eternity, into a zoological specimen of natural history, to be seen (by an order of a magistrate) whenever the curiosity of ladies lie in that direction,—why I then consider Feargus O'Connor quite fit for the post of King of England, and the Exeter-hall saints had better form his cabinet. The radical press and the people of Munster are entirely governed by the priests, and upon these priests' souls lie the blood of these unfortunate creatures who were shot on that day. One priest, I see by the evidence on the inquest, urged his poor fanatics to the muskets' mouths, but seeing the soldiers about to fire, wisely "dodged' down, and crawled away! Wise precaution! Another priest had his hat perforated by a Minié ball; and but that the soldier fired too high, there can be but little doubt the quasi-holy gentleman would be now disputing the gates of purgatory with Saint Peter, instead of promulgating curses against heretics. But you will really think, my dear sir, I am becoming a monster of cruelty and blood. Living and associating with men, however, whose profession leads them to slight death, my mind has, of late, become quite imbued with the impressions they have made on it, though perhaps, after all, I have only been giving you a dish of opinions which Jully's French dictionary calls "*réchauffée.*" There is a large encampment, consisting of horse-artillery, cavalry, and infantry, under canvas, within sight of my drawing-room windows; poor fellows! they must feel the rain sadly, for, during the last month, it has come down incessantly; but it is very picturesque to see the different uniforms of the different branches of the service—the stalwart Highlanders mounting guard and keeping sentry, and the horses picketed, and the cavalry and artillery sol-

* A fact.

diers mounted on duty. The inquest is now going on, and a facetious friend informs me the jury are determined to bring in a verdict of wilful murder against *some one*, but whether Lord Derby, Sir Edward Blakeney, or the soldiers, like all Irish juries, they are as yet undecided. I leave immediately for England, so believe me, faithfully yours,

JEREMIAH TUBBS.

No. 3.—From Miss Julia Tubbs, at Ballymactarbarry Castle, to Miss Fanny Jones, Woodbine Villa, St. John's Wood.

DEAR FANNY,—I have had such a delightful trip! and you, or any of our old schoolfellows at Mrs. Delaporte's seminary, would have thought the same, I am sure.

Our post-town is full of nothing but officers, tall and short, thin and fat; and there they lounge about the streets, having nothing to do but ogle the girls and look so delightfully bold—but *à bas les militaires*. On our way here, a tall, stout, very handsome gentleman, with a beautiful face and such a duck of a pair of moustaches, got into our railway carriage. He was very attentive to both mamma and myself, joked papa much, and invited John over to his property to "slate" the snipe (as he expressed it). It was, therefore, only natural papa should invite him over to our castle, which he accepted, you may be sure, particularly as a certain lady, who shall be nameless, threw in her support to the invitation. His name is Lucius O'Loghlin; and though the name sounds rather *bizarre* to our English ears, I can assure you I shall have no objection to becoming Mrs. L. O'L. at the fitting opportunity. He has a rather provincial way of talking, calling "I" "oi," and "my" "me," and all his "a's" he pronounces like "r's;" but you soon get accustomed to it. Then he is such a noble fellow; he told me one day he would shoot every man that came between him and his love for your humble servant, with no more thought than he would a quail or a woodcock, while he looked so fierce, just like Ajax defying the lightning! He is very talkative and amusing, but after dinner, when he and papa have sat rather too long over their wine, nothing will prevent his singing his national ballads, and more particularly that one of "Who fears to speak of ninety-eight?" and he does so in a very loud and unmusical key; but he has promised me to give up all these naughty habits of drinking when he is married, and to be a dear good hubby. He has an immense property in the north, and is a great friend of Lord Eglinton's and the Duke of Leinster's; and when we are married, we are to have a splendid mansion at Merrion-square, in Dublin, and I am to be presented at the Lord-Lieutenant's levees, and go to all the balls and parties. Hark! I hear the dear creature humming an Irish air, which is the signal for our walk in the shrubbery; so, with every kind wish, believe me always affectionately yours,

JULIA TUBBS.

P.S.—The wretch!—the false-hearted villain!—the lying impostor! Lucius is no gentleman at all, but only a pawnbroker's errand-boy! Oh, Fanny! I am broken-hearted, and shall never survive the cruel injury! The wretch has written a cool and impertinent letter to papa, to say he has instructed his solicitor to commence an action against me for a breach of promise.

PP.S.—Lucius is off. Four silver spoons, two of papa's best shirts, and John's diamond studs, are missing.

DIGGING FOR GOLD.

There are now twenty-six well-defined gold regions that have been discovered in Australia; twenty-one in New South Wales, and five in Victoria. The greatest of these are Turon and Ophir, in New South Wales, and Mount Alexander, in Victoria. Turon and Ophir being on tributaries to the Macquarie river, which fall into the latter from opposite directions, at a very short distance from one another, and the interval being all auriferous, they may perhaps be considered as one and the same district; so also with regard to a district lower down the Macquarie, which would reduce the actual gold districts of New South Wales to twenty. The gold district of Meroo, although upon another tributary of the Macquarie, is in a totally distinct transverse valley; and that of Dubbo, or Digagunny, also upon the same river, is so remotely connected, both physically and geographically, with the others, as to make them constitute decidedly separate regions.

Looking at these gold regions, districts, or placers, as far as they are yet known, one of the first points that strike the observer is their grouping at considerable geographical distances one from another. Thus we have, northwards, Kentucky, Hamilton, and Cockburn, placers with which the Buddle may be associated, all in New England, within an area of 100 miles. Then we have the great central diggings of Ophir, Turon, Meroo, Macquarie, and Digagunny, nearly 200 miles to the west of south; next the Abercrombie, the Narrawa, Lambton Creek, and Mount Fitton, nigh a hundred miles south of this. All these districts lie on the western side of the hilly and mountainous ridge of New South Wales, or at least in regions where the waters flow westward. The Hamilton placer is the only exception; it lies at the head of the Apsley, which flows eastward. Then we have the isolated placer of Bungonia, on the picturesque Shoal haven; the Araluen, Bigbadja, and Bunyan group, the first on the Dena river, flowing eastward, the two last on the remotest sources of the Murrumbidgee; the two isolated placers of Bomballo and Jenoa; that of Albury, on the Murray; and finally, the great groups of Mount Alexander, Ballarat, and Mount Blackwood, in Victoria, and the solitary but rich and extensive placer of Lake Omea—a whole group run into one. The two groups of Victoria are only rivalled by the Turon and Ophir, in New South Wales; but hitherto they carry off the palm for productiveness and concentration. It must not be omitted, that four isolated gold districts have been found at remote distances in the north. The first, on the Canning Downs, near Mount Sturt, is upwards of 150 miles from the group at the head of Peel river; the second on Stanley Creek, a tributary to the Brisbane, off Moreton Bay, nigh a hundred miles north-west of the last; the third, called Burner, or Burnen Placer, about sixty miles to the north-west of the latter; and finally, a placer in Grafton Range, 160 miles west of this. We thus perceive that the gold districts of Australia are actually diffused over a region of upwards of 1200 miles in extent!

The district at the head of Peel and Apsley rivers, and north of Liverpool Range, is marked in the map attached to Count Strzelecki's valuable work, the "Physical Description of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land," as being entirely eruptive and composed of crystalline rocks that

have been upheaved amidst superincumbent sedimentary deposits. Liverpool range is decidedly granitic. The gold district of Ophir and Turon, at the head waters of the Macquarie, is another isolated region of similar physical characters. It is evident that the riches of this central gold district have not yet been fully brought to light, for the basin of the Cudgegong is included within it, and yet has not hitherto been determined to be auriferous. The Cudgegong Company might, however, have as good a chance as many another, and, notwithstanding its repulsive name, better than some that have been adopted, apparently, without a single scientific datum, or even a practical fact of actual discovery in their favour.

The Abercrombie placer is at the southern foot of the same geological region, the culminating points of which are Mount Lachlan and Canabolas; the latter attaining an elevation of 4461 feet. The Narrawa diggings are in upper sedimentary rocks, and are derived from that portion of the Blue Mountains which is represented by the culminating points of Mount Fitton, Mount Dixon, and other surrounding hills of crystalline formation. A mass of crystalline rocks, chiefly granitic, protrudes to the eastward of the Blue Mountains at Shoalhaven. The placer at Bungonia owes its existence to this geological peculiarity. The gold districts of Araluen, and those at the sources of the Murrumbidgee, do not appear to have been explored by Count Strzelecki. The latter, indeed, to judge by the map of Arrowsmith, attached to the "Further Papers relative to the Recent Discovery of Gold in Australia," are most incorrectly placed in Strzelecki's map; as they take their origin, not from the western slope of the great Australian axis, but from uplands to the east of the anticlinal line, and at a distance, at one spot (called Jenabroda, or the Brothers), of scarcely twenty-five miles from the ocean, to rejoin which they have to flow upwards of 700 miles. There is no other example of a similar hydrographical phenomenon in a country which rather abounds in peculiarities of that description. The Bigbadja diggings are at the point in question. The diggings on the Snowy and Jenoa rivers, and the great deposit of Lake Omea (a secluded mountain-environed sheet of water 3700 feet above the level of the sea), and those in the high uplands from whence the Murrumbidgee derives its furthest sources, are all connected with the great granitic group of which Mount Kosciusko, the highest mountain in New South Wales, forms the culminating point, attaining an elevation of 6500 feet. The diggings at Albury, on the Murray, which has its sources from the western foot of Mount Kosciusko, are apart from, and yet associated with, the same system. The two other great placers in Victoria—those of Mount Alexander and Ballarat—occur both, in hilly or mountainous districts, where rocks of igneous origin have upheaved, dislocated, and metamorphosed, superincumbent quartzites, clay-slates, sand-stones, and iron-stones. It may be remarked here, that there occurs in Australia a mass of porphyritic granite—a granitic structure of quartz and mica, with large, oblong, and irregular crystals of felspar, confusedly embedded in the masses—which shows evident traces of a *flow*, similar to that of a *nappe de basalte*. It presents very often the appearance of an intumescent paste, and forms extensive tracts in New South Wales, more especially at the Vale of Clwyd, at Guantewang, Gidley, Ellersbie, Lake

Omes, Wilson's Promontory, Clark's Island, Black Range, Ben Nevis, and Eldon Range, and which being nowhere associated with either mica slate, gneiss, or other metamorphic rocks, may evidently be ransacked in vain in search of the precious metals.

Mr. Stutchbury, government geologist in New South Wales, has carefully explored the great mining district at the head waters of the Macquarie river, the whole area of which, he says, may be considered as schistose, with quartz in veins or lodes parallel to the strike of the schists. Where the quartz is auriferous, there is also titaniferous iron; nor have any of the washings yet yielded gold without the iron-sand (incorrectly termed emery) accompanying it.

Mr. Stutchbury's evidence is decidedly in favour of the production of the gold detritus by causes daily in action, in opposition to the theory propounded by Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, that "the auriferous gravel is in no way to be confounded with detritus formed by present atmospheric action, and is the result of ancient powerful abrasion of the surface of the rocks, particularly when mammoths and other great extinct animals were destroyed"—a kind of revival of the long-exploded diluvial hypothesis of Buckland, which received its *coup de grâce* from the evidences afforded by the existence of an antediluvian alluvium in the plains of Shinar and Babylonia, where the fathers of men first congregated after the subsidence of the Scriptural deluge. This hypothesis was combated in reference to the views entertained by Sir Roderick I. Murchison, in vol. xci., p. 438, of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and in reference to those held by the Rev. Mr. Clarke, of paleontological constants of the auriferous deposits in New South Wales, in vol. xciii., p. 360, of the same magazine. We do not allude to the production, or rather elimination of gold *in sitû*, which is undoubtedly a geological phenomenon, associated with particular catyclysms recognisable and determinable by evidences, either mineralogical, paleontological, or physical; but to the production of the auriferous alluvium, or detritus only. This is what Mr. Stutchbury says in favour of our views:

Gold, in small quantities, has been found on the summits and upon the flanks of the mountain ranges, but, with few exceptions, it bears evidence of abrasion. The largest produce in every instance has been found in the lower levels. Assuming that the auriferous deposits originated in the quartz rock, there is no difficulty in accounting for its presence most abundantly in the ravines, gullies, and creeks, so numerous in this remarkably broken country. The shistose rocks, so readily acted upon by the atmosphere, constantly disentegrating, and exposing the quartzose dykes, leaves them unsupported, and, gravitating downwards, the largest blocks are crushed and crumbled in their onward course, letting loose the tenacious gold in large or small portions, which, in obedience to their gravity and the force of the impelling torrent, rolls on until it is arrested for a time in hollows, or the cleavage fissures of the slaty rocks, or quietly deposited in the sand or mud, as the case may be, by the cessation of the flood, until it is again removed by the repetition of similar causes, or it may remain for ages undisturbed, by the torrent taking another course, of which there are so many instances, leaving ancient bars of shingle *débris*, now covered by accumulated soil. It therefore follows that gold, even if it be of the earliest geological origin, may and will be accumulating in the lower levels so long as mountains waste and valleys exist for its reception.

This appears to us to be perfectly clear and unanswerable. We have

shown that the Americans regulate the price of quartz crushing and grinding by the proximity to the surface of the ore, and by the degree that it has been exposed to meteoric influences. The French geologists appear to entertain but one opinion, which is, that "la roche aurifère a été desagrégée par l'action des pluies, du soleil et de l'atmosphère, et le quartz s'y est délité." Mr. Stutchbury further adds, that it is not at all surprising that the precious metal should be so rarely found in its original gangue, as compared with the large quantity found in the limited areas of the earth's surface, if the mind is only prepared to grasp the immense amount of disintegration and consequent denudation, together with the lapse of countless ages which may have taken place since the removal of the first atom to the present time. "As a proof," continues the same geologist, "of the transporting forces (although scarcely necessary), I may mention that in the bed of the Summer Hill Creek, above and below Belarida, I found rounded blocks of fossiliferous limestone, which by careful examination I am convinced must have come from the mountain range between Summer Hill and Emu Swamp, thus traversing the tortuous course of the creeks, passing over precipitous falls through deeply-hollowed waterholes, and other impediments; and yet large portions of this limestone still remain as evidence of the power of these periodical mountain torrents. This single instance is sufficient to explain the abraded, battered, and water-worn character of the gold, and the general absence of any particle of its original investing but more fragile matrix."

In respect to the cataclysmal origin of the gold, it would appear from Mr. Stutchbury's report that there are evidences of at least two different epochs of elevation and disruption of igneous rocks in the same district; for, according to that report, most of the hills west of the principal gold-diggings are capped with basalt, which is also seen protruding from below, in columns supporting metamorphic rocks, at Bruno waterfall, and other places. "I find, by observation," says Mr. Stutchbury, "that the trappean rocks, such as basalt and porphyry, have arisen to the surface, projecting themselves through the schistose rocks." At a place called Frederick's Valley Creek, the protruding porphyry is seen, accompanied by a remarkable variety, composed of white compact quartz, with small water-worn grains or minute pebbles of transparent rock-crystal; and the gold found at that portion of the creek is larger grained and less water-worn than that found lower down. At one place Mr. Stutchbury found gold on the surface, intermixed with fragmentary quartz, in an ochreous earth containing a large proportion of crystallised titanic iron.' The gold appeared to have never been water-worn in the slightest degree, and was evidently derived from the adjacent rock. This is an example of disintegration *in situ*.

Lieutenant-Governor Latrobe, in a despatch to Earl Grey, dated Oct. 10th, 1851, describes the Ballarat placer, in Victoria, as occurring in "the ordinary quartz ore, iron, sand-stone, and clay-slate, which is so general throughout this colony." "Golden Point," however, where the principal workings at Ballarat have been opened, is described as presenting, both in aspect and structure, no feature to distinguish it from any other of the numerous forested spurs which descend from the broken ranges at the foot of the higher ridges, and which bound the valley of the Leigh on either side. A section of the workings showed under superficial soil:

[ferruginous earth and gravel.
ked yellowish and red clay.

3. Quartz gravels of moderate size.
4. Large quartz pebbles and boulders; masses of iron-stone set in very compact clay, hard to work.
5. Blue and white clay.
6. Pipe-clay.

It will be observed that here, as in New South Wales, the gold is accompanied by ferruginous earths. The Romans—who distinguished this formation by the name of Segullum, a word which seems to have some connexion with the Gothic *gull*, gold—considered its presence as a certain indication of the proximity of gold. The gold of river-sands they called Chrysammos. Although such is the general order of succession in the strata of auriferous alluvia at Ballarat, nothing, Governor Latrobe informs us, is more striking than the irregularity of the proportions in which they are found to be distributed, the variety of inclination observable within a limited space, or the unequal depth at which any given stratum may be found to lie below the surface. In some workings the pipe-clay may be reached at the depth of ten or twelve feet, in others, not at thirty or upwards; circumstances which would be readily appreciated by a man of science, as originating in the peculiar disposition for local alluvial accumulations. Gold, Governor Latrobe further tells us, has been detected, he believes, in all the superior formations, even in the superficial soil. But by far the richest deposit is found in the small veins of blue clay, which lie almost (immediately) above the so-called "pipeclay," in which no trace of the ore has been discovered.

We have remarked before that gold has not as yet been traced *in sitû* in Australia, or if so, to a very insignificant extent; but even if this had been the case, we are decidedly of opinion it is to gold-digging and washing alone that the means and energies, whether of individuals or of companies, should be at present directed. It is, as Sir Roderick I. Murchison has justly remarked, in the abrasion of rocks and extraordinary superficial distribution of large quantities of gold, that lies the providential arrangement by which all the labours and expense of extraction and separation are saved, and the enterprise and emigration of large bodies of men are brought into operation.

The study of the nature and succession of gold-bearing alluvial deposits is as yet in its infancy. Notwithstanding that from the most ancient times gold has been more generally obtained superficially than by rock-mining—indeed, it is a geological "constant" that mines go on diminishing in their yield—still little has been done towards reducing gold-digging to a science. The ancients distinguished, as we have seen, their chrysammos from their segullum. They also knew that sometimes auriferous sands were met with on the surface of the soil, but Pliny describes this as *rara felicitas.* The gold-washers in Asiatic Russia, in South America, on the Gold Coast of Africa, and in various parts of Europe, have reduced this art to a few well-defined principles, founded on experience obtained in the different localities. Sir Roderick Impey Murchison has described the system pursued by the Russians; Bosman and Mungo Park have given good accounts of the operations carried on on the Gold Coast of Africa; Ulloa, Betagh, the Jesuit Ovalle, Bouguer, and Humboldt, have described the superficial diggings of Central and

of South America. Landria, in his treatise "De l'Or," has described most of the European lavatories, and has ably condensed the experience obtained by the washers of the Rhone, the Rhine, and other gold-bearing streams in Europe.

In the "Lectures on Gold" delivered at the Museum of Geology, for the instruction of emigrants about to proceed to Au Mr. J. Beete Jukes, to whom was allotted the subject of "The Geology of Australia," gives some practical advice on river alluvia, and on "wet" and "dry" diggings; but their brevity is excessive, barely extending to more than a few lines. Professor Forbes having had "Rocks" for his subject, he has omitted consideration of alluvia altogether. The other lecturers had "Chemical Properties," "Dressing," "Metallurgical Treatment," and "History and Statistics," all of greater or less use to the emigrant. The lecture on chemical properties might perhaps have had a more practical character imparted to it. The fact is, that there are only iron and copper pyrites which can be mistaken by any intelligent person for gold. But both of the former can be cut with a penknife; not so gold. Iron pyrites strikes fire against steel; not so gold. Pyrites dissolve in strong mineral acids; not so gold. Pyrites burn, and give off an odour of sulphur; not so gold. Gold, on its side, amalgamates with quicksilver; not so pyrites. Gold, indeed, should always be known by its colour and lustre.

The lecture on dressing, or mechanical preparation of gold ores, by Mr. W. W. Smyth, is the one which will be found to be of greatest practical value to the emigrant; and we would venture, after carefully perusing that lecture, to offer the following additional advice:

Whether gold occurs in rocks, or sands, or soil, the readiest means of detecting it is by the use of quicksilver. The operation in both cases is the same, only that in the case of gold being intimately disseminated in quartz or other rock (and it is also to be observed that iron pyrites very often contains gold, and must in that case be treated the same as rock), the auriferous rock must, in the first place, be calcined till a magnet passed through the impalpable powder is covered with particles of magnetic iron. The residue is then in the same category as would be auriferous alluvium, clay, gravel, soil, or sands, that have been deprived of moisture by heat, and treated in a similar manner with the magnet. A quantity of quicksilver is then put into a vase, and a portion of the calcined powder, the weight of which has been carefully determined beforehand, is added to it; it is then stirred and washed with distilled water. The stirring may be performed with the magnetic bar, which covers itself with iron particles; these are successively removed, till no more iron remains to attach itself to the magnet. The residue is then filtered through wash-leather. The water, and the gold which is in a state of amalgamation with the quicksilver, pass through, and are thus separated from the earthy substances.

The quicksilver and water are then placed in a porcelain vase or crucible in a sand bath, which is heated slowly. The water evaporates first, and leaves the quicksilver dry; next the quicksilver passes off in the state of vapour. When, after a prolonged calcining, it is seen that no more quicksilver remains, the weight of the golden residue left in the crucible is determined and compared with that of sand, and the following estimate is made:—If such a weight of rock, sand, or soil, has given such

a weight of gold, how much would 100, 1000, or 10,000 of rock, sand, or soil give? It is to be observed, that the assay must be made with scales of great sensitiveness.

All other kinds of assays which are effected with a view to determine the quantity of gold among sandy or earthy substances, are founded upon its great specific gravity, which is only surpassed by platinum, and equalled by tungsten. If, then, we are in search of gold either in sands or alluvial soil, they must, in the first place, be reduced into a state of powder, so as to separate all the mineral substances which are associated with it. In that state, the question reduces itself to seeking for gold in minute particles in a more or less fine sand.

This understood, take a shallow black plate, put in it a small quantity of the sand supposed to contain gold, and pour water upon it till the sand is covered. Then impart to it a gentle movement, so that the water shall be slightly disturbed and carries a few grains of sand to the surface. Take advantage of this moment to pour off the superficial water, and replace it by new. Go through this process with much patience, never throwing too much energy into the operation, till there remains nothing at the bottom of the plate but a clean-washed sand, in which the particles of gold will be readily discerned. The proportion of gold to alluvium or sand can then be readily determined as before, by ascertaining the weight of gold-residue as compared with that of the sand or soil used. But it is to be observed, that in carrying out this result, by estimating if a pailful of sand taken from some productive spot, weighing one pound, produced one drachm of gold, there would be many sources of fallacy in propounding that so many tons or acres of soil would produce so many pounds of precious metal. The comparative produce of the European and Asiatic gold mines is now pretty well known.

Now, in reference to the yet little-studied question of the nature and character of gold-bearing alluvia, it may be observed, that all matters of the same specific gravity stop and form a deposit at a given place: platinum, gold, tungsten, palladium, rhodium, silver, the oxides and titaniates of iron, are first to fall to the bottom, and give rise there to reddish, brownish, or blackish deposits, according to the abundance of one or other of these metals, and which the practised eye knows how to determine at once.* Quartz, mica, felspar, &c., derived from the disintegration of the veinstone or the neighbouring rock, and which have nearly the same specific gravity, are stopped in their movement, and precipitated with the heavier metals, but more frequently they are carried to greater distances, and give rise to deposits of a colour that is very readily recognised.

The largest grains or nuggets of gold deposit themselves generally as soon as the course of the waters has ceased to possess the character of a torrent; but the finer particles are carried to a distance; hence it has been remarked, that the more rapid is a stream, the more numerous and the smaller are the grains of gold.

In some localities, as especially on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, in New California, and as observed by Mr. Stutchbury in one case in Australia, the auriferous rock has been disintegrated by the action of rains, sun, and atmosphere; the quartz has disaggregated, and the

* Hence it is that the *Segullum* indicates the presence of gold.

grains of gold are found in their native locality, under all kinds of forms —little veins, crystals, laminæ, &c. The fragments of the veinstone are sometimes sufficiently large to require crushing preliminarily to the washing and subsequent amalgamation.

The grains of gold deposited in sands are of all forms and sizes; they seldom present themselves in the shape of crystals, and even then the angles are rounded off by the friction to which they have been exposed in their transport, which has sometimes lasted for ages. Gold most frequently occurs in smooth, rounded grains, or flattened into spangles, sometimes of excessive minuteness.

When quartzose veinstones, which contain gold, are crushed and sifted, it is remarked that the grains of metal are the first to break by a natural cleavage which appertains more or less to all metallic substances. This tendency to reduce itself into smaller fragments explains the great tenuity of gold spangles and grains that have been carried a long distance, and incessantly triturated by currents of water, and explains the remarks made by all gold-diggers, that the greater the distance of the auriferous sands from their native site, the smaller are the grains and particles of gold; in the same manner that the more rapid the torrent, the greater is the degree of trituration, and the readier the reduction or the gold into microscopic particles.

According to Agricola ("De Re Metallicâ," lib. iii., p. 54), ancient mineralogists, among whom he quotes Calbus, believed that a river, to be auriferous, must flow from east to west or from the north to the south; that the riches of rivers increased or diminished according as their course followed these directions more or less directly, and that those which contained the least gold had their sources in the south, and received tributaries from the west. It is useless to refute so ridiculous an idea, as there is no reason that it should be so; even if all the waters which bear along with them auriferous deposits were so circumstanced, still that would not authorise any general deduction. But it is by no means so; the Rhine and the Ariège flow from the south to the north; the Rhone and the Herault from the north to the south; the Gardon, the Cèse, the Arve, from west to east; and yet all these rivers are auriferous to an amount that differs very little one with the other.

It would be much more correct to say, that every time a current of water flows from mountains belonging to the crystalline and older sedimentary formations, and that its sands are chiefly composed of grains of quartz with titaniferous iron, there may be modes of finding particles of gold. But even this aphorism is far from being exact, since the first condition of the existence of gold in the sand of rivers is, that their sources, or those of their tributaries, should encounter veins of auriferous quartz. The Rhone, for a distance of twenty-two leagues, that is to say, from its sources to beyond Lake Geneva, presents no traces of this precious metal; but it becomes auriferous from the point where it receives the little river of Arve; this originates from the circumstance that the great river does not come in contact with any vein of gold, whilst the Arve flows over such. In the same way the Macquarie is auriferous only after receiving the Turon and Ophir rivers.

About the year 1835, some adventurers who were washing the sands of a rivulet three or four leagues from the Indian village of Navogame,

in Mexico, remarked that on ascending the river beyond a certain point, the washings were entirely unproductive, and that the sands afforded no more particles of metal; they concluded from this that this point must be near to the vein of gold. Some researches were accordingly made on the two acclivities, which were clothed with pine-trees, and a vein of quartz was discovered which contained grains of gold perfectly visible to the naked eye. From that moment a mine was worked at open day, which has since obtained so great a celebrity under the name of Descubridora.

Réaumur, one of the most ingenious observers of nature, remarked, now some time back, that the more rapid is the course of a river, the less easy is it for the particles to be deposited: the water carrying them along till they are sufficiently buried in sand to resist its power. Upon this point depends the different degree of metallic produce of sands. It is where the flow of rivers is least rapid, and at points where their waters spread out, that the greatest abundance of gold may be expected.

Every obstacle which breaks the rapidity of the current is favourable to the deposition of gold: blocks of rock and stones form excellent ramparts for staying their progress; the curves formed by rivers, and which produce back-waters, are the places where the most is precipitated. These are practical points which the gold-washers of the Rhone know well how to take advantage of.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, it is very difficult to say which will be the most profitable portion of a river to work; in the Altai, it often happens that of two washings, situated the one above the other on the same river, that which is the most distant from the source contains the most auriferous sands.

This may arise from various circumstances; from, as has been before explained, the force of the current; from the action of floods, or from the gold-sand being derived either from slopes of hills or rivers or rivulets joining the main stream from transverse valleys, or rivulets flowing between two spurs of a mountain-range: or from longitudinal valleys or rivulets flowing between the central chain and an outlying range, or between two outlying ranges, according as the main stream itself flows along a transverse or a longitudinal valley. A river flowing through an open country, not itself auriferous, may receive tributaries rich in gold-dust from both longitudinal and transverse valleys. Generally speaking, rivulets flowing through transverse valleys should present greater likelihood of auriferous sands, because they cut through the metamorphic rocks at right angles to their dip, thus exposing a greater amount and variety of formations; whereas rivers and rivulets flowing along a longitudinal valley, often follow the same line between two similar beds or between two successively tilted-up formations for a great distance. The most favourable point to explore the latter is where they themselves become transverse rivulets, and leave one longitudinal valley to pass into another or into the open country. Instances occur, to judge by Arrowsmith's map of the auriferous districts of New South Wales, of two rivulets flowing along transverse valleys nearly parallel to one another, and each bearing auriferous sands. In such a case, it is evident that all the probabilities of the case are that the native site of the gold is in the spur that separates the two rivulets from one another; for all the chances are against two rivulets, flowing along different but parallel valleys, deriving

their gold from the flanks of each of its outlying spur, and of the central spur being sterile of precious metal. Rivers flowing through transverse valleys are, generally speaking, more rapid than rivers flowing through longitudinal valleys; hence gold-dust is sometimes scarce in the former, having been hurried down by the speed and force of the current to the longitudinal valleys, and often borne a considerable distance along these. The point at which the gravity of the metal began to exceed the force of the current, and to deposit itself, may, it is evident, leave many a sterile place in the sands of the same river, both above and below the rich auriferous deposit. This point must generally be determined by actual exploration on the spot; but these circumstances do not occur so generally as might, *à priori*, be deduced; for the quantity of auriferous deposit brought down may have varied at different times and at different seasons, as may also the volume of water and the force of its current. We all know there may be rises and floods in every mountain stream. It is evident that in such cases both new auriferous sites may be explored and acted upon, and the detritus both of that and of older deposits may be carried much further down the river. Then, again, it is not a phenomenon the result of one flood or of one cataclysm, as some geologists would lead us to suppose, but of actions constantly going on; so that one party of washers may be working the deposits of extraordinary winter floods, another that of less violent risings, another that of ordinary but successive winters, another, finally, the most recent deposits of all, and each with various degrees of success, as they guide themselves by the peculiarities of the river and of its current. When auriferous sands are met with in the beds of rivulets in transverse valleys, there are greater chances of finding the native gold in its original site than in longitudinal valleys, and these chances will be increased in proportion as the valley is limited in extent both ways, that is to say, in length and breadth. Transverse rivulets often flow through more or less perpendicular ravines, but this is more general when they pass from one longitudinal valley to another, or to the open country, than near their sources. As these sources are generally in the primitive and non-auriferous axis of mountains, the second order of transverse valleys, where the rivulets cut at angles through the upraised metamorphic rocks, are most likely to be productive; and, for the same reasons, rivulets flowing along longitudinal valleys of the second order, that is to say, not such as flow between the primitive axis and the first outlying range of metamorphic rocks, but such as flow between the first and second outlying ranges of metamorphic and sedimentary formations, are most likely to be productive. But even this has an exception, inasmuch as longitudinal valleys of the first class may be, but are rarely so, supplied with gold from the outlying metamorphic formations. When, in addition to a simple axis of elevation and outlying ranges and spurs of metamorphic and sedimentary rocks, there are also indications of successive periods of eruption, in the cropping out to-day of porphyries, trachytes, basalts, greenstones, and other igneous rocks, and the outlying ranges have been broken up and tilted into a variety of forms and shapes, presenting a perplexing disposition and a highly contrasted configuration, the study of these phenomena becomes more complex; but still not so to a geologist with a clear head on his shoulders, and who would always set to work mapping down his

country, determining the relation of the valleys to the central and outlying axis of elevation, eliminating order from apparent disorder, and having science and safe grounds to back him when he first gives his opinion as to where the miners' operations may be carried on with most chances of success.

Auriferous alluvia have, then, the same origin as the sands of rivers containing gold; the particles have accumulated there during a long series of ages, and have concentrated themselves there in different manners, according to the varying intensity of the action of waters. Sometimes we have great valleys perfectly level, in which the torrents have spread themselves uniformly, forming vast sheets of running waters, the current of which diminishes in proportion as they gain in extent; sometimes we have a plain diversified by hills, which indicate in their rather devious parallelism the basins adopted and afterwards abandoned by the currents of water. The soil of these great sablonous deposits is formed of the detritus of the neighbouring mountains—fragmentary, rolled, rounded detritus, in the powder of which the particles of gold are disseminated in masses irregularly concentrated, and in beds of different richness.

The auriferous sands of alluvia are generally at a greater depth than those which belong to running waters. There exist in the Altaï some deposits at such a depth, that it is necessary to work them by means of wells and subterranean galleries. Such are the mines in the valley of Koundoust-ouyoul.

The relative antiquity of alluvia may be, to a certain extent, appreciated by their nature. Those of a perfectly recent character have little or no consistency. Such are the sands of the valley of the Nile, even in the part which its floods do not reach; such are also those of the *Golden Terrace*, in the centre of Africa. The looseness of the sands in the deserts of Asia and Africa would appear, however, in some cases, to be owing to other circumstances than their recent deposition. Among these, the chief would seem to be the want of water, to act upon whatever iron or lime is present, and which, by disintegration or decomposition, becomes a means of cohesion to mud and sands. This state of things is further entertained by the great heat and extreme dryness of some portions of these continental spaces. It is not certain that some of the moving sands of Asia and Africa may not be as old as the oldest alluvia.

It sometimes happens that the alluvia contain wood buried in them in the most perfect state of preservation. The washings on the banks of the Bourlevskaïa, on the south-west slope of the Alataou Mountains, in Siberia, contain trunks of trees so well preserved as to be almost green. Beyond Falamah, near the country of the Bambuchs, the auriferous sediments are mixed up with fragments of quartz, and the sands alternate with a yellow earth in which siliceous pebbles and bits of oxide of iron are dispersed. The valley of the Sil, in Galicia, is blocked up with a conglomerate formed of large cakes of quartz imbedded in clay and sand, and which proclaim a greater age and the beginning of adherence. The casalhos of Brazil, especially those which are mined at Jaraqua, four leagues from Saint Paul, in the capitanerie of the same name, are conglomerates of some solidity, composed of rolled pebbles of quartz and gravel, which indicates an ancient alluvium, is covered by a vegetable

earth, and in which (the conglomerates) the gold is disseminated in grains of various size. These deposits, called red deposits, are deeply coloured by oxide of iron, which constitutes their cement.

In the Altaï, on the borders of the Kiy, beds of auriferous alluvia are mined by subterranean galleries, at a depth of from twenty-five to forty feet. These beds are covered with sedimentary formations which belong to the oldest epochs of the quaternary era; they are remarkable for the size of the grains and particles of gold that are imbedded in them, and their richness is in proportion to the rock in which they are contained as 0.0000065.

The richness of auriferous sands not only varies in the different parts of the surface of alluvia, but also with the depth. It is the nature of alluvial deposits to be superficial; that of the particles of gold is to occupy a certain bed in that superficies, sometimes at the surface itself, sometimes at a little distance from that surface. The swiftness of the waters, back-waters, curvatures, obstacles that they may have met with, their greater or less depth, are so many causes of modifications in the sites of auriferous sands; but that which is common to all deposits is not to exceed a certain depth, beyond which there is nothing but sterile sand. As to the richness of such deposits, it does not seem to depend upon position; but that which all experience estab[illegible]t these deposits are thin and readily exhausted. Gold-dig[illegible]s h[illegible]en a term, nor is their duration great.

This is one among a number of re[illegible]all of high importance, why the gold-mining companies, form[illegible]vork the deposits in Australia, should not have encumbered them[illegible]with purchases of land—tracts of territory, which, however authentic[illegible] proved to be auriferous at the time of purchase, cannot, by all experience, be relied upon for productiveness for any great length of time. It has been argued, that a mining company constituted upon the cost-book or any other legitimate principle must have a "mine;" this legal difficulty might be got over by the purchase of the royalty over a very small portion of auriferous alluvia. Where machinery is going to be taken out for crushing, amalgamating, and other metallurgical operations, it will be positively necessary to have a *pied à terre;* but a small amount of land on the banks of a running stream would suffice for the head-quarters of such mining operations. The adventurers themselves, in carrying out their operations on the alluvia, should be prepared to turn their energies in any direction that science might determine to be the most promising; ready to leave the last deposit when exhausted and unproductive, and to follow up one after another all the advantages of the soil and country. It should be one of the great advantages of such companies to be independent of place, by means of well-arranged commissariat, and that while their capital ensures combined labour and skill, and supplies their wants and necessities, it also secures to the operations a safe foundation upon scientific principles, by placing them under the guidance of competent persons.

Taking also all the various points connected with gold-mining into consideration—the facts evidenced by the gold-sands of Africa, the diggings in America and other parts of the world—and which could only be detailed by entering at large upon the geographical portion of the question—the facts evidenced from all antiquity, from the days of the Nile to

those of the Pactolus and Tagus, and the facts evidenced by geological and mining experiences,—we cannot hesitate in giving an unbiassed opinion in favour of the greater chances of those companies which limit their adventure to alluvial diggings, and do not encumber themselves with machinery for rock-mining and quartz-crushing—by all experience, a very uncertain source of profit, while a certain one of expense. As a general fact, the richness of the detritus and alluvium is by no means a certain indication of the richness of the parent rock. Generally speaking, gold-veins are only rich superficially, and it is difficult to say, in alluvia so long lying untouched as those of California and Australia, how long they may have been in accumulating, or how much of the gold may not have been borne away with them—even to the last nugget—from the parent rock. All experience and all science seem to point out to mere digging and washing as the safest means of obtaining gold. The precious metal, indeed, appears to have been sown broadcast on the surface of some lands, as if to invite colonisation.

So much for certain suggestive points in the art of practical gold-digging, the search for auriferous deposits, or "prospecting," as it is termed in Austr[illegible] the nature and character of the alluvia, and the elimination of [illegible] when invisible to the naked eye.

There is, we [illegible] to run[illegible] a great fund of thoughtful interest and anxiety in the pictures g[illegible] dept[illegible] [illegible]or Latrobe, in the "Further Papers," and in the letters of indivi[illegible] corres[illegible]dents to the newspapers, of the total disorganisation of society that has [illegible] place in Australia, as a result of this sudden and great discovery of [illegible]uvia[illegible] [illegible]ous deposits. For some time the impulse given to emigration wa[illegible] a per[illegible] means such as might have been expected from the nature of thes[illegible] [illegible]scoveries. The English and Scotch are slow to believe in golden visions. The Irish had not, generally speaking, the means to emigrate. The reality of the vast gold produce becoming, however, definitely known and generally understood, emigration has latterly been carried on on so extensive a scale, that ships trading to all parts of the world have been put upon the Australian line, a new line of screw-steamers has been brought into existence, and the Cunard Company has opened a line of first-class steamers from Liverpool to Australia, *viâ* Chagres and Panama.

At the same time, the attention and the energies of government have been directed to the protection in the colony of the usual branches of industry and more ordinary sources of wealth, to obviating the evils of an increased expenditure and prices of necessaries of life, to the appointment of commissioners, the good order of the population, the granting of licenses, the return of revenue, the establishment of a royal mint, the shipment of gold, the augmentation of salaries, the embarrassments caused by the flow of the population to the gold-diggings, and the effects of the recent discoveries on all branches of the community, and even on the carrying on of government itself. The vast emigration now in progress, new and more decided port regulations to prevent desertion from merchant-vessels, the organisation of an efficient police force, the increase of pay to public officers, and promised military aid from the home government, in the shape of troops of the line, Irish constabulary, and pensioners, will soon remedy many existing evils.

According to a statement published in the *Melbourne Argus*, of March

4th, 1852, the total yield of the Victoria gold-fields up to that period stood as follows:

	Ounces.
Amount actually shipped to the 2d of March	455,061
Amount held in the banks and Treasury	94,209
Estimated amount in private hands in the towns . . .	24,000
Estimated amount in the hands of diggers and others on the road and at the mines	80,000
Total	653,270

Or, 54,439lb. 2 oz.—544 cwt. 39lb. 2 oz.—27 tons 4 cwt. 39lb. 2 oz.*

Gold conveyed by private hands, and which has not passed at the Customs, is not included in this estimate.

Mr. Robert Hunt, in his Lecture on the "History and Statistics of Gold," estimates that the Sydney gold-mines produced,

	£	s.
From [illegible]h May, 1851, to 31st Oct., 1851, 67,152 oz. of gold, value	214,886	0
To November 10th, 1851, 79,340 oz. . . . . „	257,855	7
And to December 31st, 142,975 oz. . . . . „	464,668	15
In the Victoria district, to the end of December, 1851,		
Ballarat produced 25,108 oz. . . . . value	75,324	0
Mount Alexander, 30,007 oz. . . . . „	96,021	0
In December there was shipped from Victoria . 145,116 oz.		
On the 8th of January . . . . . . 75,188 „		

But Mr. Hunt justly remarks, that as only about two-fifths of the gold realised is sent by government escort, there is much difficulty in arriving at the actual amount.†

We are not among those who entertain any apprehensions from this great influx of gold. The vast increase and diffusion of population, the wear and tear of precious metals, the increased consumption in the useful and ornamental arts, the example of the past, the new countries and populations opened to civilisation and commerce in North and South America, Australia, New Zealand, China, &c., &c., all present circumstances that will more than counterbalance any such influx for the present. On the contrary, the supply appears to have come providentially to meet the wants and demands of new and rising generations of men. At the most, even after the lapse of time, and supposing the supply still to be going on, the relations of gold to silver might alone undergo some necessary change; but even that would be put off to an indefinite period, by coining gold moneys of small value, say five shilling and half-crown pieces, or even florins and shillings. The Turks have gold coins of five piastres, or about the value of a shilling. The Chinese, on the contrary, have as yet very little gold currency. Such a coinage in this country would tend materially, by increasing the use and consumption of gold, to keep up the balance of its value as compared with that of silver.

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* Total value sterling, 1,959,810*l.*

† According to a still later and apparently authentic statement, the production at the Victoria mines was steadily increasing, and was now estimated at 100,000*l.* per week, or at the rate of more than 5,000,000*l.* per annum.

YOUNG TOM HALL'S HEART-ACHES AND HORSES.

CHAPTER XXXV.

OUR Tom went to bed with a desperate heart-ache; he thought he had never seen such a beauty as Laura, and how he should ever get on without her he couldn't for the life of him imagine. Angelena wasn't to be compared to her, and already he began to regard that volatile lady with other than feelings of affection.

Then the fifty thousand pounds flashed across his mind and caused him to ponder. Pooh! he didn't believe she had it; at all events, it wouldn't be hers for nobody knew when; and Laura was worth half a hundred of her without a halfpenny. Then it occurred to him that Laura would have money—that the major wouldn't keep hounds if he wasn't rich; and as to his father's objection about Longwind's bill, Tom didn't see any reason why the major should take up Longwind's bill, so long as there was any chance of Longwind taking it up himself. Tom thought it showed caution rather than poverty, and liked the major the better for it.

Then it occurred to Tom, that his friend Padder, who was learned in the law, being in the second year of his clerkship with Mr. Habendum, had told him that heiresses' fortunes always went to their own children; and if that was the case, Laura would be a catch, if not as great, at all events—beauty and all taken into consideration—as desirable as Angelena. Then the name of Squashington and Slumpington occurred to Tom's mind in the accommodating way that things do turn up in aid of Cupid's endeavours, and Tom began to doubt whether Laura mightn't be a better spec. than Angelena. He now recollected to have heard old Trueboy, the cashier, and his father, discussing a city article of the *Times*, stating that it would take little more than fifteen years of the existing production of gold to cause an alteration in the relations of property of fifty per cent.; and if Angelena's fifty thousand solid substantial sovereigns, as Mayor Fibs described them, went down one-half, and Squashington and Slumpington went up in like manner, why then Laura would be the best chance of the two. Of course, Tom, in these speculations, made no allowance for Laura's sisters' shares, who were still at Miss Birchtwig's; indeed, how could he, seeing he did not know of their existence? though Tights had been fully informed by Mrs. Hogslard, if the punch had not driven the information out of his head. Mrs. Lard—as Tights called her—and he had not quite made up their minds whether they should favour the Guineafowle speculation or not, and Tights thought he had got the length of his master's foot to a nicety.

The house-clock here struck one, and Tom reverenced the sound on account of the lady. He wondered whether she was lying awake thinking of him. What a darling she was! How sweetly she smiled, and showed her beautiful teeth as she bade him good night, holding out her little ungloved hand for him to shake! He would have her, come what would. He didn't care a copper about his engagement to Angelena: it was quite clear she would throw him over, if she could get any one better—why shouldn't he do the same by her? Jug's, the detested Jug's portrait again presented itself to his mind, with Ruddles's "This is the gent

—the right honourable gent that's a courtin' of the great heiress at the barracks." Hang her! he'd be done with her. What business had she to ride away with old Heartycheer, leaving him doubled up like a gibus hat? She didn't know but he might have been killed.

Two o'clock found our friend in a profuse perspiration. He had fallen asleep and dreamt that the colonel had called him out, and he couldn't get rid of the idea. In his mind's eye, he was getting hurried on the box of a fly alongside of Major Fibs, while an enormous mountain of a man, enveloped in a military cloak, assisted by the shoulder of the flyman, had at length succeeded in squeezing sideways into the fly, carrying a brace of ominous-looking articles in blue bathing-dresses, that too evidently showed by their shape to be pistols. Tom was terrified, for he had no taste for fighting; and though he awoke to the consciousness that it was only a dream, he felt most forcibly that the dream might be the precursor of reality. He thought he had better not try any tricks on with Angelena; and then how his heart wrung him to think that he must give up all thoughts of the lovely, angelic, blue-eyed beauty, who now seemed more necessary to his existence than ever! He felt as if he had been kidnapped.

Balmy sleep, nature's soft restorer, again befriended him, and in the interval that followed he dreamt that old Trueboy, the bank cashier, had negotiated a compromise with the colonel; after giving him all the dirty five-pound notes in the drawer, was now shovelling the sovereigns over the counter with a copper shovel, for him to put in a sack which seemed to have no bottom; for the more Trueboy shovelled over, the more the colonel seemed to want, till Tom, dreading the result of the operation on the bank funds, shrieked out, "That's enough! that's enough!" in a voice that completely startled himself and sounded throughout the house. After this exploit he fell asleep, from which he was aroused by Tights with his tops and hot water.

There was unusual commotion in the house, caused as well by the unwonted company-making as by the preparations for the hunt and the over-night inebriety of Mrs. Hogslard, the cook. Tights and she had made a night of it, with the punch and her private bottle of spirits; and now, when she ought to have been up and doing, she was tossing and tumbling about in bed with a desperate headache. Mrs. Hogslard was one of those wretched country cooks whom everybody has had, and no one keeps; and she was a perfect prodigy in all the establishments in a country office. She could sit behind Mrs. Chatterbox, the register-office woman's screen, and tell tales that were enough to horrify a hearer, lest his own establishment should be laid bare the same way—what masters prowled about the kitchens and places where they had no business—what mistresses were "nasty covetous bodies," and stinted for beer or butter, or locked their tea-caddies, and didn't allow meat luncheons or hot suppers—what butlers agreed with the housekeepers, and what didn't—who were supposed to have false keys, and who to have been false to the lady's-maid; from which valuable information Mrs. Chatterbox—herself an old cook—would draw such deductions as enabled her to place the intelligent "ladies and gentlemen," as she called the servants, who honoured her with their custom, most advantageously. In return for all this, Mrs. Chatterbox used to mention Mrs. Hogslard, casually, to parties who applied in the middle of a term, as a person "wot thoroughly under-

stood cooking, and had lived in most respectable families;" leaving it to the inquirers to find out why it was that so experienced a person was out of place. And this suited Mrs. Hogslard almost as well as regular service, for she made harvest wages, and had greater indulgences as a stranger than she would had she been one of the establishment.

She had been a fortnight at the major's, and not having had a chance of any of the house drink before, had been unable to resist temptation, especially when instigated by so interesting a companion as Tights.

Breakfast, however, being a much less formidable meal than dinner, and one which most women can assist in preparing, things were pretty forward by the time our master of hounds had got himself into his best boots and breeches, and arranged the loosely-tied blue-silk scarf under his buff vest, that he thought contrasted so well with it and his green hunt-buttoned coat.

Our Tom, aided by Tights, made what he thought a most killing toilette. After half a dozen "*fail*-yars," he at length accomplished a wide-extending, cream-coloured Joinville above a pink, race-horse patterned shirt with gold fox-head studs. He had got his thick thighs into leathers; while Tights, who was much given to buying recipes (with his master's money, of course), had tried his last guinea's worth on Tom's tops, and made them a red-hot colour.

"Why, what an extraordinary colour you've got my boots!" exclaimed Tom, as Tights withdrew the napkin with which they were covered.

"All is serene, sir, replied Tights, hissing, as he dusted them over with the napkin—"all is serene, sir," repeated he, setting them down; "the Melton gents would give any money for such tops, but I wish they may get them, that's all."

Tom was bad to please in the matter of coats; he wanted to put on his pink, but Tights wouldn't hear of such a thing, alleging that it would be the ruin of both their reputations if such a thing was known at Melton.

"Nobody ever hunted with currant-jelly dogs," as he profanely called the major's hounds, "in pink."

The major himself wore green, as Tights knew; for he had been seeing how he looked in the major's coat, as he found it lying on the back kitchen table. Tom then proposed breakfasting in pink, and changing after, but this Tights also strenuously resisted, on the plea that it would look disrespectful to the major, first showing in scarlet, as if Tom thought he kept foxhounds, and then changing; and Tom, having a high opinion of Tights' judgment, was at last reluctantly obliged to content himself with laying the scarlet over a chair-back, and leaving the door open for all passers-by to see. Having then tried on a dark-brown duffle, and a red-brown, and a pepper-and-salt duffle, and a black saxony jacket, all with most liberal sleeves, at length chose the red-brown duffle as the gayest of the whole. When he got down, he found the beautiful subject of his dreams ready to receive him, though, by some strange circumstance, none of the others were down. Perhaps Laura had had the first turn of the maid, who certainly had done her full justice, making her beautiful hair shine like the raven's wing, while the blue Fremantle dress stood imposingly out, in a way that none but spic-and-span new things will stand. Tom was quite enchanted, and stood gaping for utterance as, having again given him her hand on wishing him good morning, Laura

proceeded to draw on a pair of new three-and-sixpenny primrose-coloured kid gloves.

If Tom hadn't been a slow coach, he would have been far on the road to an offer ere Mrs. Guineafowle made her appearance with the keys; as it was, having to travel his ponderosity through the weather, prognosticating the severity that was to come from the mildness that had prevailed, and travelling onwards through the mess that frost makes of a flower-garden, he had only got as far as the approaching new year's ball at Fleecyborough, when mamma appeared, followed by her light-haired step-daughters at intervals, the major, who had been holding a court-martial on Cramlington for his over-night delinquencies, bringing up the rear. Cramlington presently came sneaking in with the urn and the viands, and then seats being resorted to, the barter of breakfast commenced—one giving coffee for tea, another muffin for toast, a third exchanging butter for fried ham, a fourth marmalade for honey—munch, munch, munch, was presently the order of the day. The major was the first to throw up, not because he was so keen that he couldn't eat any breakfast on a hunting morning, but because he had another project in view, which, as he wasn't sure it would come off as he wished, he did not like to announce, but for which he wished to reserve a little appetite in case it should. So he presently began trifling with his breakfast, looking about him and wondering whether our Tom and the smart girl on his right would make a match of it, or rather whether the smart lady would be able to capture our Tom. Laura, too, trifled with hers, being apparently more intent on getting Tom what he wanted than administering to her own gratification. One of Miss Birchtwig's urgent injunctions to her finishing pupils was, never to eat much before gentlemen. Our Tom, considering his interesting position, the disturbed night he had passed, and the disagreeable amusement he was about to partake of, played a pretty good knife and fork, and it was not until he had paid his respects to all the solids, hot as well as cold, and made a considerable impression on the sweets, that the musical notes of the major's gold repeater awoke him to a sense of his dreadful situation. He was going to hunt!—to hunt with a man who was keener, he believed, if possible, than Lord Heartycheer; and the day with Lord Heartycheer had made him wriggle about ever since, just as if his trousers were stuck full of pins. Tom would have given anything for a frost, but there was no such luck for him; hunt he must, and appear fond of it too; so, without more ado, he drained his cup, and screwed up his courage like a man going to a dentist's. Just then Tights appeared before the window with the redoubtable horse, and the ladies rose *en masse* to admire it—"Such a love! such a beauty!"—though they could only see his head and tail for the fine T. H. embossed sheet in which Tights had him enveloped.

"Y-e-a-yup!" now exclaimed Tom from the steps of the door, where he stood drawing on a pair of clean doeskins—an exclamation that caused Tights to curtail his circuit and hurry up with the horse.

"And how is he?" asked Tom, with an air of unconcern, though he would have given something to have been getting off—getting off all safe, at least—instead of getting on—"how is he?" asked he.

"All is serene, sir," replied the slangey Londoner, in a tone of confident familiarity, as he cast a roguish eye over his master's vacant face.

"All is serene," replied Tom, comforted by the assurance, which he

interpreted into an intimation that the horse had had the fiery edge taken off him—iced, perhaps, as Lord Alvanley recommended Gunter to have done by his hot one—"all is serene," repeated Tom to himself, as he dived at the stirrup, and at last getting his foot in, with a vigorous hoist succeeded in landing in the saddle. He then looked to the windows, and watching Laura's eye, received the sweetest of sweet smiles, while Mrs. Guineafowle whispered in her ear, "How well he looks on horseback!" And Tights, who now stood with the sheet over his arm watching his master's departure, said to himself, "If you can ride, I'm werry much mistaken."

Chapter XXXVI.

Hestercombe House, a tumble-down old family mansion, about five miles from Major Guineafowle's, the property of the Duke of Gormanstone, was occupied by a gentleman-farmer, who—low be it spoken—had formerly been butler in the family, and marrying the very pious housekeeper, Miss, or, as she called herself, Mrs. Holdsworthy, the duchess, who had the upper hand, thought she could not better mark her approbation of the very respectable couple than by placing them upon one of the duke's farms at a very moderate rent. Mrs. Holdsworthy had been fourteen years in the duke's service—a long time, as servants go—and having early impressed the duchess with a sense of her extreme rectitude, she had had a fine time of it ever since. In the accomplishment of this most desirable end, she had been greatly aided by an apparently very trivial, but in reality a very telling assistant, in the shape of a large earthenware medallion with the words



upon it, which, immediately on her arrival at the castle, she suspended above the mantelpiece of her comfortably furnished sitting-room. This struck the duchess amazingly; she thought she never saw anything so nice, so pretty, so proper and becoming, and she instructed all the servants to show Mrs. Holdsworthy, who was "a very superior person," every respect and attention.

This was a grand thing for our housekeeper, for if ever servants do tell of each other, except out of spite, or when they know what they tell has or will be found out, this would effectually have stopped their mouths, and Mrs. Holdsworthy might have carried off half the things in the castle without ever a word being said. Not that she was at all abstemious, but she did her "spiriting so gently," and was so prudent withal, that nothing but whispers ever arose. It would have been high treason to have hinted at anything. If she ever committed herself by taking anything that could be identified, she kept it long on the premises, in case it should ever be asked for; and in one or two instances, when the duchess was inquisitive about things that had been thus put away, Mrs. Holdsworthy produced them with such a sanctified, self-satisfied smile

that the duchess's conscience reproached her for having ever harboured the shadow of suspicion against so immaculate, so invaluable a person, and forthwith a new silk gown or a becoming shawl would atone for the impropriety.

Mrs. Holdsworthy, who was a stately, commanding-looking person, kept all the inferior servants completely at arms' length—none but the second-table ones were ever honoured with her condescension. Of these, Mr. Hermitage, the equally stately butler, was long first favourite, and they very soon came to terms, and agreed that as soon as they made what they thought a sufficiency, they would marry, and retire on their fortune. In due time the amount being realised, the duchess heard with unfeigned regret of Mrs. Holdsworthy's intended "change of state," though of course she could not be so selfish as wish to keep her to herself; so she loaded her with presents, that what with her fourteen years' "puttings away," our housekeeper had very little occasion to break into the savings bank accumulations for other than the mere solid, unstealable articles of furniture.

When she left the castle, which she did in her own proper *voiture*—a fe—*a*—ton, as she called it—she felt an inward satisfaction, that though she had never let any one cheat their Graces, she had never missed a chance of doing so herself. She had mountains of linen—"old rags," as she called them when she put them away, but very good linen now that it reappeared after its slumber in her boxes; China that was supposed long to have passed into that mausoleum of departed crockery, the ash-hole; carpets, and curtains, and hangings, and covers, and brown holland, and house-flannel, and curtain-rings, and curtain-holders, and old blinds, and old screens, and old fans, and old books, and things that had been so long withdrawn from sight as to be entirely forgotten. Nothing had ever come amiss to her; and by judicious tithing of the mattresses and feather-beds, she was enabled to furnish four very comfortable ones for herself. This had all been done by instalments, and carried out the same way by a pious niece, whom she used to have to instruct in the way she should go, and to whom, being then fit for service, she gave the "Fear the Lord" medal when she married.

Hermitage, too, had acted well his part; for though he did not sport a medal, yet his great intimacy with her who did operated in his favour, and often caused the duke to attribute discrepancies in the wine-account to the treachery of his own memory. So, what with his commission on tradesmen's bills—at least ten per cent.—presents from competitors, together with his wages—which latter, indeed, he looked upon much as a lawyer looks upon a retaining-fee, or a policeman his pay—he managed to feather his nest too.

Hestercombe House, with a hundred and twenty acres, chiefly grass and turnip land, just then coming vacant, they were installed therein at such a moderate rent as would have ruined a much more active man than Mr. Hermitage. He was quite a gentleman-farmer, rose at eight, breakfasted at nine, and after spelling a second-hand copy of the *Post*—for, like the duke, he was a Tory—he would sally forth, Norfolk spud in hand, crowned with a "drab rustic," a green cut-away coat with basket-buttons, white cords, and drab gaiters, to see what his people had been about. Very pompous and consequential he was, demanding the most humble

obsequiousness from the unaccustomed "chaws," who always called him the squire, though the wags christened him "Lord Hestercombe." That being done, his lordship returned to dinner, after which he would drive Lady Hestercombe out in the chay, for which purpose a draught would be laid idle.

During the winter he was a great patron of the major and his hounds, and went blundering about the country after them on a short-tailed machiner, flattening the fences like a clod-crusher. Once or twice during the season the hounds met before Hestercombe House, on which occasion there was an elegant *déjeûner*, with the comedy of "High Life below Stairs" enacted by Lord and Lady Hestercombe.

The consequence of all this was that the farm didn't answer, and from a very clean, well-conditioned one, which it was when they entered, it soon became a nasty, wild, foul, weed-run place. The fallows were as green as grass, the turnips were never half weeded, while, under the old plea of ploughing them out and laying them down better, one after another, he got all the old pastures turned into tillage. Mr. Easymind, the agent, found it was no use remonstrating, for if Hermitage couldn't get what he wanted out of him, forthwith Mrs. Hermitage ordered her fe—*a*—ton and drove off to the dear duchess; then in went the plough, and out went the grass; and if ever it was attempted to be laid down again, it was only with weeds. Letting farmers plough out old pastures, on the plea of laying them down better, is very much like persevering in the game of thimble-rig, each move making the field and the player worse. But to our story.

Although, of course, the major was not the greatest of the Hermitage acquaintance, still he was the greatest in the "reciprocity" line; for, though Pantile occasionally called at Hestercombe House—as much, perhaps, to say he had called as anything else—he never took any refreshment, and always gave the Hermitages to understand it was a mere duty visit, which they need not return. Guinea, therefore, was the greatest acquaintance; and very grateful they were for his condescension. They made as much fuss about Guinea as Guinea would make about the duke, if his grace had honoured him with a visit. Very pleasant it is, this sliding-scale of condescention, whereby we all, however humble, may hope to come in for some one's admiration. Still the Hermitages were exclusive.

Dicky Dyke, instigated by his "good lady," no doubt, had made overtures for a visiting acquaintance, which they indignantly rejected, stating their surprise at a mere livery-servant thinking of such a thing.

"Things were come to a pretty pass," Mrs. Hermitage said. But to our breakfast.

The cunning Guinea had made the meet at Hestercombe House for the purpose of letting Tom Hall see the estimation in which he was held; and one of the injunctions he laid on Billy Bidlington, as he saw him to his dog-cart after dinner, was to go Hestercombe House-wards home, and tell old Hermitage that young Mr. Hall, the banker's son, would be out. Now, there wasn't a name in the country so prized as that of "Hall;" for old "Sivin-and-four" issued his own notes; and Christmas, with its disagreeable concomitants then coming on, made people regard the nasty, greasy thumb-marked old things with additional affection. Indeed, the very name of Hall acted beneficially on Her-

mitage, for he had about got to the end of his tether, and couldn't see his way to any more money. Rent, of course, he gave himself no uneasiness about; but he was behindhand with his labourers' wages; and certain malcontents in the township had begun to be inquisitive about the application of the highway-rates; just as if highway-rates were not the special emolument of the party undertaking the collection of them, and seeing to the couping of the field-stones into the cart-ruts.

Hermitage, therefore, rejoiced at the interruption that brought him from his nightcap of brandy-and-water to the door, at what, to a dun, he would have called an unseasonable hour of the night; and Billy having delivered his message, and declined all further nourishment, Hermitage hurried back to tell his "missis" what awaited them. She had been getting things up on a medium scale of gentility, for she wasn't sure that repetitions to the same audience—Bolus, the doctor; Waddleton, the retired flax-dresser; Bushel, the corn-factor; Ribs, the butcher; Felt, the hatter; Buckle, the saddler; and others of a like calibre—did them any good.

Mr. Hall coming made it quite a different case, and she was up betimes in the morning, looking out the best ducal "rag" of a tablecloth, with napkins, or rags of napkins, to match, and set Hermitage to polish up the richly-chased Louis-Quatorze-T.-Cox-Savory-plated tea and coffee service that Mr. Epergne, the silversmith, had presented them with on their marriage, over and above the ten per cent. Hermitage had on Epergne's bill. Very busy and bustling Mr. and Mrs. Hermitage were, far busier than ever they were at the duke's, where they used to command instead of work.

And now, leaving them for awhile toasting, and cake-making, and buttering, and bread-slicing, and ham-cutting, and egg-picking, and jelly-ejecting, and preserve-opening, we will suppose our friend Tom and the major jogging along to the meet—the major with a horn at the saddle of his carriage-horse hunter, all spruce and *cap-à-pie.*

"We must go in and see old Hermitage and his good lady," observed the major, as if the idea had suddenly struck him. "Excellent man, the Hermit; wife seen a great deal of good society—quite tip-top, indeed—very intimate with the duchess"—the major sinking the how, and treating it as a question of equality, or, at all events, of visiting.

"With all my heart," replied Tom, who was glad of a reprieve, however short, from the hunt; not that his horse was troubling him much, for, independently of his natural soft, sluggish disposition, Tights had put him on a very reduced allowance of corn, having arranged with one of those pony-keeping, light-cart-owning scamps, with which most countries are infested, to take whatever Tights could spare, or rather "prig." The horse was, therefore, far from fractious, quite a different animal to what he was on the Silverspring Firs day, and Tom and the major trotted along very pleasantly, admiring their breeches and taking care of their boots.

"Ah, here we are," at length exclaimed the major, as an old stone-roofed, mullion-windowed mansion, with massive chimneys, now peered above the trees, and Jonathan Falconer was seen with a slightly-formed circle around his little hounds in the last remaining grass-field before the house. It was a sad picture of desolation. The carriage-ring had long

been obliterated, and large docks, thistles, and coltsfoot, grew up to the polished steps of the portico. The entertaining rooms in front had long been dismantled, but a peep through the partially hoarded window disclosed the marble chimney-pieces and crimson-and-gold paper of the dining-room, now bagging and mouldering about the damp walls. It had been a good and hospitable mansion once—too good and hospitable, perhaps—but the names of the feasters were almost forgotten.

The Hermitages only occupied the kitchen and back part, Mrs. Hermitage making what used to be the breakfast-room into a parlour. She was always "going" to furnish the once gold-papered drawing-room, but she never made any progress that way, having now no castle to draw upon for the needful. They attributed the deficiency to the repeal of the corn-laws, though we question that an eighty-shilling fixed duty would have enabled our friend to furnish out of the profits of his farm. However, it served as an excuse, it never doing for a man to blame himself for his misfortunes. The Hermitages were good actors.

No one, to see Mrs. Hermitage, would imagine for a moment that she had ever been anything but a would-be fine lady, so thoroughly unoccupied and disengaged was she. It was capital to see a woman who had been up before daybreak, putting out this, putting away that, opening out this, shutting up that, and who, at the last moment, was making bread and butter, and scolding her solitary farm-servant, all at once whip off her apron and throw herself into a *chaise longue* (stuffed, we are sorry to say, with Gormanstone Castle hair), and subside, *Post* in hand, into the elegant unconcerned lady of fashion. Indeed, she pretended to blink, and be taken by surprise, as her white-breeched husband came ushering our great master of hounds, followed by his hoped-for son-in-law, into the little parlour, whose cackling wood-and-coal fire threw a cheerful radiance over the pictures, fans, and stolen finery around.

"Oh! Major Guineafowle! is it you?" exclaimed she, recovering her vision, and tendering him a turpentiney gloved hand. "I declare I quite forgot it was a hunting morning, though," simpered she, "I might have known by the breakfast-table," casting a glance over the snow-white cloth and napkins (rags) that she had recently so carefully arranged. "But really," continued she, sighing, as she placed the *Post* behind a China monster on the mantelpiece, "I've been so dreadfully shocked at this 'orrid business of poor Lady Florence Mayfield's, that I haven't been myself since I read it. Poor thing! to think of her making such a match; knew her so well—nice, mild, modest, unassuming thing. However, I 'ope this will be a lesson to all mammas, how they let these nasty intriguing foreignering chaps come about their daughters—just as if there weren't English music-masters, and plenty too, without them. But won't you introduce me to your friend?" continued she, sighing heavily again, as she looked at our Tom, who all this while had been standing, mouth open, lost in astonishment at the great society he was getting into.

"I was going to do so," bowed old flexible-back, who had held Tom by the button for this purpose, and forthwith he pronounced the mystic words, "Mr. Thomas Hall, Mrs. Hermitage," which gave our hostess the privilege of turning the cock of her conversation upon Tom.

"Any relation of Sir Binjimin All's?" asked she, half of Tom, and half of the major.

"No, I believe not," replied the major; "Mr. Hall, great banker at Fleecyborough;" the major, in turn, now making the best of our Tom.

"Come, let's have breakfast!" growled Hermitage, giving the little hand-bell a hearty flourish, as if to drown his wife's loquacity, who, he feared, might mar a little project he had conceived for getting our Tom to assist a bit of his infirm paper through the bank. "*Breakfast!*" repeated he, as the perspiring damsel answered the summons; and Mrs. Hermitage, motioning our friends to be seated, observed with a sigh, as she stroked down her dyed-green satin, that they would have had breakfast in the large room if she had known they'd been coming. But Hermitage, knowing it was no use trying the gammoning tack on before Guinea, who was in the same line of business himself, handed a piece of biscuit out of his green coat-pocket to his wife, as a polite intimation to hold her tongue. Meanwhile, Tom, not feeling quite at home in such exalted society—a lady whose nerves were unstrung by the elopement of an earl's daughter—began to fidget about the room, pretending to stare at the nick-knacks, ornaments, and pictures, that were profusely scattered around; Mrs. Hermitage being now under no fear of any of the castle people coming at this early hour and catching them.

"Ah! that's a portrait of dear Lady Gertrude," observed she, as Tom halted before a coloured lithograph of a pretty girl feeding chickens out of a basket, with a lamb in a blue ribbon by her side. "That's a portrait of dear Lady Gertrude," repeated Mrs. Hermitage, with a sigh, for she was a great sigher. "Poor thing, I really think I must have it removed," observed she to her husband, "for the sight of her recals such painful recollections. Poor thing; did you know her, sir?" to our Tom, who was thinking she was not nearly so pretty as Laura.

"Nor," replied Tom, who did not aspire to such distinction.

"Made an unhappy match, poor thing," sighed Mrs. Hermitage—"married Captain Rainbow, the great lady-killer—dessay you've 'erd of him. I strongly advised her off, but girls will be girls, Mr. All," sighed the lady, as she adjusted a profusion of mosaic manacles up her fine fly-away sleeves.

"And how's the duchess?" asked the major, as if they were all as thick as thieves.

"The duchess is pretty well—at least, as well as ever she is at this time of year," replied the lady, "subject to a little cold and irritation of the mucous membrane; and that reminds me, my dear," added she, turning to her ponderous, badly-booted husband, "I shall want the fe—*a*—ton to-morrow or next day, to drive over to the castle;" adding to the major, "she takes it unkind when one doesn't go over, though the days are so short that it's not very convenient, though I always say when one's in one's cage (carriage), it doesn't make much matter whether one goes five miles or ten;" and as she was proceeding in this strain—rather raising than lowering the steam of her flash—our friend again dived into his pocket, and handed her a larger piece of biscuit than before. She took the hint this time, knowing she would "catch it" if she didn't, and gathering a fine machinery-lace scarf about her fat shoulders, and mopping the now rising perspiration from her brow with a fine cyphered but rather holey kerchief, she again addressed herself to our Tom, who had

brought himself to bear upon the portrait of another young lady in crayons, with the name Matilda, below.

"That's a sweet pretty face, Mr. All, isn't it?" asked the lady, advancing towards it; "that's a very charmin' person—Lady Matilda Overton, wife of the sixth Lord Overton, of Overton Castle—only a baron, but a very good sort of man—wish I could say as much for the 'usband of this one"—(pointing to a companion picture)—"this is Lady Overton's sister—Lady Jane Baconface; married Sir John Baconface—never had a 'appy day since; poor thing—uses her shamefully. I'm sure I often and often shed tears for her, poor thing," said Mrs. Hermitage, emitting a deep sigh as she spoke.

The further discussion of the aristocracy was here interrupted, by the bouncing in of a great buxom-looking dairy-maid, in a wide-sleeved silk gown (one of Mrs. Hermitage's cast-offs. given in part wages), with a trayful of the good things that Mrs. Hermitage and she had been preparing; and after kicking the door to behind her, she proceeded to clatter them about on the table, just as she would clatter the plates of cabbage and bacon at the chaws' dinner—a noise that enabled Mrs. Hermitage to apologise to Tom, in an under tone, for the "absence of their man, who was busy in the stable—the depressed state of the agricultural interest not allowing of their keeping a reg'lar flunkey."

And Guineafowle, seeing how nobly they had responded to his notice, began cackling and complimenting his host and hostess on the display, observing, "that they must be expecting the Duke and Duchess of Gormanstone, or some great guns of that sort; they surely would never think of making such a spread for a mere master of hounds, like himself;" and receiving the assurance that it was all in honour of him, he sat his flexible back a-going so briskly, that it looked as if it would never settle again; but when it did subside, and he got himself into a chair on the right of his elegant hostess, he set to upon the provender in a way that looked very like having saved his own breakfast at home. Tom, too, did pretty well, considering he had taken as much as he meant for that meal at Carol Hill Green, and that he was desperately in love also. Those little episodes of life, however, never interfered with our Tom's appetite, who could always eat at any hour of the day, and, fortunate youth! make as good a dinner at last as if he had not had anything before.

The munching, and sipping, and slopping, and supping of our friends was now interrupted by the clatter of a horse, and the passing of a man in a macintosh and ante-gropolos boots, on a badly shaped, badly clipped, mouse-coloured hack.

"Oh, here's old Bolus!" exclaimed Hermitage, beckoning him in through the window; "good man—very respectable man," added he, propitiating his guests in his favour.

"Quite agree with you—quite agree with you," bowed old flexible-back nearly into his cup—"very respectable man—very useful man in a country; people can get on much better without lawyers than they can without doctors."

"And here's another man we can do badly without—Ribs, the butcher," exclaimed Hermitage, as that fat, round-faced, rosy-gilled functionary came shuffling past on a flea-bitten grey.

Having hanked their horses on at the door, in the independent way

these worthies dispose of their quadrupeds, they now came rolling into the house, as if it was an inn or their own.

"What'll you drink?" asked Ribs, as they stamped along the passage.

"Thank you, I'm not dry," replied the doctor, mildly.

"Hoot, ye brute beast! d'ye nabbut drink when yeer dry?" growled the butcher.

They then entered the presence together.

The doctor, like most country doctors, was humble and meek, for he had a terrible rival in Mr. Digitalis, the union one, who charged less than himself; but Ribs, who was well to do in the world, and, moreover, had Hermitage deep in his books, was quite the hail-fellow-well-met, nodded to Guineafowle, and joked Hermitage about his farming, observing that he must grow his turnips for pickling, instead of for feeding cattle upon—they were so small. Guineafowle, on his part, not owing Ribs anything, and caring very little whether he came out with his hounds or not, took him very coolly, expending any little condescension he had to spare from Mrs. Hermitage upon the doctor. To the lady he was most complimentary and attentive; so much so, indeed, that it was well Mrs. Guineafowle was not coming her *quondam* maid Emma Springfield over him through the keyhole.

He praised Mrs. Hermitage's looks, and praised her dress, and praised her figure, and admired her multitudinous armlets, and spoke well of everything on the table, from the muddy coffee to the folding of the coroneted napkins, which, he said, were got up in a style infinitely superior to the work of the generality of servants of the present day. Mrs. Hermitage, not liking this near approach to the "shop," especially before Ribs, who served the castle, and might tell of the coronets, turned the conversation, by asking our Tom if he had been at any of her Majesty's balls the last season, which very much flattered our friend that he should be even thought of for anything of the sort. Finding he had not, of course she expatiated on their surpassing splendour, strongly recommending him not to miss an opportunity, and even hinting that she could get him to the palace.

Hermitage, too, availed himself of the change of partners for drawing Guinea into a discussion on the corn-laws, and the impossibility of farmers going on without a very great reduction of rent—a proposition that did not altogether suit our distinguished friend; for though he was quite ready to admit that he had been robbed and plundered by the million, and that things had gone quite contrary to what he anticipated when he ratted from the Tories, yet, as a now liberal landlord, he was not for taking more on himself than he could help.

Hermitage, however, was urgent and importunate, hoping, perhaps, to enlist Ribs, who was now at the blue-bottled spirit-stand on the side-table, in his favour; but Guinea, not relishing the discussion, took advantage of the movement in the room for looking out of the end window on his hounds, and observing that punctuality was the politeness of princes, he made a series of most condescending salaams to Mrs. Hermitage as he shook her by the hand, and sallied forth on the hunt, that we hope to have the pleasure of recording in our opening chapter next month.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CHANNEL.*

THE name of the gallant Penny will be enrolled among those of the distinguished navigators of Great Britain. In a country where navigation and discovery are so inseparably interwoven in the banner of national success and national power, this is no trivial honour. At least, his children's children will view it in that light, and as far more creditable than a disputed "captainship" or a barren knighthood. The chivalry of modern times, which impelled the hardy Scot to buffet waves and storms, to force his way over icy wildernesses, and navigate an unknown Polar sea in an open boat in the cause of suffering humanity, is surely quite as meritorious as the knight-errantry that could break a lance on a point of honour, or roam the land to succour dissatisfied maidens.

Engaged in navigating the Arctic seas ever since he was a boy of twelve years of age, the refinements of education and the nice conventionalisms of society are surplanted in Penny by a rare experience, sound and extensive practical knowledge, an enlarged spirit of enterprise, great perseverance, and a more than ordinary portion of that tact and judgment which belong to most of his hard-faring countrymen. Penny's ship—and he has been in command of a whaling ship for sixteen years—was invariably the leading ship in the whaling squadron; his ship entered into the most minute detail of ice-navigation; his ship was ever the last to leave Davis' Straits, or whaling ground, when any hope whatever remained that such a course would advance the objects of the voyage; in no other man's opinion had his brother-commanders so much confidence; and "What does Penny think of it?" was a by-word in the whaling fleet. No ship under his command ever made a claim upon an insurance company; no commander thought it in the least degree derogatory to come in after the "St. Andrew" of Aberdeen. Nor did the gallant navigator neglect objects of more general and more enlightened purport than whale-catching. He took the first step to establish the interests of Great Britain on the west coast of Davis' Straits, when, by extreme kindness, he induced an Esquimaux to visit this country—the first that trod on British soil.

No wonder that, with such qualities, when only in his forty-first year, still full of vigour and energy, and most zealous in the cause of his missing countrymen, Penny should have been the successful competitor for the command of an Arctic Expedition; no wonder that he should have left all his rivals, American and British, of the service and without the service, far in the rear in the amount of discovery effected, and in the important bearing of his researches. But a man cannot be an Arctic navigator, a thing of icebergs and stormy seas, of long nights and incessant toil, and, at the same time, a prim scholar or a drawing-room

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* Journal of a Voyage in Baffin's Bay and Barrow Straits, in the Years 1850—1851, performed by H. M. Ships *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia*, under the Command of Mr. William Penny, in search of the Missing Crews of Her Majesty's Ships *Erebus* and *Terror*: with a Narrative of Sledge Excursions on the Ice of Wellington Channel; and Observations on the Natural History and Physical Features of the Countries and Frozen Seas visited. By Peter C. Sutherland, M.D., M.R.C.S.E., Surgeon to the Expedition. 2 vols. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

model. A complicated net-work of valuable facts, fearlessly expressed opinions, most sanguine expectations, faithful inductions, but with much that was mere hypothesis, terrified the officials, and did not serve the sturdy navigator's cause either with the authorities or with the public. Without rhetoric, and unsophisticated, his arguments in favour of the new-discovered inlet to an open Polar Sea, and his attempt to form a company for establishing settlements in the Arctic region, fell alike to the ground, and the wondrous voyage of discovery, which we are now called to remark upon, has remained without issue or consequence, an inlet left to its own gloomy ice, an open sea to its own furry and feathery denizens. Is it possible that behind those ices, and far away in that gloomy Erebus of waters, a ship named after the son of Darkness, and like him wedded to Night, lies disconsolate by the side of a sister in affliction? Have they or their ghosts appeared on wandering icebergs to timid navigators of less boisterous seas? Providence alone may one day enable us to answer these sad and perplexing questions.

It will be needless to trouble ourselves, at the eleventh hour, with the details as to how the good ships *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia* sailed out of Aberdeen Harbour, April 13th, 1850; how they lost sight of land beyond the Pentland Frith; how they mistook the islet of Rockall for a ship—a mistake not without significance; and how they were followed by icy petrels till they came within sight of Cape Farewell, where the first icebergs are almost invariably met with. The narrow escapes, the encounters and serious disasters of ships with icebergs, in navigating to the westward of West Greenland, are so well known, and have been so fully described, that we will not follow the two ships through this portion of their perilous journey; they were dangers and difficulties which they shared in common with others. On crossing the Arctic Circle, hundreds of icebergs, with pinnacled tops and overhanging cliffs, streams of ice much broken up, and the impenetrable pack in the middle of the strait, could be seen all moving imperceptibly into a warmer climate; while large flocks of loons and eider-ducks were led by instinct to set their faces upon high northern latitudes, into which they were attracted by the "swelling curve" of the returning sun. "It would be impossible," says Dr. Sutherland, "to estimate the number of these birds that were seen and passed, as they crossed the bank of Reefkoll, or Riscoll." So abundant are cod on this bank, that 600 fish have been hauled up with four lines, double-hooked, in the course of four hours. Halibut is also very abundant. This is a matter of great importance, at a moment when Americans and French are encroaching on our Newfoundland fisheries, and, as in the case of the Oregon, we have had to give way before our resolute and bellicose antagonists. If curing and drying stations were established along the coast of West Greenland, the excellent fish with which those seas abound could be brought into our markets at a higher remuneration than fish similarly cured on the coast of Newfoundland. Some of the numerous islands, Dr. Sutherland tells us, are particularly well adapted for this purpose; and the sanction of the Danish government could be easily obtained, as it would not at all interfere with the settlements along the west coast of Greenland.

It was very pleasant (Dr. Sutherland relates) to see "schools" of white whales passing close to the ships, and appearing not to feel the least alarm

from a very close approach. Their pastime seemed to engage all their attention. I often thought they would strike the ship's side or stern; but the slightest deflection of the head and body carried them underneath the bottom, and, in a few minutes, they again appeared at the surface several hundred yards before us, where the old and young—the latter distinguished by their darker colour—moved on as if their rapid progress in the water, and their sudden evolutions, increased their enjoyment. There can be no doubt they were then in quest of food, as they always are; but if the habits of any creature yield a life of constant enjoyment, surely it is so with the frolicsome groups of these animals, with which the eye and ear of the Arctic voyager become as familiar almost as with the sea around him.

In another place he observes:

I recollect, one beautiful morning in October, when hundreds of huge whales, both young and old, were enjoying themselves in their native element, and were often seen leaping out of it like salmon, and falling with a thundering noise as if they had nothing to fear, a "school" of sword-fish was observed in the offing, and in less than half an hour the whales were on their flight, and far out of our sight.

Walruses were also very abundant.

A "school" of walruses was seen 'twixt the two islands about the time we met the *Felix.* They seemed to be a little curious to know what the ships were, and what such unusual objects could be seeking, for they followed us a little way; however, as we were going rather fast for their curiosity, we soon lost sight of them. There must have been at least a dozen of them together. It was amusing to see them raise their huge heads and fierce-looking tusks partially out of the water; and when they went out of sight, with a splash of their hind flippers, it seemed to be more from their sportive manner than from fear. When walruses are met in a drove like this, they do not take fright; and certainly they are formidable assailants, if their curiosity should lead them after some unfortunate Esquimaux in his kyak.

The expedition was well entertained at the Danish settlement of Leively, where they partook of venison equalling the best that ever came from Braemar, and where, in the deep fiords of Disco Island, the natives shoot hundreds of reindeer for the sake of their tongues alone! Dr. Sutherland was constantly engaged, during the tedious and difficult navigation of Davis' Strait and Baffin's Bay, in making researches in natural history. He describes both the sea, land, and ice, as abounding in "animal life," although some of it is of a very microscopic description. Still the additions made to our knowledge of the "fauna" of those desolate regions by the industrious doctor are very considerable, and reflect the highest credit upon him.

On the 25th of June the expedition fell in with the Arctic searching expedition under Captain Austin off the island of Kingatorsoak. It was a great novelty to see clouds of black smoke marking their line of progress in these icy regions. The same day 5000 eggs were removed from an islet where they were so abundant that it was impossible to walk without trampling on them. On the 19th of August they sighted the American expedition in Jones' Sound, and on the 21st they came up with the *North Star,* which had been drifted about in the ice nearly the whole of the past winter. "The crew of the *North Star,*" the doctor says, "looked rather pale, and some of them appeared to be emaciated. The Arctic winter had taken effect upon them, and had told its tale upon

their constitutions." They were 116 days without the sun. What must it be after seven winters?

On the 25th of August, the expedition being at the mouth of Wellington Channel, it was visited by a boat from one of the American ships, to say that traces of the Franklin expedition had been found at Cape Riley; and the next day Captain Penny and a party visited the spot and made further important discoveries on Beechy Island; but we need not now refer to the discoveries made, as the results obtained have been previously discussed. Dr. Sutherland speculates upon the cause of death to the three men found buried at these first winter-quarters of Franklin's party (1846). The doctor appears to have been desirous that the graves should have been opened, to see if scurvy had broken out among the crew at that early period; but a strong feeling was expressed against this otherwise very proper proceeding.

Not long after this Penny obtained a view of open water northward of Cornwallis Island, from Cape Spencer, which is about 700 feet above the sea-level. This discovery of the existence of open water beyond the ice in the Wellington Channel, enabled them to account for the flocks of ducks that had been seen flying down the channel during the preceding week. White whales and narwhales were at the same time making the best of their way to the southward in almost one continuous stream.

The long Arctic winter—the sixth that the possible survivors of the Franklin expedition had perchance been anxiously looking out for succour—was passed in Assistance Bay. Close by their winter-quarters was a small lake, and not only did it supply the crew with fresh water, but several salmon were caught through holes which had been opened for the purpose through the ice. When a brief return of sunshine announced approaching spring, "the feelings," says Dr. Sutherland, "which appeared to have taken possession of every one I met, were certainly very amusing. Nothing could be heard but expressions of astonishment at the shortness and cheerfulness of the winter; and our kind and most welcome visitors seemed to vie with us in making it appear as a mere pastime, and the opposite of what each had anticipated in an Arctic winter. These expressions were a sufficient proof that the winter had not failed to leave its impressions on our minds, or to do its work on our constitutions, and that it had been felt, too, although we had a desire to conceal our true feelings from others as well as from ourselves, lest we should lose confidence in ourselves, or betray a cowardly feeling, in speaking of the winter with chilling recollections, or in dressing it up in its real winter garb."

With spring came the preparations for sledge-travelling, in which parties from all the ships were to take part—the exploration of Wellington Channel being reserved to Penny's expedition. A first excursion to Captain Austin's expedition initiated our travellers into many of the discomforts of Arctic sledging; among which, not the least distressing, was the intense and almost unendurable thirst, which arose from a circumstance little to be anticipated in so severe a climate—profuse perspiration. Yet such is the love of variety implanted in our nature, that the change from the monotonous life on board for the exposure of sledge-travelling, was hailed by the men as comparatively pleasurable.

Their jokes could be heard even when their thirst was excruciating, and when the sledges were sticking fast in the snow, or among the hummocks.

The cooking was a duty which they took by routine, and the officer of each sledge was exempt from it. Each person had one day of cooking out of six. Sitting in the tent writing up my notes it was exceedingly amusing to hear the conversation in which the cooks engaged: it was a very common feature in their language to use irony, and always represent circumstances better than they were; for example, "Well, Lucas, how is your conjuror doing during this cold night among the drifting snow?" "Oh! it has just gone out three times, but I have managed to light it again; and now our fellows have had their second kettle; but how are you getting on yourself, Samuel, for you seem to have a comfortable shelter behind that bank of snow and hummocks?" "Yes, I have a comfortable place here; and I am just making off a little water, to be a drink in the tent, after we have had our smoke, for we have finished our hot pemmican and tea half an hour ago; but don't you hear them in that tent with the flute? Findlay tells me they have all turned in for the night." The truth was, that not one of their conjurors had made the water lukewarm for the first kettle of tea, and there seemed to be no chance of having supper for probably two hours.

The breaking loose of the Esquimaux dogs, and their devouring the bear's flesh, was also a source of serious inconvenience. The suffering to the eyes was also very great. There was one not uncommon condition of the atmosphere, in which refraction made objects appear very large, which defied all sorts of preservative means, for neither neutral tint, nor black, nor green veils afforded relief. When a man has to haul at a sledge, and yet, from snow-blindness, to be led at the same time, he has to guard against sprains and fractures, as he plods over the rough hummocks, and goes to his knees among the snow in fissures in the level ice. Yet it was under such circumstances that a heavy whale-boat was conveyed over upwards of one hundred miles of rough and hummocky ice before it could be launched into the open water, and that, with the assistance of dogs, Penny, Stewart, and Sutherland explored the shores and islands of Wellington and Queen Victoria Channels. At the very onset of Penny's journey they had to divide Mr. Petersen's seal-skin dress among the famished dogs. The account of this part of the journey is derived from the laconic but interesting journal of the Arctic voyager himself. "On June 12th," he writes, "at half-past seven P.M., we started, parting with Sutherland and his fine fellows with three British cheers. How pleasant it is to see with what enthusiasm they perform their duty!" On Saturday, June 14th, "at two P.M., voices were heard in shore of us; and who could the party be that was thus hailing us? The sledges and the boat were stopped. I went on shore directly, and found the party to consist of Messrs. Marshall and Goodwin, with six men, on their return. Mr. Goodwin stated that they had proceeded westward until the island which I had seen in my former journey, and called Houston Stewart Island, bore about north-east. He also stated that they could have advanced much further west, had it not been for the open water, which obliged them to return." On the 17th, he writes, "after three hours' travelling and running after the deer, I ascended a high headland, and behold, the water was within twenty miles of the boat! clear open water!" Since the day that the weary Greeks, after their long and toilsome and perilous retreat from the burning plains of Babylonia, and across the snowy uplands of Armenia, first shouted "Sea! sea!" there has been no example of equal interest connected with the discovery of open water.

At 11½ A.M. (continues Captain Penny) called all hands. The first person that turned out called out, "The water! the water!" There was no waiting for dressing. The water was distant somewhat less than ten miles, bearing about W.N.W. at the nearest part. At 2 P.M. we were all packed up and starting. The wind was fair; being off the land, we set our sails and got on rapidly. At 5 P.M. we reached the water, and launched our boat into it, and in an hour it was loaded with provisions for forty days; however, I said we should manage for fifty days. The fatigue party received orders to proceed to the ships without loss of time, taking with them all the dogs. The wind was blowing strong from W.S.W. We close-reefed our sail, and set off like a courser, but not with a very bold side. As the course was W. and by N., the wind was shy; we had to take down our sail and ply with our oars, first right ahead of the wind, and then along the land. The party consisted now of seven men besides myself, and their names were,

John Leiper, second mate, *Lady Franklin.*
Daniel Henry, carpenter, „
James Knox, cook, *Sophia.*
James Davidson, A.B., *Lady Franklin.*
William Bruce, A.B. „
Alexander Thompson, A.B. „
James Hodgston, A.B. „

We continued to tug at the oars until 11 P.M., when the wind came to blow strong from W. and by N., and we were obliged to bear up for a bay on the south shore of the South Channel. Here we landed, and determined to remain until it should moderate; indeed, it was so violent, that we could not help ourselves.

On the 18th it blew a perfect gale all night, with thick snow. The ice began to move and to perplex them. This continued on the 19th. Every day since they had been in comparatively open water; seals, walruses, white whales, and narwhales, were seen in the open water, and occasionally in the small openings among the pack, which the wind brought down upon the coast. They were very numerous, and Penny says he could have counted them in numbers of twenty or thirty at a time. On the 24th there came a strong wind from N.N.W., right down the Queen's Channel. The tides flowed regularly, except on such occasions. Gales and heavy squalls continued till the 28th. The shooting-parties were all this time busy, but very unsuccessful—on the 28th alone bringing in twenty-nine kittiwakes. On Sunday, the 29th, a large space of water was observed opening out under the lee of the island. Every one was out, and, in a few minutes, actively employed carrying the provisions to the water's edge. "What a cheerful effect this change had upon the seamen's spirits! and upon no one more than myself; for I expected that even yet we should be able to accomplish a long search. After worship, we started on our mission with a single-reefed sail."

The ice of Cape Fitzjames put a stop to their progress. The cape, named after the missing gallant officer, is a bold and perpendicular headland of a very remarkable appearance, from the blocks of rock, of a black colour, which jut out among the white snow or ice.

July 1st.—The wind was light and variable. The channel completely blocked up with ice. Our spy-glasses were frequently occupied examining the two cairns to the northward, and some said they saw "the poles" in the centre of them. Every person was out searching along the coast. The headlands and beaches were all well examined. The tides are very rapid in this channel.

The grinding of the ice on the shoals along the beach, and the squeezing up which takes place, emit a sound which may well be compared to distant thunder. At 9 P.M. two hares were brought in by the hunting parties.

Wednesday, July 2nd.—The first few hours of morning we had a partial breeze from the eastward, which brought the ice out of the channel. It came tearing along the land at a fearful rate, turning up immense hummocks in its progress. I felt very restless, and could not sleep. The boat began to move a little. I took it into my head that there was a bear outside. My hand was upon my pistol, and all ready for action: I put out my head beneath the lower edge of the covering of the boat, and it was well I did so at the time, for immense hummocks were tumbling over and over, with the pressure within a few yards of us. No one waited to put on his clothes, for each flew to the provisions and conveyed them up to the face of the precipice, and then to the boat to attend to its safety. The ice on which it rested was broken into several pieces, and thrown very much from its level, by the pressure among the hummocks around it. In the middle of the channel it was truly fearful, and could be compared to nothing but an earthquake. Some pieces were rising to a height of twenty feet, and tumbling down with tremendous crashing and rending. We again turned in beneath our covering; but little sleep was obtained, for every one was peeping from beneath the housing-cloth. Our situation was rather awkward, I must confess.

Detained at this point by bad weather, the next few days were spent in hunting and searching. "I do not think," writes Penny, on the 4th of July, "there is a spot of Hamilton Island but has been gone over. Oh! for a week of strong easterly winds." At length, on the 11th, he writes: "The weather at last became clear and dry. We launched the boat into the water at the lee end of the island, and shot some birds. Oh! for an easterly wind." On the 12th, a crack opened half across the channel. An attempt was made to get across, but it failed, and they were glad to get back again. On the 14th, the ice again took a favourable turn; they launched the boat; the poor fellows were very active, for they knew the danger, and at noon they reached Margaret Island. The long-seen cairn was now within four miles of them, on the east end of Dundas Island.

Tuesday, July 15th.—After two hours and a half searching without finding any traces, I returned to the party loaded with fossil remains, in which the island is very abundant. Its extent from north to south is about five miles, east to west three miles, and the height of the southern extremity westward from Cape Benjamin Smith is about four hundred feet. From S.E. to N.W. its length is about seven miles, and it slopes away in the latter direction to a low spit. It is divided from Dundas Island by a strait six miles in length, and one and a half in breadth, running N. and by W. I erected a cairn upon it, and left a document. We had some fresh soup for dinner, which was made of birds that had been shot at this bluff. At 3 P.M. we started with a favourable tide, and washed down along the edge of the pushed-up hummocks, which were in parts at least twenty feet high. There was no place where we could have landed, until we reached Dundas Island, at 4 h. 30 m. P.M., and then we had to cut a slip before the boat could be got upon the land terrace. Immediately upon landing I set off, accompanied by one of the men, to examine the cairn-like objects, which had for such a long time danced before our eyes and tantalised us. When I was within one hundred yards of it, I felt so engrossed with what I was to discover, that even then the deception was not detected. It was a disappointment in real earnest, but it was much less felt, owing to the fact that we had been inured to such, ever since I came to Point Surprise, on the 17th of May.

From this object we struck across the land, and after three hours' travelling a channel was discovered, leading W. and by N., and from ten to twelve miles in breadth. This proved the correctness of the ideas I had when this island was named. The channel was named North Channel, to distinguish it from the South Channel, which had been discovered in my first journey. After crossing the island we coasted along two beautiful bays: one of them was about a mile deep from north to south, and it had no pressed-up ice in it along the beach. It would suit well for a winter harbour. The N.W. extremity of this island is seven to eight hundred feet high; it was named Cape Liddell, after the first lieutenant of the "Terror." The opposite, or north-eastern point of the same island, was named Cape Collins, after the second master of the "Erebus." Although it rained hard, it was clear along the horizon, and this made me all the more anxious to push on to have a good look to the westward from the north-west bluff. Just as I was within one hundred yards of the top, the curtain dropped, and everything was obscured. I ascended, thinking it might clear again; but it did not, and rain poured down in torrents. A cairn was erected, and as I and my companion descended, we came out of the fog or mist which rested on the hill-top. We had no difficulty from thick weather in finding our way back to the boat; but, as usual, we were without traces.

They reached the boat at half-past one, A.M., after eight hours and a half hard walking, wet and fatigued alike; but none of the fine hearty fellows ever complained, after eighteen hours' hard labour, and not a dry stitch upon them. The next day was devoted to examining the west side of the island, and in the evening they plied up between Margaret and Dundas Islands with a favourable tide; Queen Victoria's Channel being open as far as the eye could reach. But the ice-floes were carried along with such fearful rapidity, huge blocks turning over and over, and disappearing with such tremendous crashing, that they were glad to bear up and return to Margaret Island.

Thursday, July 17th.—Strong W.N.W. wind. What an extensive search we should have made, had we been but favoured with easterly winds! My hopes of accomplishing one thousand miles with the boat, where were they? I had to submit to this as to a dispensation of Providence. At 10 A.M. we had the slack of the tide; and as there was a partial opening in the ice, an attempt was made to cross the channel obliquely to the west end of Hamilton Island, where water was seen from the top of Margaret Island. Robert Bay was reached, and a landing effected, just as the weather was becoming quite thick. During the passage we had to launch over several floes. Thick weather, strong W. N. W. wind.

Friday, July 18th.—Strong W.N.W. wind, with very thick fog. At 4 A.M. got breakfast, and were ready for a start, watching the state of the ice in the channel. At 8 A.M. a lead was observed in the sailing ice through a partial clear in the fog. Off we started for Baring Island, as the opening in the ice led in that direction. The sail was set most of the time, the wind being from N.W. The course steered was W. and by S. At 5¼ P.M. we landed on Baring Island. The passage to it occupied nine hours, the distance being about thirty miles. We sailed and pulled occasionally, and also made traverse courses. The above distance is estimated; but it is most probably under the real distance than above it. The moment we landed every one set out to search for traces as well as for ducks' eggs. I calculated that I should have got as many eggs on this island as would last fourteen days; and I believe so we should, had not the continued rains kept the ground so wet and cold, that the ducks could not lay upon it. Their nests were to be seen in hundreds, and they appeared to be in an advanced state of preparation to receive the eggs. Only a dozen were found. These were a little help when our provisions were getting so nearly exhausted. After the half of the

island had been explored without finding any traces, and being wearied, at 8 P.M. we turned into our sleeping-bags.

On the 19th, the search having been fruitless, they started for the north side of Queen Victoria Channel. Their course was N.E., and the distance not less than thirty miles. They had not proceeded far in their passage across, when two sea-horses were observed close to the boat, and thinking there was a change of killing one of them for the sake of fuel, they bore down upon them, and after putting a ball into the mouth of one, they got fast to him with the harpoon and line. A good deal of firing ensued, but they were forced to draw close up and run a lance through him, for the balls took no effect whatever, except to increase his fierceness. The blubber proved of great value as fuel; Penny deemed the fresh flesh a delicacy, and the seamen made mocassins of the hides. After twelve hours' plying at the oars, they reached Cape Becher, Captain Stewart's furthest. At this point, standing at an elevation of six to eight hundred feet, Penny named the more prominent points of land, bays, and islands that lay before him in the open sea; the two most furtherly points visible, one on the north side of the channel after Lady Franklin, the other on the south after Sir John.

At this point of his journey, Penny began to consider the prudence of continuing to proceed further with only one week's provisions. It was, he says, a severe struggle to leave the search, but there was no other course left. That the missing ships had gone beyond their reach, he says he had no doubt; for if they had not, they would have found traces of them about some of the Bird Heads or Duck Islands, which had been surrounded with water ever since the 17th of May—in fact, during the whole winter—for it is Penny's opinion that the ice in Queen Victoria Channel kept in motion all that time. To this view of the subject, it might again be opposed with quite as much appearance of probability, that the absence of all traces of the missing expedition in Queen Victoria Channel were quite as strongly indicative of the expedition never having passed that way, as of their having passed through at a time when an open sea and a favourable wind were of too much importance to have permitted of the delay incurred by erecting a cairn and leaving a notice. Considering that no notice of their proceedings was left at Beechey Island (at least as far as is at present known), it is equally likely that they would not have left notices on the islands or headlands in Queen Victoria Channel; but considering again the difficult and obstructed navigation of that channel, especially between Baillie Hamilton and Dundas Islands, and the peculiar and novel character of the channel at that part, there really seems little likelihood that the expedition would have passed that way without leaving some memorandum of its passage. We say nothing about the bit of elm picked up by the sanguine navigator. Sir John Richardson has justly remarked that that might have flowed from Beechey Island. The fact is not, however, without interest.

The navigation of Queen Victoria Channel, and the narrative of Captain Stewart, and of Dr. Sutherland's enterprising exploration of the shores of the same remarkable Arctic thoroughfare, are not, however, the sole points of interest in Dr. Sutherland's work. The glances at Arctic life, and the pictures of Arctic scenery, are replete with interest.

Dr. Sutherland found in the same neighbourhood a tremulous, jelly-

like plant—a species of Nostoc*—which, he says, possessed far higher recommendations to the hungry palate than the dry *tripe de roche* which Sir John Franklin, Sir John Richardson, and their companions, used as food for a considerable time.

A group of the characteristic flowers of the Arctic regions, including the yellow poppy, the pretty dryas, sacred to the Dryads, a ranunculus, several variously-coloured saxefrages, and others, are figured in the foreground of a truly polar scene, and so brightly tinted as to appear worthy of figuring in one of Martin's paradises, rather than in regions of gloomy ice and snow.

The Arctic winter breaks up about the end of May and beginning of June, when, instead of the keen, bracing atmosphere, the clear blue sky, and the northerly winds, generally accompanied by low temperatures, there was a densely overcast sky, the clouds were heavy, gloomy, and portentous, and the winds prevailed from the southward, accompanied by a constant falling of soft snow, and comparatively high temperatures. Snow begins to melt on the canvas of the tents, and foreign substances, such as bits of rope, tins, &c., sink into the snow on the floe. At this time, birds—brent, geese, and a species of plover—were observed to have migrated so far north; but ptarmigan and sea-fowl were seen at a much earlier period on the same side of the channel.

In the event of Queen Victoria Channel extending far to the westward, or communicating with an open Arctic sea, of which there seems to be every probability, it becomes an important question, which time is the most suitable for navigating it? Ships, Dr. Sutherland remarks, are not permitted access into it till the end of the season, and then the winds are generally violent, and the weather stormy. Were it possible to get into it, there can be no doubt that, like all other parts where the ice does not close up during winter, the best time for navigation is early in the season. The plan advocated by Mr. Petermann, F.R.G.S., is to set out early in the season, before the ice is reduced to a state of pack, and southerly winds begin to prevail, when ships can be navigated in the "clear vein" of water alluded to above.

This would not obviate the necessity of taking the ships through Wellington Channel into Queen Victoria Channel, and as this can only be done late in the season, the ships, assisted by screw-steamers, under command of Sir Edward Belcher, will be in proper season to undertake this laborious task. They may then pursue their way, as far as they are able, up Queen Victoria Channel, or, failing success there, may winter in that channel; and Penny points out Sir Robert Inglis Bay as a fit and convenient spot for a winter harbour. This accomplished, they may then avail themselves of the very first of the ensuing season for going far away to the westward in search of, we fear, what will prove to be "the relics" of our lost countrymen.

* This plant, which belongs to the same family as the much-talked of "red snow" of the Arctic regions—Nostochinæ—is supposed by Agandh to change into the genus Collema among the Lichens. It is a roundish or shapeless gelatinous plant, the substance of which is composed of curved moniliform simple filaments, lying irregularly in a gelatinous nidus.

COUNT D'A

Before the railway was made from Rouen to Paris, the traveller who wished to expedite his journey to the capital was in the habit, when he left Nantes, of taking the road called *Le chemin de Quarante Sous*, which subtends a very wide arc, in preference to following the more circuitous route by Meulan. After skirting the Seine, at the deep bend where stands the old town of Poissy, the forest of Saint-Germain appeared on his left hand and that of Marly on his right; but before he passed between the two, a small village on the edge of the first-named forest attracted his attention, not so much on account of the picturesqueness of its situation—though this was not slight—as from the associations to which it gave birth; for that little village, which bears the name of Chambourcy, was once the fief and still belongs to the noble family of De Grammont.

It is a quiet spot, suggestive of anything but feudal recollections, with its narrow, straggling street, its small, whitewashed houses, its *débit de tabac*, and its hospitable intimation to the *charretiers* and graziers of Poissy that, at the sign of the *Ecu de Grammont*, "on donne à boire et à manger," and also that "on loge à pied et à cheval" such as are willing to put up with road-side accommodation. The "Ecu de Grammont," and all its quarterings! The rampant *azure* lion on a field, *or*, armed and lampassed, *gules*; the three arrows in pale, *or*, feathered and armed, *argent*; the greyhound, *gules*, coupled and muzzled, *azure*, within a *sable* border charged with eight bezants, *or*; and the escocheon of pretence, bearing quarterly its fasces straight and wavy, *argent*!

Did the *marchands de bœufs* of Poissy ever speculate on the signification of these heraldic glories, as they discussed their *pot-au-feu*, or tossed off their *goutte* of anisette to the health of "not' bourgeois," in the *salle* of the "Ecu de Grammont?" Had they ever heard of the illustrious houses of Aster, and Aure, and Toulongeon; of homage rendered to the Counts of Foix for broad lands in Gascony and Guienne; of letters patent erecting baronies into counties, and counties into duchies, until all the grades of nobility were attained? It is not very likely; for heraldry, and homage, and letters of nobility, were all swept away in the first revolution, before the greater part of them were born.

As little did they know of that Philibert de Grammont, Comte de Guiche, who was killed by a cannon-ball which carried off his arm at the siege of La Fère, in 1580, when he was only twenty-eight years of age; of his wife, Diana, who, with her beauty, conveyed the name of *la belle Corisande* to the females of the house of Grammont; of their grandson Roger, Comte de Louvigny, who, in a duel fought in Flanders, in 1629, between the Comte de Villerval and the Comte de St. Amour de Bourgogne, was killed—though a second only—by the Sieur de St. Loup, the other second, who also died of his wounds a few days afterwards—so perilous was the honour of being a "friend" in those days!

Even the fame of the celebrated Marshal de Grammont, who fought for so many sovereigns, but rendered his best services to his own country, had never reached the ears of those honest *marchands de bœufs*. And

quite as ignorant were they [illegible] that no less celebrated Philibert, Comte de Grammont, of whom St. [illegible] tells the following story:

When on his first bed of sickness—at the age of eighty-five!—he was attended by his wife, who offered him the consolations of religion by reciting the Paternoster for his edification. "Cette prière est belle," said the aged invalid, "cette prière est bien belle; qui l'a faite?"

Alas for valour and high descent, and worldly eminence! What signify those proud alliances with the names of Noailles, Grimaldi, Bethune, Gontaut, Durfort, Hamilton, to the simple *marchands de bœufs?* They sit beneath the shadow of the "Ecu de Grammont," unconscious that the representatives of such names ever existed, and far more indifferent to the fact, even if told it, than to the addition of a solitary *centime* to the *octroi* that taxes their beef and mutton!

The "Ecu de Grammont" has, then, its moral; for in the indifference of the cattle-merchants of Poissy, we read the general lesson taught by all earthly grandeur. The Past—how little of it survives, or is permitted to abide in the memory of man! But still,

'Non omnis moriar;

and perhaps it is enough for us that we should limit our recollections—our joys as well as our sorrows—to that which we ourselves have known.

There will be room for their exercise if we pass through the village of Chambourcy, and, pausing in the rustic churchyard, gaze upon "the green eminence, crowned with luxuriant chesnut-trees," which divides it from the domains of the Duke de Grammont; for on that height stands the tomb which holds the remains of Two who have carried with them to the grave more of affection, of sympathy, and of grief, than mortality commonly claims from those who survive. It is the tomb of Marguerite, Countess of Blessington, and of Alfred, Count D'Orsay, who raised it to her memory, in the hope—too soon realised—of sharing it with her he loved.

A gifted authoress—Isabella Romer, whose own untimely loss her many friends still deplore—published in *Bentley's Miscellany*, about two years since, a very interesting account of the mausoleum of Chambourcy, from which we extract the following description:

"A pyramid composed of large blocks of white stone, and similar in form to the ancient monuments of Egypt, rises from a platform of solid black granite, which has been completely isolated from the surrounding surface by a deep, dry moat, whose precipitous slopes are clothed with the softest green turf. A bronze railing encloses the whole, within which has been planted a broad belt of beautiful evergreens and flowering shrubs; and beyond these the lofty chestnut trees 'wave in tender gloom,' and form a leafy canopy to shelter that lonely tomb from the winds of heaven. Solid, simple, and severe, it combines every requisite in harmony with its solemn destination; no meretricious ornaments, no false sentiment, mar the purity of its design. The genius which devised it has succeeded in cheating the tomb of its horrors, without depriving it of its imposing gravity. The simple portal is surmounted by a plain massive cross of stone, and a door, secured by an open-work of bronze, leads into a sepulchral chamber, the key of which had been confided to me. * * * * * The light of the sun, streaming through a glazed aperture above the door, fell like a ray of heavenly hope upon the symbol of man's redemption—a beautiful copy, in bronze, of Michael Angelo's crucified Saviour—which is affixed to the wall facing the entrance. A simple stone sarcophagus is placed on either side of the chamber, each one surmounted by two white marble tablets, encrusted in the sloping walls. That to the left encloses the coffin of Lady Blessington—that to the right is still untenanted; long may it remain so!"

This wish has not been granted. A little more than three years from

the death of the earliest tenant of this tomb, it has been opened to receive its latest!

Mrs. Romer thus wrote, in continuation:

"The affection she most valued, the genius and talent she most admired, have contributed to do honour to the memory of that gifted woman. Her sepulchre is the creation of Alfred D'Orsay, her epitaphs are the composition of Barry Cornwall and Walter Savage Landor. Upon the two tablets placed over her tomb, are inscribed the following tributary lines:

"'In memory of Marguerite, Countess of Blessington, who died on the 4th of June, 1849. In her lifetime she was loved and admired for her many graceful writings, her gentle manners, her kind and generous heart. Men famous for art and science, in distant lands, sought her friendship; and the historians and scholars, the poets, and wits, and painters of her own country, found an unfailing welcome in her ever-hospitable home. She gave cheerfully, to all who were in need, help and sympathy, and useful counsel; and she died lamented by many friends. They who loved her best in life, and now lament her most, have reared this tributary marble over her place of rest.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Infra sepultum est
Id omne quod sepeliri potest,
Mulieris quondam pulcherrimæ.
Ingenium suum summo studio coluit,
Aliorum pari adjuvit.
Benefacta sua celare novit, ingenium non ita.
Erga omnes erat largâ bonitate,
Peregrinis eleganter hospitalis.
Venit Lutetiam Parisiorum Aprili mense,
Quarto Junii die supremum suum obiit.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.'"

The life of one who was chiefly known to the world as a gay, witty, agreeable man of fashion, offers but slight materials for general biography; his course being marked by few of the incidents which befal those who embrace a public career. For the portraiture that should interest us in such a man, we must either look to the records which he has left of himself, or to the reminiscences of those with whom he was most intimately associated. It is more than probable that the former are in existence; and for the latter, the widely-extended and friendly intercourse which Count D'Orsay held with the most eminent men of his time, affords reason for hoping that enough may be gathered from their lips to render a memoir of him at once ample and attractive.

In attempting, ourselves, to pay a passing tribute to his memory, we aim at no more than the endeavour to show—what some biographer, better qualified for the task, may, we trust, have the means of doing—that in addition to the well-known qualities of Count D'Orsay—his wit, his grace, his talent—which were patent to all the world, he possessed a heart and mind which justly endeared him to every one, whose good fortune it was to be included in the circle of his friends. Amongst those who knew him in the closest relations of private life, there has never been a dissentient opinion. They concurrently declare that one more amiable, more kind, more generous—one who more laboured to do good for its own sake, and who spared himself less in efforts of charitable and humane purpose—than Count D'Orsay, came not within the sphere of their remembrance. It is to some of these friends, whose names would be a sufficient guarantee for the value of this assertion, were we at liberty to mention them, that we have been indebted for the letters which throw upon these pages whatever of interest may belong to them.

The events of Count D'Orsay's external life may be briefly told. Himself and his sister, the present Duchess de Grammont, were the only children of General Count D'Orsay, a gallant soldier of the Empire, from whom their inheritance was little more than the ancient name they bore, and the claim to personal attractions by which both were pre-eminently distinguished.

Alfred D'Orsay was born in the first year of the present century, and, but for the grief which threw its shadow over the last three years of his existence, had scarcely passed the meridian of life when he died. Before he was of age—we have seen some accounts which fix the date in 1819—he visited England for a few months, and while himself "the cynosure of every eye," was far more observant of men and manners than could have been imagined in one so young, so *choyé*, and so much admired. The journal which he kept during that period, though still a sealed book to the million, has been read by one whose genius—and, alas! whose experience of life—authoritatively establish its merits. Lord Byron, in whose hands it was subsequently placed, has spoken of it in terms which can leave no doubt of the singular ability with which it was written; but before we cite the opinion of the noble bard, we must speak of that event which, to the latest hour of Count D'Orsay's life, "coloured all his objects."

While quartered with his regiment at Valence, on the Rhone, in November, 1822, it was Alfred D'Orsay's fortune to meet with Lord and Lady Blessington, then on their way to Italy, and the fascination of this society proved so great that the intimacy thus suddenly formed was never afterwards broken. The French expedition to Spain—the most vaporous of all French expeditions—was about to take place, and Count D'Orsay's regiment was included amongst the laurel-seekers. He either estimated the forthcoming campaign at its proper value, or found the attractions of his friends too irresistible to abandon; for he at once bade adieu to his military companions, and followed those with whose lot his own was, for the future, cast.

A few months later—in the spring of 1823—Count D'Orsay made the acquaintance with Lord Byron which elicited the criticism on his "Journal" to which we have adverted. Writing to Moore from Genoa, on the 2nd of April, 1823, Byron says:

"Your other allies, whom I have found very agreeable personages, are Milor B * * and *épouse*, travelling with a very handsome companion, in the shape of a 'French Count' (to use Farquhar's phrase in the Beaux' Stratagem), who has all the air of a Cupidon déchaîné, and is one of the few specimens I have seen of our ideal of a Frenchman before the revolution, an old friend with a new face, upon whose like I never thought that we should look again."

It was not long before Lord Byron had other qualities to admire besides the captivations of manner and personal appearance in the handsome young Frenchman of which he had spoken. The "Journal" had been submitted for his perusal, and then came his opinion on that too. On the 5th of April, he wrote to Lord Blessington as follows:

"I return the Count's Journal, which is a very extraordinary production, and of a most melancholy truth in all that regards high life in England. I know, or knew personally, most of the personages and societies which he describes, and after reading his remarks, have the sensation fresh upon me as if I had seen them yesterday. I would, however, plead in behalf of some few exceptions, which I will mention by-and-by. The most singular thing is *how* he should penetrated, *not* the *fact*, but the *mystery* of the English ennui, at two-and-twenty. I was about the same age when I made the same discovery in almost entirely the same circles

(for there is scarcely a person mentioned whom I did not see nightly or daily, and was acquainted, more or less intimately, with most of them)—but I never could have described it so well. *Il faut etre Français*, to effect this. * * * * Altogether your friend's journal is a very formidable production. I have read the whole with great attention. I showed it (I hope no breach of confidence) to a young Italian lady of high rank, *très-instruite* also, and she was delighted with it, and says that she has derived a better notion of English society from it than from all Madame de Staël's metaphysical disputations on the same subject, in her work on the Revolution. * * I beg that you will thank the Young Philosopher."

In another letter to Lord Blessington he further says of Count D'Orsay, "he seems to have all the qualities requisite to have figured in his brother-in-law's ancestor's memoirs;" and speaking of him casually, calls him "the illustrious Chevalier, Count ——, who, I hope, will continue the history of 'his own times!'"

To Count D'Orsay himself Lord Byron wrote in terms no less sincere than they were flattering:

"April 22, 1823.

"My dear Count * *,—(if you will permit me to address you so familiarly),—You should be content with writing in your own language, like Grammont, and succeeding in London as nobody has succeeded since the days of Charles the Second and the of Antonio Hamilton, without deviating into our barbarous language—which you understand, however, much better than it deserves. My 'approbation,' as you are pleased to term it, was very sincere, but perhaps not very impartial; for, though I love my country, I do not love my countrymen, at least such as they now are. And besides the seduction of talent and wit in your work, I fear that to me there was the attraction of vengeance. I have seen and *felt* much of what you describe so well. I have known the persons and the *réunions* so described (many of them, that is to say), and the portraits are so like that I cannot but admire the painter no less than his performance. But I am sorry for you; for if you are so well acquainted with life at your age, what will become of you when the illusion is still more dissipated. But never mind,—*en avant*,—live while you can, and that you may have the full enjoyment of the many advantages of youth, talent, and figure, which you possess, is the wish of an—Englishman—I suppose, but it is no treason."

It was not the least singular nor the least amiable feature of Count D'Orsay's character, that this precocious knowledge of the world did not disturb the "illusions"—by which we understand his faith and trust in man's nobler properties—which Lord Byron predicated: no one, we will venture to say, ever knew so much of "life," whose spirit was so little forced back into cynical disbelief of human worth as that of Alfred D'Orsay; and contact with the world left him as unselfish at t[illegible] as when in youth it found him. Lord Byron viewed life with the bitter feeling of one who had both committed and endured wrong: the "young philosopher," free from passion, gazed on it with calm, "considerate eyes," discriminating between the hollowness of mere fashionable society and the soundness of heart which forms the basis of the English character; he could not else have loved our land so well.

But he was himself made to be loved, and it is with no surprise that we find in Lord Byron the avowal of the friendship which Alfred D'Orsay had inspired. Writing to Lady Blessington from Albaro, on the 6th of May, the poet, who is speaking of the sketch with which the public have long been familiar, thus expresses himself:

"I have a request to make to my friend Alfred (since he has not disdained the title), viz., that he would condescend to add a *cap* to the gentleman in the jacket—it would complete his costume—and smooth his brow, which is somewhat too inveterate a likeness of the original——God help me!"

But evidence of this friendship is better shown in one of the last letters which Lord Byron wrote while at Genoa, just before he took his departure for Greece. In forwarding various *souvenirs* to the members of Lord Blessington's family, he says:

"I also enclose a ring which I would [illegible]; it is too large to [illegible]; but is formed of lava, and so far adapted to the fire of his [illegible] and character."

The next episode in the life of Count D'Orsay—for, unhappily, it was nothing more—was his marriage with Lady Harriet Gardiner, the only daughter of Lord Blessington, by his first wife. Rumour has very painfully interpreted the motive for this union, but it is not our province to follow rumour; enough for us to state that, after Lord Blessington's death in Paris, in 1829, Count D'Orsay and Lady Harriet agreed, mutually, to separate; thenceforward, until within the last three years of his life, the former became a resident in England, and long will it be before the recollection of the social charms of Gore House shall have faded from the memories of the friends by whom Lady Blessington and the accomplished D'Orsay were surrounded.

"The social and intellectual qualities," says a writer in one of the journals of the day announcing his decease, "are those in which Comte D'Orsay's friends and admirers will be most eager to dwell. It was his unceasing aim, particularly at Gore House, to make every one at ease. He always addressed his conversation naturally and unaffectedly to any shy, embarrassed member of the company, until he saw that any passing awkwardness or embarrassment was at an end. His influence over his circle of intimates was unbounded, and in questions of misunderstanding or difficulty he was appealed to as a mediator and adviser."

And another observes:

"Let us dwell for a moment upon the social and friendly qualities of the man; upon his [illegible] expanding taste for literature and the arts, upon the brilliant evenings at Gore House, when, surrounded by the first notabilities of the age, political, literary, and artistic, Count D'Orsay was still the conversational star; shining, however, as much by his consummate grace and [illegible] manner, and his kindly and sympathetic address, as by the glitter of his more [illegible]tual accomplishments."

[illegible]ave already remarked on the deficiency of incident which is afforded to the biographer by a life passed, however brilliantly, in comparative privacy; it is, therefore, to character that we must turn for the interest which attaches to the subject of this imperfect memoir.

The Institution which Count D'Orsay founded in London, for the relief of his destitute countrymen, will [illegible] a lasting memorial of his benevolence; but his sympathies were not [illegible]fined to national objects. Of this he gave abundant proof in the exertions which he made for the establishment of a system of signals on railway trains in [illegible]ion, by the adoption of which, we do not hesitate to say, many dep[illegible] accidents might have been avoided and many human lives saved. [illegible] D'Orsay's plan was at once so simple and so practical, that when [illegible] time arrives—if ever it should come—for humanity to be a greater [illegible]sideration than money-making with railway directors, astonishment will supersede disgust at the fatuity that hesitated so long to adopt a precaution at once so inexpensive and so useful.

It was in 1845 that Count D'Orsay first gave publicity to his ideas on the prevention of railway accidents by signals, but he had long meditated on the subject, and on the 18th of June, in that year, we find him thus writing to a friend:*

"Mon Cher ——,

"J'ai pensé depuis longtemps qu'il seroit très-important pour la sécurité publique des tra-

* As Count D'Orsay wrote French and English with almost equal facility, and was in the habit of using both languages indiscriminately, and often very amusingly, in the same letter, we have preferred the *ipsissima verbá* to translations. In his French letters he appears always to have followed the system of orthography which was rectified by Voltaire.

vellers sur le railroad, qu'on établisse un surveillant sur la derrière de la dernière voiture du train, de manière que, par un wire qui communiqueroit avec l'engine, il pourroit tirer une cloche, qui indiqueroit qu'il y a quelque chose *out of order*. Alors on pourroit arrêter de suite; cet accident du Gt. Western le prouve, car le moment que le *sand* a été jeté en l'air, c'étoit suffisant pour démontrer au garde de derrière qu'il y avoit une des voitures hors du Rail. * * * * * J'étois un jour dans ma voiture qui étoit placé sur le dernier truck du rail; ma voiture avoit été mal *secured;* j'étois agité comme le fouet de poste d'un postillon français; je me sentois comme le bout de la queue d'un serpent qui *waggoit his tail.* A la fin, les courroies des vaches se sont détachés d'un côté, et je les aurois perdu si par bonheur je n'étois arrivé à la station. C'est alors que je me suis dit combien il étoit nécessaire d'être protégé par derrière, parceque les engineers ne pensent qu'en avant."

In pursuance of this idea of *surveillance*, Count D'Orsay published a letter, in which he sketched the outline of his plan, but the railway directors were deaf to his suggestion. In this country, however, railway accidents are so frequent, that it was not long before he felt himself called upon to revert to his proposed system, being stimulated to do so by a dreadful accident that happened on the South-Eastern line, between Penshurst and Tunbridge, in consequence of the omission by the guard to take the lamps from a detached carriage on a change of carriages being made.

He then wrote to the same friend:

"30 Juillet, 1845.

"Mon Cher ——,

"Il n'y a rien de tel que de poursuivre une bonne et charitable idée; ces sacrés Directeurs de Railroads ne veuillent pas adopter mon idée par économie, et vous voyez par l'accident ci-joint qu'on auroit pu l'éviter. —— est tout-à-fait de mon opinion qu'il faut les attaquer jusqu'à ce qu'ils pensent à la *safety* des *Passengers* Voici donc l'occasion. S'il y avait eu un garde exprès pour la *queue* du train, il auroit eu soin d'avoir la lampe allumée, et il auroit entendu l'engine derrière lui; c'est un cas ou il devroit avoir une trompette, enfin un moyen de faire savoir dans la nuit qu'il est là, dans le cas qu'un engine le poursuive et que la lampe soit éteinte. C'est une précaution indispensable que de forcer ces Directeurs de l'adopter."

A day or two later Count D'Orsay fully developed his plan, as we find by the following letter:

"Mon Cher ——,

"Je suis déterminé de poursuivre les Directeurs, jusqu'à ce qu'ils adoptent mon plan. * * * Ces accidents continuels ont établi un *Raw* que nous assaisonerons continuellement de cayenne pepper, et a la fin, ils prendront les réels moyens de cicatrizer la plaie. Mon idée est qu'il y ait un siège derrière la dernière voiture de chaque train, comme un coachman des Hansom cab. Il sera en communication avec l'engin, par une longue corde qui passera le long du roof des voitures et sur le côté; en tirant la corde un marteau frappera sur un gong près de l'engine, et indiquera qu'il faut de suite arrêter. Ce garde s'occupera exclusivement des lampes de l'arrière-garde, et on lui donnera de ces light d'artifice qui dans un instant s'allument comme les allumettes chimiques et produisent une clarté comme en plein jour; cela seroit, dans le cas qu'il seroit poursuivi par un engine, par ce moyen éviteroit le carambolage, si par accident la lampe de dessous étoit éteinte. Le garde *derrière* le train peut très bien entendre un engine qui le poursuit, tandis que dans toute autre situation du train on ne pourroit rien entendre La dépense de cette précaution ne sera rien, et donnera une grande sécurité morale et physique aux travellers; et ce n'est qu'en enfonçant cela, avec un marteau, dans la tête des Directeurs que nous réussirons. La corde passera dans un anneau sur le côté de chaque voiture, cet anneau s'ouvrira par un spring; dans le cas qu'on veuille retirer une des voitures intermédiaires, la corde peut s'allonger et raccourcir, en proportion de la longueur du train."

A letter written to the *Times* (on the 11th of August, 1845), on "Railway Signals," by a person signing himself "Mechanicus," raised various objections to the plan suggested by Count D'Orsay for communicating between the guards and the enginemen on railway trains. Neverless, his plan was almost identical with that which was subsequently patented by Mr. Tattersall, and brought into most effective operation on the Eastern Union line, from Bury to Colchester. ~~Count D'Orsay thus disposes of "Mechanicus:"~~

"Mercredi, 13. (Aug. 1845.)

"Mon Cher ——,

"Je ne trouve pas la réponse de Mechanicus concluante. Premièrement, quand la corde sera usée, on en changera. Secondement, elle ne peut *s'entangler* avec les bagages, puisqu'elle passe sur le côté du roof, dans des anneaux. Et troisièmement, il ne peut pas y avoir une différence telle dans la longueur du train en montant et en déscendant, puisque toutes les voitures sont attachées les unes aux autres; les *buffers* ne sont pressés *inwards* que par un choc, et non pas par la simple pression d'un train déscendant un incline plain. Il ne faut donc pas lui laisser éluder la question, qui est d'avoir un garde derrière: je ne tiens pas particulièrement à ma corde, mais je tiens à ce qu'on trouve le moyen, soit en striking a large gong behind, or firing a large gun fixed on the back carriage, de donner avis qu'il faut arrêter. *Mechanicus est probablement un directeur économe.*"

In despite, therefore, of "Mechanicus," whom he speaks of in another note as "un présomptueux mécanicien qui élude la question," Count D'Orsay occupied himself by making experiments with the lights which he was desirous should serve as signals to following trains. He says: "Je brûle tous les soirs dans le jardin de ces allumettes d'artifice, qui éclairent comme en plein jour pendant 8 minutes."

In the two letters that follow, we find him still eagerly pursuing the subject.

"Mardi, (Oct. 29, 1845.)

"Mon Cher ——,

"J'espère que vous êtes toujours sur le *qui rire* à l'égard des accidents sur les railroads, et vous avez dû voir que si on avoit suivi mon conseil, Mr B—— seroit vivant Il est, je crois, nécessaire de rafraîchir la mémoire de MM. les Directeurs. * * * *A force de frapper sur leurs têtes, ils finiront par nous comprendre* S'il y avoit eu un garde sur la dernière voiture avec une de *nos* fusées, il aurait pu donner le signal à temps."

"19 Fev. 1846.

"Mon Cher ——,

"Lisez cet article, et vous verrez que si les Directeurs de Railroad avoient suivi mon conseil, cet accident auroit été évité. J'étois sur le point de vous écrire de la campagne, il y a quelque temps, pour vous dire que Lady C—— et Lady S—— de V—— venoient de Derby par le railroad; elles étoient dans leur voiture, la dernière du train, une des courroies s'est cassée, la voiture étoit ballottée à droite et à gauche, avec une telle violence que ces deux malheureuses femmes, se croyant perdues, se mirent à faire flotter leurs mouchoirs hors de la portière; elles crièrent; personne ne les vit, personne ne les entendit; et heureusement qu'elles arrivèrent à la station, car un peu plus tard, la voiture n'auroit pu résister. Vous voyez donc qu'un garde, en pareil cas, n'auroit encore été le protecteur."

The article referred to was a paragraph from a newspaper, containing an account of a serious accident on the Great Western Railway, arising from the tire of one of the leading wheels of an open truck coming off, in which were several workmen, who were thrown out, and so seriously injured, that nine of them were taken to the hospital at Bath, one of whom was afterwards reported to be dead.

We might multiply the instances afforded of Count D'Orsay's anxiety to protect the public; but all his "coup de marteaux" failed to knock into the heads of the "Directeurs de Railroad" the necessity that existed for the adoption of his, or any, plan of security, save in the instance of the much-abused Eastern Counties line, where Mr. Tattersall's patent was partially made use of. This patent, it appears, by a descriptive engraving which was sent by Mr. Tattersall to Count D'Orsay, in a letter dated Newmarket, June 12th, 1848, was, as we have already remarked, based on the same principle as Count D'Orsay's antecedent suggestions, though Mr. Tattersall had never met with them. Count D'Orsay thus observes upon this letter:

"Gore House, Monday, 19 June, 1848.

"Mon Cher ——,

"Il faut rendre à César ce qui appartient à César, et en voici la preuve ci-jointe. Mr. Tattersall a inventé cette simple machinerie que j'ai prêchée depuis bien longtemps, et qui auroit sauvé bien *des profils* si on avoit voulu suivre mon conseil. Il m'envoye donc son in-

vention, ayant découvert que j'étois le Promoteur du Projet. J'approuve complètement son plan, car il est exactement celui que j'avois conçu, même jusqu'aux open rings pour faciliter l'admission ou l'extraction des voitures."

The last letter which Count D'Orsay wrote on the subject was the following:

"Bournemouth, Hants, 9 Sept., 1848.

"MON CHER ——,

"Nous sommes dans le plus joli endroit du monde, un espèce de Wheemley Hill avec la mer; c'est à 3 h. de Southampton. Venez nous voir, vous en serez enchanté; c'est parfait pour se baigner, et le temps est superbe, c'est l'accumulation de l'été. Que pensez-vous de cet *impudent robber?* Lisez l'article que —— vient de copier dans le *Times* d'hier. Ce W—— est un *cool hand*, il me vole mon idée, qu'il assaissonne un petit peu. Je compte sur vous, brave ——, pour lui porter un coup de Jarnac. Nous sortons complètement victorieux, et vous verrez —— que nous sauveront la vie à beaucoup de voyageurs."

Unfortunately, however, the victory was never gained; and to the present hour the public have to regret the obstinacy—to characterise it by no other name—which still places the lives of travellers at the mercy of chance. For himself, though deeply disappointed, he said, in anticipation of failure, "Cela ne sera pas de notre faute si les Directeurs de Railroad persistent à massacrer les passengers, faute de notre précaution;" and added: "Nous aurons au moins la consolation d'avoir essayé de faire du bien."

We turn now to more general subjects illustrated in the same correspondence.

There was a great discussion, a few years since, on the derivation of the name of "Gomer," by which a new frigate had been baptised. M. D'Orsay writes upon it in this pleasant strain:

"Un imbécile, nommé le Général R——, prétend que le nom est d'après celui d'un Général d'Artillerie assez inconnu! Cela rappelle l'histoire d'un Général français qui n'envisageoit Moïse que comme un bon général d'infanterie; tous ces messieurs envisagent tout sous le point de vue militaire. La frégate Gomer a été nommé d'après Gomer, fils de Japheth, qui, selon quelques auteurs, étoit père des Gaulois, et qui vint en Gaule environ 2175 ans avant la naissance de Jesus Christ, &c., &c. Ceci, vous conviendrez, est plus probable que le Général d'Artillerie."

But, like the "Directeurs de Railroad," there was a *pensée inmuable* to contend with here also. He adverts to it in a letter, dated Oct. 31st, 1844, in which, in a few words, he humorously describes the scene that took place in the City on the inauguration of the Duke of Wellington's statue:

"MON CHER ——,

"Oui, le *Constitutionnel* prétend qu'il y a un General Gomer, qui certainement est moins célèbre que Mr. Poudrette, l'artificier dans Paul de Kock. Au surplus si notre homme n'est pas il vero Polichinello, il auroit dû l'être. * * Que dites-vous de la grande burlesque de la Cité, le Lord Maire avec *sa* botte, les chevaux de Ducrow dansant en dépit des aldermens, sitôt qu'ils entendirent la musique, le Duc de W—— criant à tue-tête que la Statue étoit beautiful, les Life Guards revenant ivres comme des Templiers, la —— ennuyée et le montrant à tout le monde! On dit que c'étoit réellement tout ce qu'il y avait de plus risible.

* * * * * * *

Je suppose que *Punch* sera superbe cette semaine."

Here is an admirable picture of an Imperial trooper, who saved his loyalty at the expense of his religion:

"18e. June, 1846.

"How you would like Soliman Pacha!* he dined with us yesterday. He is the type of the troupier de l'Empire, who remained pure from having escaped the Restoration; he went in 1815 to Egypt, and comes back as fresh on the French history as if he were in 1816. His life in the East is a dream in a long entre-acte."

Respecting a proposed visit to the Tower of London, he writes:

* Colonel Selves.

"J'ai envoyé hier mon domestique pour reconnaître les accommodations de la Tour; à moins d'être un Traitre, on ne peut trouver à s'y loger même pour un jour, ainsi il faudra que nous dinions ici."

There is a great sense of enjoyment in the italicised word in the following brief note :

"MY DEAR ——,

"Will you arrange with ——— to come here on Monday, at 7 o'clock—a *snugg* party at dinner. Yours affectionately, dear ——,

"D'ORSAY."

On an unfavourable criticism well received, he expresses himself as follows :

"Lady B. m'a charmé en me racontant l'effet du —— sur ce cher ——. J'admire tellement la franchise de sa belle nature. Un autre de nos amis auroit *affecté* not to care a *D.* about it.

And that he could bear a little harmless "showing-up" is sufficiently proved in the following letter, which finishes with a lively hit at the winter of 1844-5 :

"MON CHER ——,

"Je suis très loin d'être offensé de l'article de *Punch*, je l'ai trouvé très-amusant et très à propos, and very goodnatured to me. Je l'aime beaucoup mieux que l'article de ——, qui se croit obligé de payer un mauvais compliment au Duc de Wellington à cause de ma statuette. Je vous félicite d'être obligé de garder la maison. La Sibérie doit être un joke en comparaison de ce pays; la terre de notre jardin est passé à l'état de granite; c'est un additional chapter pour l'auteur des 'Vestiges of the Creation.' Mille amitiés de tout Gore House.

"Votre affectionné, "D'ORSAY."

In the six letters that follow, all of which are addressed to another and equally dear friend, we meet with the same qualities of playful humour, good sense, and piquante observation, as in those from which our extracts have already been made. The first of these, suggesting the locality for a permanent residence in Italy, may be read with advantage by all to whom that country is unknown; the extension of railways only renders the advice more valuable :

"Gore House, 16th March, 1844.

"MY DEAR ——,

"I have been thinking seriously about your plan of establishing a quartier général in Italy; follow my advice and go direct to Pisa. The climate is beautiful, the town quiet and cheap. You may have a beautiful and cheerful apartment in one of the large palaces on the Lung Arno. The river is pretty when there is water in it, the quays are nice promenades; you are fifteen minutes from Leghorn by the railroad, newly established. There you will find a free port, and you may fancy to be at Smyrna or Liverpool,—you may try the productions of both countries. From Pisa you are in a moment at Florence; on the left at Lucques, on the right at Sienna; in fact, it is the most central position of Italy, as the distance from Milan, Venise, Rome, or Naples, is, I may say, nearly equal. If you go to that nasty Nice, you will fancy that you are in a sort of Père la Chaise ambulant; all the doctors of all Europe send there the invalids to die. The climate is far to be comparable to Pisa; I saw winds which prevented people to turn the corner of a street; there are no promenades, except for donkeys; instead of that, at Pisa you have the forest of the Cascina bording the sea, which is perfectly beautiful and romantic. It has quite an Oriental effect, as the woods are filled with camels. The steamboats, as you know, pass continually at Leghorn, coming from Naples, Civita Vecchia, and going to Genoa. You may also receive continually from England parcels, without any botheration at the Custom-house, and you may also see at Leghorn, for a divertissement, where Lady H—— buried the kid. I am delighted to have the pleasure of seeing you next Friday. Pray present my kind regards to ——, and believe me always yours most faithfully,

"A. D'ORSAY."

In spite, however, of the convenience of Pisa, and the proffered divertissement, Count d'Orsay's friend selected Genoa, and to that city the following is addressed. The description of Lyons strikes us as peculiarly happy :

"Gore House, 17th August, 1844.

"J'étois convaincu que Paris vous produiroit un très grand effet; cette entrée des Champs Elysées a un caractère classique, tout y est monumental; Londres m'a toujours fait l'effet

en comparaison d'être une grande *prosperous manufacture.* Je suis bien aise que vous ayez ordonné une grand feuille de papier; je vous enverrai des plumes de votre aigle, car vous êtes digne d'écrire avec. Je vois exactement où vous êtes établi; j'ai été assez amusé de l'idée d'avoir été obligé de mesurer la voituro pour la largeur de la route. Ces routes étroites sont providentielles pour les ivrognes, et particulièrement pour votre propriétaire, qui pouvoit en conséquence se soutenir à droite et à gauche. Réellement M—— devroit aller étudier les Fresco du Peschiera Palazzo, cela lui profiteroit davantage que d'aller faire des cartons, comme un simple étudiant; c'est une insulte à un homme de son talent, d'être remis en compétition avec des croutons semblables. J'ai essayé de le persuader d'aller vous rejoindre; il en a grand désir, mais il a commencé son travail, et il veut le finir; après tout, cela lui rapportera £——, qui ne lui feront pas grand bien à la santé, car je regrette de dire qu'il a grand besoin d'un changement d'air et de scène. Voici la lettre qu'il m'a écrite hier, je compte l'attaquer de nouveau. J'approuve complètement votre plan de voyage, et tout ce que j'espère c'est que nous serons à Paris pour votre retour, car je serois bienheureux de vous être utile dans ma capitale. Là vous verrez de belles choses, sans qu'il y ait un Comittee of Taste, car c'est à ces Messieurs que l'on doit ici toutes les bêtises artistiques dont Londres abonde. Cette colonne de Nelson et la statue du Duc au Stock Exchange sont un triste specimen. Pauvre Italie, elle est dans un état de somnambulisme; rien n'est triste comme la grandeur éteinte de Gènes, cette rue dont les palais ont l'air d'avoir été bâtis pour un Congrès de Rois. Venise vous frappera de la même manière; c'est le cadavre du moyen âge, non pas la momie, car c'est moins bien conservé. Malgré tout cela, il y a un grand caractère; le climat console l'habitant du sa décadence, il vit machinalement et ressent, ce que vous ne décrivez si bien dans votre lettre, l'agrément du far'niente. Oui, j'ai été à Lyon; c'est, selon moi, la ville la plus *canaille* que je connoisse. Cette ville mériteroit d'être mariée aux habitants de Genève; *il* y a toujours à Lyon un foyer de sédition mal éteint; il me semble que la place Beleour a l'air démeublé lorsqu'il n'y a pas un échafaud en action. Je déteste cette ville et ses habitants, malgré que sa position soit unique et grandiose. Je me souviens très bien de l'horloge et de l'ange Gabriel que vous verrez mis à toute espèce de sauces en Italie. Imaginez-vous que j'ai été en garnison à Vienne en Dauphiné pendant un an; vous avez passé devant dans votre bateau de Lyon. Si vous vous étiez arrêté, vous y auriez vu des antiquitiés qui datent de Ponce Pilate, ce qui est à peu près aussi étonnant que l'ange Gabriel. L—— me charge de vous dire mille amitiés; nous avons été ensemble à Redleaf chez Mr. Wells. Le matin j'ai été chercher L——, et je l'ai trouvé déjeûnant avec votre raven, qui m'a permis de lui caresser le dos; il est en grande beauté. Je suis dans ce moment in a fit of paresse; ce n'est pas la beauté du climat, car l'hiver vient d'arriver pour passer le reste de l'été à Londres

* * * * * * *

You have heard that Prince Joinville amused himself by bombarding Tangiers; and that Mehemet Ali, having just finished to read the Life of Charles V., has abdicated to go in the *convent* of La *Mecque*."

It would be difficult to find a better excuse for smoking than is here offered:

"Gore House, 30 April, 1846.

"My Dearest ——,

"I send you the cherry-stick, which will now grow better fruits than it ever did before, as they say that smoking inspires writers. I once saw B——, when he paid me a visit in my little house, filling the room with a cloud of smoke; and when he was like Jupiter going to seduce *Io*, he said, 'Now I may write my article on Châteaubriant;' and I may say that the effect produced by that darkness visible was very brilliant, as you may remember in the E—— R——. Au revoir, yours most affectionately,

"My best regards to the dear family. "A. D'Orsay."

A Frenchman's delight at getting back to his own language amusingly introduces the next letter, of which Paris, a Frenchman's glory, is the theme:

"Gore House, 10 Fev., 1847.

"Mon cher Compatriote —— (car enfin un homme qui écrit aussi bien le Français est certainement un Parisien consommé),—J'ai été charmé de recevoir votre lettre. Elle m'a confirmé dans l'idée que j'ai toujours eu, qu'un homme de génie devine même ce c
Donc vous avez complètement deviné ma langue, et je n'assassinerai plus vos oreilles avec mon broken English. Je reçois aujourd'hui une lettre d'Eugène Sue, qui me dit qu'il va aller à Paris dans peu de jours exprès pour vous voir et embrasser mon filleul, qu'il aime déjà beaucoup; ainsi, n'oubliez pas de présenter notre Alfred. Nous n'avons pas vu le brave ——; j'aurais voulu être témoin de son étonnement à Paris. C'est un homme qui sent si bien et si justement, qu'il y a réellement du plaisir à lui montrer une capitale qui vaut la peine d'être vu. Il aura dû être étonné de voir l'endroit où étoit la petite Bastille, et de trouver maintenant Paris enfermé dans une Grande Bastille, 57 ans après la destruction du petit inconvénient !!! Dites à Eugene que dans un de ses romans, il y a dix mois, il donnoit le conseil que Lord John Russell vient d'adopter pour l'Irlande. Lisez la

Réforme du 4 Fevrier. On nous dit que vous revenez dans le mois de Mars; nous serons bien heureux de vous revoir, car nous parlons et pensons à vous très souvent. Amitiés sans nombre à ——. Au revoir, votre ami affectionné."

There is a good hit at London life in the opening of the following letter; the book spoken of was, we believe, the *last* that Lady Blessington wrote:

"Gore House, 27 Mai, 1847.

"Mon cher Ami,

"J'apprends votre maladie et votre guérison en même temps; Brighton est un bon antidote pour le Regent's Park, et je suis charmé que vous soyez bien portant maintenant. J'aime beaucoup Greenwich, et vous, encore plus; mais le 1er Juin je suis engagé, jugez donc de mon regret. Mais dans cette sacrée saison, ceux qui veuillent montrer leur argenterie, vous retiennent si longtemps d'avance, qu'on a le temps d'être enterré et oublié avant que le diner ait lieu. Hier au soir nous avons revu Regnier dans 2 pièces, ils étoient parfaits. Le petit —— étoit avec nous, presque jaloux de rencontrer un plus grand farceur que lui, car Regnier jouoit dans 'Les Précieuses Ridicules.' Milady et vos braves P—— vous envoyent mille bonnes amitiés; je suis bien aise que vous soyez de mon opinion sur le livre de Milady. Je lui prédisois, en lisant les proof-sheets, que c'étoit un admirable ouvrage. Elle ne vouloit pas me croire, malgré qu'elle sait que je ne fais jamais des compliments; et maintenant elle reçoit tous le jours, et de tous les côtés, des exclamations d'admiration. B—— lui-même pense que c'est un chef-d'œuvre. Ce qui m'étonne c'est qu'elle a écrit ce livre comme si elle écrivoit une lettre, interrompue mille fois chaque jour, et n'ayant jamais recommencé une page. Mon tableau de la Reine est exposé dans Pall Mall, 121, Galerie de Mr. Griffith, admirable *light* et belle salle; je vous enverrai des cartes. Il faudra que vous alliez mettre votre nom sur un fameux livre rouge, qui sera fier de l'autographe. My kindest regards à Madame ——, et mes embrassades au vénérable Alfred. Votre ami affectionné,

"D'Orsay.

"Avez-vous vu à l'Académie le Drop-scene Curtain d'Astley, par Etty? Battie est furieux contre le cheval et l'écuyère, et il a raison."

Here is a good sobriquet for an early sea-bather:

"Gore House, Vendredi, 4 Avril, 1848.

"Mon cher Ami, et Triton determine,—Si par hasard vous pouvez venir diner ici Mardi prochain, à 8 heures, vous enchanterez les habitants de Gore House, qui ne vous ont pas vu depuis un siècle. Il y aura une chambre de prête pour vous, apportez votre sac de nuit; l'ami —— doit venir vous rencontrer. Votre affectionné,

"Million d'amitiés à —— et à Alfred." "D'Orsay.

Count D'Orsay's political opinions engage us next.

By feeling and association he was ardently attached to the Bonaparte family; but he was a Bonapartist from principle, believing that in the restoration of that family to power were to be found the only means of rescuing France from the condition to which both branches of the Bourbons had reduced her. Nevertheless, he did not withhold his approval from the course which was followed by Charles X., when the suppression of the liberty of the press precipitated the revolution of 1830:

"Je crains que vous ayez cherché dans M. de Polignac ce qu'il étoit impossible de trouver. Je voulois que vous jugiez des événements de 1830 au point de vue de Charles X. et de l'article 14 de la Charte, et dire s'il y avoit moyen de s'en retirer autrement que par les Ordonnances. * * J'étois, et je suis, contre cette Dynastie qui, selon moi, étoit aussi usée que vos Stuarts. J'étois contre les Ordonnances, mais pourtant je confesse que le rapport de M. de Chantelauze à cette époque est admirable, et que Charles X. n'avoit pas d'autre remède. Amen."

A weekly newspaper, which offers in itself a somewhat *bizarre* exposition of principles, affirmed only the other day that those of Count D'Orsay were a "*bizarre* mixture of imperialism and republicanism," and defined him as, above all, an artist who sought to realise the more refined and dramatic developments of either political doctrine. There is more of plain speaking than of "refinement" in the annexed:

"April 19, 1849.

"Ah! my dear friend, if you did but know how ill-blooded I have become in this cursed

country! Such a collection of rabble, intriguers, fools, simpletons, and cowardly recreants! I feel France within me, and look for her around me in vain. And you have been fancying that I also should contract the political gangrene! Why, I am twenty times more what I was in London, instead of having deviated one hair's breadth, as you seemed to fear. What do you think of the amazing imbecility of the Italian expedition? The Republic constituting itself first soldier to the Pope! I said to Lamartine that the revolution would lose its virginity by this intervention; for it was, historically speaking, really a fine thing to have been so moderate. Either the whole of Europe should have been overrun by the republican flag, or France should have made it a matter of coquetry not to stir at all. In fact, blunders are being heaped on blunders. 'Que le Diable emporte les imbeciles!' and he will have a precious task.

"Believe me ever your affectionate

"A. D'Orsay."

With regard to a "pure democracy" his opinion had already been thus concisely expressed:

"Le despotisme démocratique est, comme dit Aristotle, cent fois pire que l'autre."

And his opinion of the Republican Legislative Chamber was not particularly flattering to that august body:

"Que dites-vous de cette Assemblée élue par le suffrage universel, et que les clubs Parisiens vont dissoudre avec des invectives? Il n'y a rien d'aussi *ludicrous* dans aucune histoire ancienne en moderne."

Though sincerely attached to Prince Louis Napoleon,* it is well known that he entirely disapproved, not only of many of the political acts of the President which preceded the *coup d'état* of December, but strongly reprobated that measure. When, however, it had become a *fait accompli*, he yielded to a necessity which his counsel could not avert. In France, success or failure are the tests of public men. Had the violent measures of Louis Napoleon failed, said the friend most in D'Orsay's confidence at the time of the *coup d'état*, he would have been an object of hatred and contempt; he has succeeded, and is the wisest and greatest man of his time.

In speaking of Count D'Orsay's political opinions, we have anticipated the course of those events which, after a residence of nearly twenty years in England, induced him to follow the fortunes of the newly-elected President of the French Republic. But it was not as one who—like the courtiers of Charles the Second—sought a recompense from Power for the loyal affection which he had shown in Exile, that Alfred D'Orsay returned to France. He was willing to earn his reward by service to the State, but pending such employment, chose rather to derive the means of existence from the legitimate exercise of those talents which had so long been the admiration of the English public, than owe them to the favour of private friendship.

And he stood in need of all the energy which marked his character, of all that employment could effect to distract his mind; for sorrow—the deepest—had fallen upon him. Within a few months after Count D'Orsay's return to France, *she* died whose friendship had been his dearest stay on earth,—and nothing remained for the survivor but to appeal to the art which had become his *métier*, to enable him the better to bear the load of life—for such he now deemed it—which weighed upon him. How well he acquitted himself of his self-imposed task the public voice in Paris loudly proclaimed. We might cite a host of well-grounded

* "Dites donc à ——que L. P. va poser la première pierre du Tombeau de Napoléon, et qu'il devroit prendre celle qui bouche la porte du Château de Ham."

opinions as to the celebrity which he attained in sculpture, but this extract from the *Patrie* must suffice :

"Count D'Orsay," says that journal, "was not only a perfect gentleman, gifted with intelligence, talent, fortune, and birth, but he was a real artist. Even if he had not given to the world anything but his equestrian statue of the Emperor Napoleon, that would alone confer on him the title of artist. That great work, in fact, is worthy to be placed by the side of the equestrian statue of the First Consul, by the illustrious Barye."

But all the while the worm was gnawing at his heart. He could not refrain from being lively when he wrote to his old friends and acquaintance, but that he did not feel his loss less bitterly is only too apparent in the accompanying letter from the correspondence to which we are already so largely indebted :

"38, Rue de la Ville l'Evêque, Paris, 23 Avril, 1850.

"MON CHER AMI ——,

"—— vous a bien exprimé combien je vous aimois, et combien de fois nous causions de vous; le fait est que je vis entièrement de mes souvenirs, et ils sont tellement mélangés de chagrins et de plaisirs que je redoutois souvent d'écrire à ceux qui étoient les mieux calculés pour me comprendre. Imaginez que jusqu'à ce jour je n'ai pas écrit à E—— B——. Vous me comprendrez, j'en suis convaincu. Hier je dinois avec Lamartine et Victor Hugo chez Girardin, et dans le courant de la conversation, Lamartine me dit qu'il venoit de lire un article faux et abominable de L—— P——, déguisé sous la plume de C——; je l'ai engagé de répondre de suite avec la plume d'aigle au Q—— R——, qui a si injustement inséré ce tissu de faussetés, écrites avec la plume de ce *cock-sparrow*."

* * * * * *

After desiring the most affectionate remembrances to various friends in England, he says :

"Il me semble que je vous ai quitté hier; *my recollections are so vivid* que c'est réellement du Daguerréotype du cœur que rien ne peut effacer. J'adore ma vieille Angleterre et je tremble d'y retourner. Jamais homme n'a souffert autant que moi par la perte que j'ai éprouvé. J'admire ces gens religieux qui adoptent la haute religion pour se consoler *très vite;* ils ne sentent pas, les imbéciles, qu'il y a une grande et bien plus grande religion dans un vrai chagrin qui ne se cicatrize pas.

* * * * *

"Une autre fois je vous parlerai politique, c'est trop dégoutant pour le moment. Lamartine me disoit hier: 'Plus je vois les représentants du peuple, plus j'aime mes chiens.'"

The love which he felt towards England and everything English again appears in a letter written on the 3rd of May in the same year.

"Fancy the visit I had yesterday! Old *General Damas*, of 'The Lady of Lyons,' poor B——, who lost his wife. I was glad to see him, and he felt it; in fact, the English coming here consider that I am their property, and I feel proud to have been adopted by the good old John Bull. When you write to L——, tell him I have adopted for the monument his last epitaph. * * * * * *

"P.S. You saw, by the election of Eugène Sue, how right I was about public opinion here. It is extraordinary to see how *Power* blinds the people."

It was granted to only a few cherished friends to know how deep was his affliction for the loss he had sustained ; but even those who best knew the susceptibility of his nature, and might have guessed that such affliction could not be borne without injury to his health, were not prepared for the event which so rapidly followed the earliest indication of the illness which was his last. The first warning was given in a letter written from Paris on the 3rd of January in the present year, in which his former robust health is spoken of as being shaken, recent events having considerably occupied and agitated him ; at the same time his thoughts and feelings are described as being, if possible, more English than ever, clinging to the memory of old times and places with all the energy and warmth that invariably marked them.

The "better times," alas, were done! The bow was "bent and drawn ;" the "shaft" soon followed! The scene of Alfred D'Orsay's

death is described, by one who knew him well, as exhibiting the most angelic patience, and gentleness and consideration for all around him, in the midst of sufferings that were truly agonising; though wearied and worn with pain, the spirit within seemed to have given new lustre to his beauty, and happily, the *great* aid was not wanting, for he showed a perfect consciousness of his religious responsibilities and a simple trust in Divine mercy which filled those around him with gratitude and comfort. His last moments were perfectly tranquil; he became unconscious towards three o'clock in the morning, and drew his last breath near four without a struggle.

That he truly merited the affection which he carried with him to the tomb, is affirmed by those who were most intimately associated with him in the relations of private life. They loved him for his truth, his honesty and his tender nature, and knew that on his upright mind and clear judgment they might rely in every doubt and every trial.

What man need wish for a better epitaph?

Let us add to this general testimony the opinions expressed by M. Emile de Girardin and Madame Georges Sand. The former says:

"The regret which this death causes will be deeply felt by all the numerous friends of the deceased in France and in England; in all ranks of society, and all classes of politicians. In London, Gore House was always open to all political exiles, whether they were called Louis Bonaparte or Louis Blanc, to all the shipwrecked of fortune, and to all the illustrations of art and science. In Paris he had only a vast studio; but whoever knocked at his door in the name of misfortune, or for the aid and encouragement of progress, was sure to meet with an affable reception, and to receive cordial co-operation. Before the 2nd of December nobody made greater or more reiterated efforts for a policy of a different course and of the highest aspirations; after the 2nd of December no man exerted himself more to assuage the stroke of proscription. Pierre Dupont knows this, and can certify it. The President of the Republic had not a more devoted and sincere friend than Count D'Orsay, and it is at a moment when the prince had attached him to his person by the title and functions of Superintendent of the Beaux Arts that he has lost him for ever. This is an irreparable loss for the [illegible] for artists; but it is a still more irreparable loss for the cause of truth, and for the President of the Republic; for palaces have only two doors open to truth—the door of friendship and the door of adversity—of friendship, which is to adversity what lightning is to thunder. Invisible justice, equal justice for all, the justice of which death holds the scales, counts days when it does not measure gifts. Alfred D'Orsay was too highly gifted—a warm heart and elevated mind, a pure taste, antique beauty, athletic strength, incomparable address in all the exercises of the body, incontestable aptitude in all the arts to which he applied himself—drawing, painting, sculpture. Alfred D'Orsay had too many gifts for his days not to be parsimoniously reckoned. Death has been inexorable, but it has been just. It has not allowed him to become a common man. It has not taken him: it has chosen him."

Madame Georges Sand, in reply to a letter from the editor of the *Presse*, announcing the death of Count D'Orsay, observes that:

"My acquaintance with Count D'Orsay was of recent date. His sphere was the world, mine was retirement. It was necessary for exceptional circumstances to occur for us to become acquainted—and they did occur. He was kind and devoted, like a father, like a brother, to those who interested me deeply. Hence arose our friendship, which, having commenced late, seemed to be desirous of making up for lost time. I was attached to him by gratitude, which is the most serious and the sweetest of all ties. He pitied the victims of political tempests, and even on his death-bed, thought of and endeavoured to serve them. He was the friend of the unfortunate."

Nor did the President of the Republic fail to testify his sense of his loss. In a letter addressed by him to the Duchess de Grammont, he says that, informed too late of the time at which the funeral of Count D'Orsay, her brother, was to take place, he much regretted that he could not send his household to attend, "as a feeble mark of the grief he felt at the loss of one of his best friends."

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE LEGENDS OF CHILTON HALL.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

I.

THE WHITE LION.

RAILROADS have not made every place more accessible than of yore. In some instances they have even had the effect of rendering well known localities comparatively remote.

Of this kind is the village of Chilton, which stands about a mile from what was once the great thoroughfare through a frequented part of Hampshire. In those days not fewer than four-and-twenty coaches, up and down, used to change horses at the White Lion, the great posting-house on that line; and when travellers were not in so great a hurry as they now are to get to their journey's end, the White Lion was a pleasant place to stop at. The mutton they gave you there was excellent; it was bred on the neighbouring downs. The chickens were scarcely inferior to "Dorking;" and when served up as a "spatch-cock" with the mushrooms from the same chalky range, might defy competition. The small, purple trout from the hill-streams were as firm and well-flavoured as Switzerland or the Pyrenees can boast. The cellars of the White Lion, too, contained some choice old port; British brandy was a thing unknown. Mr. Spigot, who kept the house for so many years, had no rival on the road in the art of compounding an undeniable bowl of punch. You paid, it is true, pretty well for what you had, but what did that signify, so long as you were comfortable; and, besides, those who were in the habit of sojourning at the White Lion, went there for the express purpose of *being* comfortable.

Though not absolutely picturesque, the country had its attractions also. There were "barrows" and "encampments" for the antiquaries of the Roman period; one or two churches near, with Norman portals and fragments of old stained glass, for the mediæval worshipper; there were coursing and fishing for the sportsman; and the botanist or the simply-idle pedestrian might find plenty of amusement along the winding lanes that led into the more closely cultivated districts. So that, if anybody were in search of health, or the quiet pleasure to be gleaned in a not over-populous country, he might find his account in putting up at the White Lion for a day or two,—even if he were less influenced by the prospect of good cheer which that establishment held out, than is generally the case with those who seek "their warmest welcome at an inn."

As far as the White Lion is concerned, this is the history of the Past. The building stands, and—to speak figuratively as well as literally—*stands still*. It is not a Poor-Law Union, though there was once a great talk of making it one; neither is it a manufactory, though a paper-maker once cast his eyes upon it for such a purpose, and only relinquished the idea because he doubted the "water power" which was necessary to convert it into a mill. But there it stands, shut up, in every sense,—and one of these days, perhaps, when the gusts of winter blow rather fresher

than usual over the Hampshire hills, it may tumble down altogether, like a house built of cards.

At present there are few sites in England more directly suggestive of Wordsworth's lines:

> A merry place, 'twas said, in days of yore;
> But something ails it now,—the place is curst!

And this conclusion brings me to my more immediate purpose in describing the country of which the White Lion was once the chief pride and ornament, in the eyes of at least one class of her Majesty's subjects—and that of some importance in their day—the Jehus of the great western road.

Before the entire extinction of the glories of the Hampshire caravanserai, and while yet the White Lion, with mane and tail alike erect, glared fiercely, yet hospitably, upon the traveller, as much as to say, "I won't eat you myself, but—you'll be *taken care of* inside, yonder"—before that day of doom had quite arrived, a four-horse coach, that did its "eleven mile of ground" comfortably within the hour, deposited me one afternoon in October on the steps of the Leonine portico. Half-minute time sufficed for the "change," the consumption of the coachman's glass of sherry and bitters, the pocketing of the customary half-crown for the box-seat which I had just vacated, and the removal of the horsecloths, which set the team off into a hand-gallop, and then the spot where the "Tellygraft" had pulled up was a blank—blanker even than the countenances of the ostlers and helpers who watched the coach out of sight. I, too, having gazed my fill—as if it signified to me where the Telegraph was going, now that I had reached my destination—turned to occupy myself with the White Lion, its Landlord, its Waiter, its Boots, and its Chambermaid, all of whom occupied themselves with me.

In palmier days I should have had to speak plurally of all these functionaries, supposing that the landlord's double—the landlady—was co-equal with himself; but the days of the White Lion were beginning to be numbered—the landlady was defunct, sixteen coaches had already been taken off the road, and the domestic staff of Mr. Spigot had been proportionably curtailed; there were many more bedrooms now than travellers to fill them, and it was merely a tradition of the house to relate how George III. and Queen Charlotte used to stop there to eat carp and tench out of the famous pond in the garden of the White Lion. But tradition though it was, this royal fact used, somehow or other, to reach the guest's ears before he had been domiciled half an hour, if, indeed, he had not been informed of it—as was most likely—by the all-communicative coachman as soon as the White Lion hove in sight. In any case, he was sure to hear of it when the bill of fare was presented for his choice, though the pond itself was dried up which had supplied royalty with a banquet, and not a chance remained of getting either carp or tench, if even the traveller's inclination had induced him to desire those antediluvian fish.

What I dined upon that day it is scarcely worth while to recal, seeing that the White Lion larder is now empty, and can never again tickle the palate of living gastronome; nor would it be any more to the purpose to speak of Spigot's port, if Spigot himself had not assisted me to discuss it, and, while he officiated in this not uncongenial line, had not played

the part of historiographer with regard to a family respecting which I was somewhat interested.

But, before that subject came on the *tapis*, what led to it ought to be told.

II.

A HAMPSHIRE VILLAGE.

As soon as I had seen my bedroom and ordered my dinner, the afternoon not being far spent, I asked the waiter how far it was to the village of Chilton, and whether the road was easily found.

"Chilton, sir," said he; "oh, yes—a short walk of half an hour or so. Way to it, down the lane that you see there just at the edge of the common, turning to the left when you get by the stables. A dull place Chilton, sir, though it be so nigh."

"So I have heard," I replied; "but as I have business there, I must put up with its want of gaiety. To the left, I think you said?"

"Yes, sir, to the left, after you've passed the stables. Shall the ostler just show you?"

"No, I thank you; I dare say I shan't miss the road."

"Dare say not, sir. Dinner at six, I believe, sir?"

"At six," I answered. "There will be plenty of time. It's now two." And, this brief colloquy ended, I set out on my expedition.

The waiter's direction being clearer than that given by *Tony Lumpkin*, I very soon found myself in the lane leading to Chilton. It was one of those hollow ways that are so often met with at the foot of a range of downs. The bank on the upper side broke off abruptly from the chalk, and the bushes at first were scanty. It then deepened as it got away from the hill-side, and dropped between hedges that increased in height as the road became more sheltered, till it was almost embowered beneath the wild clematis which stretched across it. In the height of summer this shaded road must have been very pleasant, and even in October it was not without its charm, though the leaves were beginning to sere, and some of them to fall; but then the charm was chiefly to be found by those who, unlike the waiter at the White Lion, did not object to its loneliness. If this quality were a charm for me, it certainly did not diminish as I proceeded; and, by the time I had walked half a mile, the liveliness of the highway, over which the White Lion so patronisingly frowned, was only recalled by a strong effort of memory—or imagination. The lane still continued to descend till it was crossed by a small brook, which then pursued a parallel track on one side, through a patch of unreclaimed common, swampy, hoof-marked, and sprinkled with rushes. After this the hedges closed in again, and the brook ran beside the footpath, ditch-like, encouraging the growth of water-cresses in their season, till, at a sudden bend of the road, it crept out of sight, leaving the wayfarer to plod on his way alone. A slight inequality of the ground followed, another dip, and then a straight piece for a couple of hundred yards. A stray pig or two came in sight, rooting near some felled timber, amongst which children were playing. A wheelwright's shop opened upon the view, and three or four thatched cottages announced the

outskirts of the village of Chilton. In point of fact, they may be said to have proclaimed the village itself; for except a very small chandler's shop, where the receipts must have been calculated on the infinitesimal scale, a blacksmith's forge, and a little inn called the Horseshoe, there were no other houses to be seen; and why a few Hampshire peasants should have become gregarious on such a spot, was "a question to be asked." But it did not concern me to put it. The motive which took me to Chilton was not to speculate on the building propensities of its inhabitants, but to make inquiry concerning one who had been, and still was, the owner of the several architectural contrivances which met my view—about the Lord of the Manor, in short, of whose domain the village formed an appendage, but one which, apparently, was not much cared for.

To acquire this intelligence, I looked round for somebody to speak to; the blacksmith, at work in his forge, was the only person visible, and to him I addressed myself.

"Which is the way to Chilton Hall?" I asked.

The noisy occupation of the smith prevented him from hearing my question, and I had to repeat it. I did so before the ponderous hammer was raised, and so attracted his attention.

"This be Chilton," was the man's reply, slightly turning his head, but not altogether.

"Yes," I returned, "the village, but whereabouts is the Hall?"

The smith now faced round entirely, and seeing a stranger who was not a peasant, gave more consideration to the question than he seemed at first disposed to bestow.

"The Hall, master," said he; "why, 'tain't fur. Be you a going to the Hall?"

"When I can find where it is," was my rejoinder.

"For the matter of that," replied the village Vulcan, "the Hall's easily found; yon's the park wall, just a stone's throw past the Horseshoe; but perhaps you want to see the inside! that 'ere mayn't be quite so easy."

"Not only the inside," returned I, "but the gentleman who lives there."

The blacksmith whistled a note of exclamation, and then, after looking hard at me for a few moments, spoke again.

"There ain't no gentleman as lives there—now—'cept," he added, with a chuckle, "it be *the old gentleman!*"

"I thought," said I, "that the place belonged to Mr. Buckhurst."

"So it do—to Squire Buckhurst. But, bless you, he han't been there this many a year. He resides," continued the smith, sententiously, "he resides in forrin parts, somewheres in France or Germiny, as I've heerd say."

"So far, then," said I, "my journey has been thrown away."

But as this was a point which there was no need to discuss with the blacksmith, I pursued my inquiry respecting Chilton Hall.

"I've been told," I observed, "that the house is a very curious place."

"Curos enough," replied the smith, "if so be as you mean old and ugly; them must be curos, too, as wants to see the inside on't. I've been

there once—it's a good many year ago, now—and I never wants to go anigh it no more."

"Why not?" I inquired.

The smith shook his head.

"'Tain't a pleasant feeling place," he said, after a pause. "I was up there about a job—barring up some of the winders; the Squire lived there then, *he* did. I'd much rather work in my forge twice as long as that there job took me. There ain't no picters here to make you meloncholly: turn your head when you will, them eyes is always on you."

"Whose eyes?" I asked, becoming interested.

"The picters' eyes,—leastways the eyes of them as is painted up there. My nerves ain't weaker than other people's, I believe, but I couldn't have stood that sort of thing much longer. You see," continued the smith, growing more communicative, "the rooms I worked in was on the ground floor, and they was all hung round with picters—likenesses of the Squire's family as was dead, some of 'em ever so long. It was almost a relief to hear him come in and cuss and swear at me for not working fast enough, as he said, as if iron work was lath and plaster. I've met with a good many hard-mouthed men in my time, but none as ever I heerd come nigh the Squire for bad language when he'd a mind to. But I didn't much heed his swearing; 'twas when he laughed that I felt queer. It rung in your ears so malicious-like, as if he was a spiting of somebody that he'd taken a hate to, and they was in his power."

"And why did he have the windows barred up?"

"Nobody ever exactly know'd a Buckhurst's reason for anything they did. They was always a dark family. Some said it was fear of thieves, on account of the plate and such like; but, bless you, the Squire didn't fear nothing living; 'twarn't that."

The smith took two or three turns on the anvil as if to settle *that* point; and then, stopping of his own accord, he added:

"The fact is, master, he'd a temper, and was jealous, that's where it was, I'm thinking; and when a bad-tempered, jealous man gives himself to drink, 'tain't easy to say what he'll stop at."

"Was there any cause for his jealousy?"

"None that I heerd tell on. Never was a better lady than Mrs. Buckhurst, nor a beautifuller; 'twas her handsomeness as done it. Ah, she'd a hard time on it, and has still, I dare to say, if so be as she's still alive. Pretty young thing,—no more harm in her than there is in that——"

The smith looked round his forge for a simile, but not seeing anything there to help him, cast his eyes across the road, where he found what he wanted.

"—— than there is in that dog!"

He pointed as he spoke to a rough-looking, white bull-terrier that was lying half asleep on the door-step of the Horseshoe opposite. It was an odd comparison; but when the dog heard the smith's voice he looked up so good-naturedly, wagging his tail all the while, that it seemed scarcely out of place. There certainly was no harm in that dog!

The smith's allusion to the domestic life of Mr. Buckhurst corresponded with some reports which I had heard before. However, I passed on to the house once more, inquiring if no one lived there? The smith could

not say *that* exactly. It *was* inhabited and it was *not.* There was Mr. Buckhurst's agent, Lawyer Mizzleweather, who came down to look after the rents, and used to stay in the Hall a week or two at a time, when he was waited on by the lodge-keeper's wife and daughter, who kept the keys at other times, but had to sleep there then, though they did not much like it; so that the place was not shut up altogether. They, perhaps, the smith added, would not mind showing me the Hall, though it was not usual.

As I have a passion for old country houses, and had more than mere curiosity to gratify in wishing to see Chilton Hall, I thanked my informant after a manner that satisfied him he had not quite thrown away his time in talking to me, and taking the direction he gave as to the situation of the lodge, I left him to seek it.

III.

THE OLD HALL.

A QUARTER of an hour's walk took me there, and I rang for admission. I was reconnoitred through the bars of a lofty iron gate, very elaborate in the form of its ornaments, but sadly rusty and blistered for want of paint.

"It is not usual" seemed to be the *mot d'ordre* in everybody's mouth with regard to showing Chilton Hall, and it was repeated by the lodge-keeper's wife, while she held the handle of the gate before she turned it. As there is only one interpretation of the phrase "not usual," my hand naturally slid into my waistcoat-pocket, and the woman's eyes as naturally followed the movement, and the gate was thrown open immediately,—as soon, I mean, as could reasonably be expected of a gate that had so few demands upon its powers of expansion.

Provided with multitudinous keys, the lodge-keeper's wife, who now professed her willingness to serve as my *cicerone*, set out with me to the Hall. Our *route* lay through a long avenue of fine elms, which, even at this season, when the leaves were thinning fast, formed a perfect vault overhead; the road, after crossing a bridge which spanned a rapid brook, made a gradual ascent, and on either hand the park swept away in gentle undulations till it was lost in thick woods. After proceeding about halfway along the avenue, my guide paused for a moment, and pointing between the boles of the large elms, said that the Hall was visible in that direction. The inequality of the ground prevented the whole of the building from being seen; but the upper story, surmounted by a number of sharp-pointed gables, came distinctly into view, and prepared me, in some degree, for the general character of the edifice. Not altogether, however, for when we came close upon it I found it more antique than I had anticipated.

The Buckhursts are a family who date from a period coeval with the Conquest, and their archives prove that, as far back as the reign of Henry II., they were settled at Chilton. It is possible that some portions of the Hall might show traces of the original structure, but the greater part of it referred its origin to the fifteenth century, as the long line of peaked gables, and the projection of many parts of the upper

story, plainly indicated. Where these projections occurred, heavy pillars, such as may be seen in some of the oldest towns in Brittany, supported the floor above, but the main body of the Hall presented a long unbroken front, except for a square porch, a modern addition, which occupied the centre. The number of windows was greatly disproportioned to the length of the building; but this had not originally been the case, for the marks were very evident where several of them had been walled up, and that, probably, within the last twenty years. The jealous precautions of the present proprietor were, moreover, revealed in the iron bars which guarded those on the lower range, giving a sinister aspect to what, without them, was already sufficiently gloomy. The house, indeed, in the condition in which it then appeared, was altogether as uninviting a place as any one could desire to dwell in; but for a visit of curiosity, the case was different.

While I was examining the exterior, my guide had opened the door beneath the porch, and unclosed the shutters in the hall, letting in the light upon the dusky wainscot with which it was lined. I then followed her in, and she led the way through a narrow passage, which stretched along the front and terminated at the dining-room, a large, low-browed apartment—as indeed they all were—into which she ushered me. There had been "rare doings" in this room, she told me, when the Squire first succeeded to the estate; but its present appearance suggested anything but ideas of mirth and hospitality. The iron bars to the windows were a tolerable check upon liveliness, and this effect was heightened on looking through them into a garden, enclosed within a high wall, against which apricot and peach-trees were trained, the fruit of which, my guide remarked, never ripened. It was scarcely to be expected that they should, for the rays of the mid-day sun were intercepted by the thick branches of a row of cypress and yew, which skirted a terrace-walk, and alternately threw their gloomy shadows on everything in the garden. In such a house as this you may be sure that tradition was never idle, and the first of a series of allusions to the mysterious history of the past was made in this dark dining-room.

In reply to my suggestion that the proximity of the yew-trees was the cause why the peaches on the south wall never came to maturity, the lodge-keeper's wife shook her head, observing, that all the sunshine that ever flooded the sky would do no good *there*.

"The soil in which those peach-trees take root," she said, "has been mixed with what ought never to have been in it. When near relations spill each other's blood, it's not likely the ground that blood falls on should make things grow fit for Christians to eat."

"Was murder, then, committed there?" I asked.

"It was next kin to it, at any rate," answered my guide. "It's more than a hundred years ago, I believe, that two brothers belonging to the family fought with swords by moonlight under that wall, and the eldest of the two was killed. I've heard tell that the lady they fought about—their own cousin—was looking on all the while out of the bedroom window just above. It was the one she loved that survived, and she eloped with him that same night. They went, it was said, to Italy, where people suppose they died, for nobody heard more of them afterwards."

This was a promising beginning to the legends of Chilton Hall, and I thought, as I looked round the deserted old chamber in which we stood, that it would be strange if the inside had not also its own story to tell.

"Such a house as this," I observed, as we passed on into what had once been a well-filled library, but in which not a single book remained, all having been sold when the present proprietor went abroad—"such a house as this is haunted, of course!"

The woman faintly smiled.

"I can't say whether it is or not, for I never saw anything, though I've slept here often, but folks talk about it in that way."

"But houses," I continued, "are often said to be haunted, though nothing is to be seen. A strange noise frequently makes a very good ghost."

"Oh, there are noises enough at times, by night and day too, for that matter; but," she continued, with an air of false confidence, "it's not to be wondered at, in a house that's been built this four hundred years, with such a many rooms, when the wind comes gusting down the long, rambling passages, and the rats scamper and squeak as they do here behind the panels."

"Then you don't, yourself, believe in ghosts?"

"I don't deny 'em, sir; leastways, you know, this isn't the place for to. More people, they say, have come to their end under this roof than ever died natural deaths; but whether they walk or no is more than I know."

We were now entering a suite of drawing-rooms which had the appearance of being better furnished than the rest of the apartments. There were pictures, too, on the walls, and the window-shutters were opened wide that I might see them properly. The first that caught my attention was the portrait of a dark, handsome man of about forty years of age, dressed in the costume of the middle of the last century. It was a proud, bitter, wicked face, with closely-compressed lips, very fine eyes, that looked daggers, and a long, straight nose, with a scornful expression in the open nostrils. It was a half-length, and the hands, which like every other part of the picture were admirably painted, were delicately formed, but clenched.

"Whose is that portrait?" I inquired.

"The great uncle of the present Squire," was the answer; "it was done by Gainsborough, and is said to have been very like. He was the youngest of three, and came into the estate after the duel between the two I named, sir. That was the lady he married; she was a rich heiress. The Buckhursts always married heiresses."

The lady appeared to be a fit helpmate for such a husband: beautiful, but evil-looking, with almost colourless cheeks, and the darkest hair and eyebrows, which latter met in nearly a straight line.

To judge by the rules of physiognomy, such a pair were the representatives of but little virtue. Pride, coldness, and cruelty, were stamped on the features of both, with something more that spoke of wrong-doing, the existence of which one felt sure of, without being able to trace the expression that denoted it to its source.

In striking contrast to these two were an earlier Buckhurst and his wife, from the pencil of Lely. The bridegroom—for he must have been

painted before that title was worn out—was a young man of one or two-and-twenty, dressed in grey silk, with a broad blue ribbon across his chest, and wearing an immense wig of soft auburn hair; his bride was a fair creature, in whose complexion the figure of speech of "roses and lilies" was a reality; she had the softest blue eyes in the world, and a poet of the day in which she lived would have told her that her golden locks were fit only to furnish the strings of Apollo's lyre; she was attired as a lady of "quality" should be, and when she sat for her picture must have been looking more at her husband than at the artist. There would have been nothing to disturb the charm which these two portraits created had there not been in the corner of each these little words: "Ob. ætat. 24." They were of the same age, and died, the lodge-keeper's wife said, within a month of each other. From what I could gather, it would seem that this pair were, with one exception, the last of the family who deserved a good epitaph.

A third specimen of a Buckhurst remains to be described in the portrait of the last male descendant, the actual, though absent, proprietor of Chilton. A modern artist, of no mean celebrity, had tried to divest of their coarseness and sensuality features which were only too expressive of uncontrollable will, violent passions, and grovelling desires. The lineaments had been softened, the fiery colour subdued, the restless eye shaded; but the real character proclaimed itself through every disguise, and nature triumphed in spite of the painter's skill. Beside him was his wife, the gentleness of whose disposition none could question who looked on her sweet face; still less could they entertain a momentary belief that she ever harboured in her mind a single thought to disturb the most suspicious apprehension. Yet it was on her account that all the windows of Chilton were causelessly barred: it was to torture her that all the mad revels were indulged in, which began in degradation, and ended in ruin.

There were numberless pictures besides—nearly all of them family portraits, with here and there a landscape or a *tableau de genre.* Straight-backed gentlemen in strangulating neckcloths and full-bottomed wigs; elaborate shepherdesses in *real* satin; dignitaries of the Church; fine ladies of the finest texture; now and then a fierce-looking soldier, in cuirass or cocked-hat, and occasionally a luminary of the law, in the person of a puisne judge or chief baron. Some of these pictures had physiognomy, but the greater part merely conveyed the impression of having been in a well-dressed crowd at a fancy ball; and after passing through the range of apartments where they hung, I could scarcely recal the precise attributes of any of them.

A *memento* of a different kind awaited me as we ascended the broad oaken staircase that led to the upper story. It was no portrait, but something still closer to humanity than art could frame: a naked, ghastly skull, which stood in a window-seat, like a coral or vase, or other ornament. It had been the whim of the present proprietor to keep it there, to make his wife shudder every time she passed it; and since he had been forced to go abroad, none dared to remove it.

"A strange decoration this," I said.

"The Squire would have it here," was the reply. "I'm told that he always asks about it when the agent sees him on business."

I asked if there was any story attached to the skull. Was it known to whom it had belonged?

My guide answered, rather reluctantly, that it was supposed to be that of a young person—a governess in the family, in fact—who had been very unfortunate in the time of "Black Buckhurst"—a *sobriquet* by which the original of the Gainsborough portrait appeared to be distinguished.

"There were bars to some of the windows then," she added; "but this poor thing forced her way through them one night, and next morning she was found drowned in the brook that crosses the long avenue."

"And, notwithstanding all these sad stories," said I, "do you mean to say that the Hall is actually without ghosts?"

"Why," replied the woman, who seemed a little nervous on this point, "if there is one thing more than another to make a person believe in them, perhaps it is about the poor governess. If the Squire hadn't ordered it himself, I don't suppose any one would have touched the skull. I own, for my part, that I wouldn't. We had a workman one day—four or five years ago, the agent was staying here at the time, and my daughter and I slept in the house—well, this workman, in a careless way, struck the skull with his hammer. 'Don't do that,' said my daughter; 'we shall have such a night!' And so we had. In spite of all those bars, the wind came like a hurricane, and broke nearly every pane of glass in the great gallery; and if ever I heard noises in the Hall it was that night."

"A violent storm," I suggested, in an indifferent tone.

"Of course, sir, it was a storm; but one quite out of the common. It isn't often that the wind shrieks and groans as it did then. I've never lifted the skull since—not even to dust it."

Long passages, narrow casements, dusky rooms, floors that creaked beneath every footstep, mildewed pictures, faded draperies, and a general air of gloom—these formed the remainder of the dreary show. But there were no more skulls or blighted fruit-trees; no more legends—none, at least, that were related by my guide; though I lingered about the old Hall till the grey October twilight, which was deepening into dusk, might well have provoked them.

I then departed, and, walking at a brisker pace than I had set out with, reached the hospitable threshold of the White Lion as the hall-clock was striking the dinner-hour.

IV.

BLACK BUCKHURST AND HIS BRIDE.

I HAVE already stated the reason why it is not necessary for me to expatiate on the *cuisine* of the White Lion, so we will at once suppose the cloth removed, and Spigot, the smiling landlord, doing his best to convince me, by practical efforts, that his wine was in good order.

The weather and the crops, the falling off in stage-coach travelling, and such topics as most affected my host's particular calling, sufficed to break the ice of our conversation; topographical matters ensued, and at last we settled down upon "the neighbourhood,"—a theme which, in the country, is always a tolerably fruitful one.

Mr. Spigot knew it well, and justified his pretensions to the knowledge by local experience, as man and boy, for at least half a century.

"Living so close to Chilton as you do, and having lived here so long," observed I, "you must of course have known something of the family at the old Hall which I went to see this afternoon."

"I should think I did," replied Mr. Spigot, quietly. "I have had reason to."

"Agreeably, or otherwise—if I may put such a question?"

"Ah, sir, it's plain to be seen by that inquiry that you are a stranger in these parts. Nobody that I ever heard of, or met with, found it to their advantage in the long run, to have anything to do with the Buckhursts. I don't mean to say," continued Mr. Spigot, "but what there was a time when I had my share of enjoyment up at the Hall; but that was when I was a much younger man than I am now, and then—I've paid for it pretty well since."

"In what way?" I ventured to ask, finding that the White Lion showed a disposition to be communicative.

"In the way we most of us feel it, sir, here—in the breeches-pocket," answered mine host, slapping that receptacle as he spoke. "I should have been a matter of three thousand pounds more to the good if the Squire hadn't broke up in the way he did."

"Indeed!" said I. "So much? I saw enough to-day to satisfy me that such a place as Chilton could not have been abandoned unless there had been some strong pecuniary motives for leaving it."

"Few men have had stronger, sir, than Squire Buckhurst. I'll just give you a notion. Five-and-thirty years ago, when he came into his property, he had a rent-roll of nearly as many thousands. I don't mean to say his estates were unencumbered; there never was a Buckhurst yet that didn't contrive to damage what belonged to him; but then they always made it straight again, somehow, by marriages and successions, for theirs was a wide connexion, and something was always falling in, so that the mischief that was done one way was mended in another. Well, making allowance for drawbacks, Squire John—the present man—had as handsome a fortune as any gentleman in the county; and if he had lived quietly for a few years there needn't have been a mortgage upon an inch of the property. But what did he do? Why, just what so many men besides himself have done; lived up to the full extent of his nominal income, and a good deal more. Race-horses, fox-hounds, Liberty Hall, racketting all over the country, London acquaintance of all sorts; cards, dice, wine, women, everything that helps to make money fly, these were the things Squire John took delight in, and so he carried on. As I said before, I had my share of the fun; for though I wasn't on any footing of equality with Mr. Buckhurst, that made no difference; I was as good as any of his companions, and better perhaps than most of them; all he cared for was to be at the top of his society, and as the gentry fell off from him, not liking his ways, he picked up others that weren't, as he said, so squeamish. He had a deal of pride, though, in his way; nobody could contradict him without hearing of it in a manner they didn't like; passionate and violent are hardly words to use if one wanted to say what he was when anything went wrong with him; I don't know what

to liken him to then but a Harry the Eighth mad-drunk. What I should have been if I hadn't backed out of such company is more than I can say, though perhaps I may guess by what's happened to others. However, I saw my error in time, got married, and lived quiet. The Squire, too, he married after a while; but as to quietness, there wasn't much more at the Hall then than there had been before, only it was after a different fashion. His temper was as changeable as it was ungovernable. Sometimes he'd throw the place open for weeks together, all riot, and waste, and boon companionship with every low fellow in the county; then he'd shut it up like a prison, and keep watch with bloodhounds and firearms, so that nobody dared to cross the park either by day or night; and all because he used to swear that somebody came and courted his wife, when the truth was she wouldn't sit at the table with the people he brought to the Hall, but kept herself—poor lady—in her own room, where, I'll be bound for it, she shed many a bitter tear; then, after a time, he'd get tired of being his own gaoler, and break out again worse than ever. Of course it's not difficult to imagine the end of all this; the property went to the bad, timber was cut down, money raised everywhere, some on good security, some on bad—I'm sorry to say that mine turned out of the last-mentioned—and then came the smash; the estate couldn't stand it any longer, the creditors came in, and everything but the entailed property was sold. The Squire and his lady went off to France, and there he lives now, carrying on, I'm told, just the same game as ever."

At this point of his narrative Mr. Spigot refreshed himself with a bumper of his own port, and I took advantage of the pause to ask him how Mr. Buckhurst managed to perform the great feat he had just mentioned, which, it appeared to me, was somewhat difficult for a ruined man.

"Difficult! not at all," returned the White Lion, setting down his glass, "you forget the entail, sir, he has more than enough left still to let him live like a gentleman anywhere—if he only knew how—not to mention France, where people live upon next to nothing. And so, sir," pursued Mr. Spigot, "it's not to be wondered at if Chilton is the ramshackled old place you found it. But it's a judgment—there's no doubt of it."

I had heard enough, in the course of the day, to satisfy me that my primary object in coming down to Chilton was defeated—for the truth was, that in the course of business I had become—no matter how—the possessor of a bond of Mr. Buckhurst's, which seemed likely to prove as valuable as the security of whose nature Mr. Spigot had just complained. It was unnecessary, I thought, to ask any more questions about my debtor, neither did the White Lion appear anxious, after discharging himself of this outline of the Squire's misdeeds, to enter into any further details respecting him; so, from the individual in whom had centred almost all the vices of his race, I turned to the race itself, and questioned Spigot concerning its past history.

The legends of Chilton were common property, of course, and Mr. Spigot was as much "up" in the subject as the lodge-keeper's wife. More so, indeed: for having been a frequent inmate at the Hall at a period of life when strange stories make the strongest impression, he was

acquainted with many particulars concerning the family of which she was ignorant.

The most remarkable of these related to him who was called "Black Buckhurst," and what he told me I have thrown into the following brief narrative.

The possessor of Chilton, in the earlier part of the reign of George the Second, was Colonel Arthur Buckhurst, a man of stern, inflexible character, whose dominant feeling was the importance of his family. To sustain this, he had rigidly established two rules; first, that there should be no derogation of blood in the alliances of his house, and next, that in these alliances there should be no diminution of its wealth. He fancied that such was the way in which the Buckhursts had acquired and maintained the position they held, and to perpetuate this state of things, after having himself married an heiress and a De Vere, was the grand purpose of his life.

Colonel Buckhurst had three sons, as nearly of the same age as the order of primogeniture allowed. Nature had been liberal to them in external gifts, but her kindness went no further: their moral endowments were not of a sort to make the world in general as solicitous for the endurance of the race of Buckhurst as its present head. But the world's opinion did not concern the father of these young men, at least, he thought not; he had very limited ideas with regard to the social virtues, and provided his sons were obedient to his wishes in the article of marriage, he left them in other respects pretty much to their own devices. The consequence was, that the evil which was in them rapidly matured, and by the time they had arrived at man's estate it would have been difficult to have discovered three more dangerous members of society than Arthur, Edgar, and Lionel Buckhurst.

The fortunes of the two elder brothers are only incidental to the story of the younger, and I pass on, therefore, to what principally concerns him.

Lionel Buckhurst's career began in the army, and he served for three or four years in "the Plantations" (as the colonies were then called), but a fever, at the close of countless excesses, so nearly carried him off, that when his brother officers saw him taken on board of ship to embark for England, they looked upon promotion by his death as certain, believing that he could not possibly live to reach home. They were, however, deceived; "life's strange principle" lay deep within him, and he survived to count the deaths of those who reckoned upon his. His health had begun to mend on the voyage, and it visibly improved when he came down to Chilton, and again breathed his native air. Still his recovery was slow, and the invalid lived after his own desire—a good deal to himself.

From some cause which he could not understand, neither of his brothers had yet married, though eligible offers abounded, and Colonel Buckhurst, who was now advancing in years, had never ceased to urge them to do so. But it was one thing, they both said, not to disobey him by forming a *mésalliance*, and another not to follow the bent of their inclinations in choosing a wife: to their father's great chagrin they, therefore, continued single.

It was Lionel Buckhurst's hope, as the future once more opened

before him, that the celibacy of his brothers might become confirmed, and this thought became the constant subject of his solitary meditations. His father, too, appeared to entertain some notion that such a thing might be possible, and as he witnessed the gradual improvement of Lionel's health, his conversation with his youngest son often turned upon the desirability of his forming an early and eligible connexion.

Lionel saw all the advantages which might accrue from following his father's advice, and promised as early a compliance with his wishes as his condition would allow. He was indifferent, he said, to the sex, and all he cared for was to please his father in a matter of so much interest to *him*.

In one respect Lionel spoke truly enough: he had had many with women; but his heart was still untouched. It was destined ever, not to remain so much longer.

He was accustomed, from the habits of a tropical climate, to rise very early in the morning, and ride for several hours; and as his strength increased, his excursions extended to a considerable distance, from the Hall. On one of those occasions it chanced that he was encountered by a lady riding, like himself, alone. The place was solitary, on the edge of a wild moor; and the circumstance of the early hour, and the singularity of meeting a female of condition, as she evidently was, wholly unattended, caused him to look at her with some attention as he drew near. Her features were handsome, her figure tall, her air lofty and commanding, and self-possession marked her whole bearing, suggesting to Lionel many points of similarity to himself. He saluted her, according to the fashion of the time, with elaborate, though silent courtesy,—the lady bowed her acknowledgments with a haughty condescension, and each rode on their several ways. A second time they met near the same spot; the same mute salutation was rendered and accepted, and again they pursued an opposite route. But Lionel had not proceeded far across the moor when the appearance of the sky denoted a heavy storm at hand, and he turned back to seek some place of shelter. He had noticed some old ruins about a quarter of an hour before not far from the confines of the moor, and thither he now rode as fast as his horse could carry him. But the tempest met him in all its fury before he reached the place he sought, and drenched and dripping with the blinding rain he galloped into the enclosure, unaware, until he suddenly pulled up beneath a wide archway overgrown with ivy, that he was not the only person who had taken refuge there. He then, to his surprise, discovered that his companion was the lady whom he had already twice encountered on the moor.

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It was again early in the morning—earlier even than before—that Lionel Buckhurst and Sybella Gournay met for the third time; but they were no longer strangers to each other.

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Months passed away, and the ruins of Saint Catherine's Chapel were still their trysting-place; but a more absorbing interest than even that which led them to renew their first visit there occupied them now. Sybella Gournay—the portionless daughter of a man of birth, the sworn foe of the Buckhursts, to whom the law had given estates that ought by right to have been his—Sybella Gournay was about to become an un-

wedded mother, and Lionel Buckhurst—already affianced by his father to another—shared her guilt. Sybella valued her reputation—now that it was too late—above all other earthly considerations, and the chief aim of Lionel was personal aggrandisement. In an evil hour they had given way to the impulses of unbridled passion—in an hour of deeper evil they agreed to suppress its fruits.

The day drew near for the marriage of Lionel Buckhurst with Eleanor Sudeley, the rich heiress of Endersby. She was the first cousin of Sybella Gournay; but though Colonel Buckhurst held no friendship with Mr. Gournay, he did not despise his blood, nor slight the wealth which a more fortunate branch of his family possessed. The cousins, too, were friends; and though Mr. Gournay refused to be present at the approaching wedding, he did not control the will of his daughter, whose temper was as imperious as his own. It would have been an impossible task for any one less mistress of her emotions than Sybella Gournay to have consented to act as the bridesmaid of Eleanor Sudeley on the occasion of her marriage; but she, however, not only gave her consent, but gave it eagerly. It threw her into the closest relations with her cousin, and therefore she accepted the office. The day, at length, was fixed, and all the preparations were made, when a fearful event at Chilton stayed its accomplishment. The dead body of Arthur Buckhurst, with a gaping wound in his breast, was found one morning lying on the cypress-walk in the small garden-enclosure;—his own sword, broken from the hilt, lay beside him, and at a few paces distant was another, the blade of which was stained with blood. It was recognised for that of Edgar Buckhurst, who was nowhere to be found—neither were there any traces of Maude Levinge, the beautiful orphan niece of Colonel Buckhurst.

Lionel's marriage with Eleanor Sudeley never took place. Whether the shock of the event itself, or her dread of entering a family over which hovered the crime of fratricide operated upon her mind, or whether some other cause was at work, was never precisely known; but a wasting illness seized her, and she slowly pined away until she died, bequeathing her fortune to her affectionate cousin Sybella, who scarcely ever quitted her bedside throughout her fatal malady.

Six months afterwards, Sybella Gournay became the wife of Lionel, better known throughout the country as "Black Buckhurst," who had, in the mean time, succeeded his father.

With vast possessions, and every object of ambition achieved, the thing they most coveted was wanting to their desires. The perpetuation of his line was as strong in Lionel Buckhurst as it had been in his father, but no child was ever born to him save that which perished in darkness and crime. If any one asks whether Lionel and Sybella lived happily amidst their splendour, let him learn that the lady died mad, and that Black Buckhurst fell by his own hand.

These two were the originals of the portraits painted by Gainsborough, which had so much attracted my attention at Chilton Hall.

LITERARY LEAFLETS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. I.—The Humour of Thomas de Quincey.

On one of those Ambrosial Nights, when ginger was hot in the mouth of North and Tickler, and many another "image of God cut in *Ebony*," the most virtuous of whom rejoiced in intolerable quantities of cakes and ale, the magnificent preses, Christopher himself, took occasion to toast a distinguished guest, the English Opium-eater, in the following terms:—"Gentlemen, I propose in one sentence, with all the honours, the health of Thomas de Quincey—a person of the highest intellectual and imaginative powers—a Metaphysician, a Logician, and a Political Economist of the first order—a profound and comprehensive Scholar—a perfect Gentleman—and one of the best of Men."* And the health was drunk, as meet and right it was, "with prodigious acclamation," by a symposium made up of such *beaux esprits* as Buller and Seward (recently restored to public life in the "Dies Boreales"), Moir and Macnish, Jamie Ballantyne and Watson Gordon, Tickler and Hogg. The terms of this *éloge* pertain to the more solid and serious attributes of De Quincey's character, personal and professional. They do not include one aspect—the humorous—to which I now devote a few illustrative paragraphs. That aspect seems to have a sufficiently individual and *prononcé* nature to have merited notice among the other qualities to which Sir Christopher directed attention. Is not De Quincey among the humorists? As surely as he is among the scholars—the philosophers—the critics—the imaginative and pathetic writers—the originals of our time.

Yet the comedy in which he indulges is certainly not known and read of all men. It is perhaps *caviare* to the general. Many people who are in a roar at the first remote accents of Buckstone's voice, heard from behind a canvas side-scene at the little theatre in the Haymarket, and who laugh three hours by Shrewsbury clock at the faintest scintillations of fun in Dickens, travel through page after page of De Quincey's elaborate mirth without one contraction, or rather expansion, of their facial muscles, or one twinge or ache in the region of the sides. Some of them are as little conscious the while that they are meant to laugh, as M. Jourdain was that his every-day converse attained the sublime altitude of prose. A venerable she-peasant was once moved to tears (*not* of gaiety) by listening to the recitation of some crack parts of "Hudibras;" and, being interrogated as to the origin of this curious psychological phenomenon, made tremulous reply—"Oh, sir, them verses do sound *so* affecting!" I have seen readers of the Opium-eater's frolicsome passages demeaning themselves in a manner just as uncalled for—barring the "natural drops;" gravely, grimly perusing a *jeu d'esprit*

* It is some twenty years since De Quincey was thus glowingly but justly characterised. Since then he has contributed many a splendid treatise, tractate, or what you will, to our literature. Why is not his name on the pension list? Already has this question been (Scotticè) "asked *at*" the government; but neither so frequently nor so urgently as the case justifies, considering what manner of man this is.

throughout its sportive convolutions; sounding on their dim and perilous way among jokes that *de jure* should be lights to their path, but *de facto* are stumbling-blocks and pitfalls—that *should* have the effect of cheering their hearts, but, on the contrary, threaten to break their necks. His humour, then, is not for all comers. It is not patent for the use and delight of all tastes and degrees of men amongst us. For some it is too subtle and tangential and allusive; for others too complex, intricate, parenthetical; for others too ponderous, too "high and dry," too pedantic; for others too unlicensed in its verbiage, too eccentric in its orbit, too colloquial and *slangy* in its neological solecisms. Racy as it often is, there is a twang of Alma Mater about it, a *soupçon* of cap-and-gown scholarship, to relish which pre-supposes a taste habituated to the Fellows' table and the Combination Room. And keen and delicate as are many of its tones, they not uncommonly peal out such a burden of harum-scarum glee, such wild and wilful, as well as merry chimes, that precisians shake their heads, and close their ears, and harden their hearts, and turn their backs, upon such a discordant *omniumgatherum* of laughing devilries.

According to Mr. Landor, whoever has humour has wit, though it does not follow that whoever has wit has humour. "Humour is wit appertaining to character, and indulges in breadth of drollery rather than in play and brilliancy of point. Wit vibrates and spirts; humour springs up exuberantly as from a fountain, and runs on."* Mr. Leigh Hunt, again, pronounces wit to be the arbitrary juxtaposition of dissimilar ideas, for some lively purpose of assimilation or contrast, or both; and humour, a tendency of the mind to run in particular directions of thought or feeling, more amusing than accountable."† Taking either of these definitions as a standard, it might seem a feasible allegation that whatever of the *vis comica* belongs to the Opium-eater's writings, should be classified in the department—not of humour, but of wit. But, while acknowledging to the full his claims as a wit of high degree, we contend that he is also a humorist of the first class; so long, at least, as we continue to hold that humour is, in fact, wit, and something more—su[illegible] g to the ludicrous the kindly—tempering the laughable with the hastening the ridiculous with a spirit of tenderness; that whilst ns to the intellect, humour involves a moral element also; that wit is a sort of dry, light humour, as its name implies, has something moist in its nature; and that wit disports itself regardless of the feelings, whereas, without sympathy, humour cannot exist. While Voltaire may be fairly pointed out as one of the wittiest of wits, and Jean Paul as one of the most humorous of humorists, we entertain a conviction that an intelligent and comprehensive scrutiny of De Quinc voluminous *opera omnia* would ratify our doctrine, that *he* is at once entitled to be called one of the wittiest of humorists and most humorous of wits.

Do you demur, reader? And do you cavalierly reject the idea of objection, by proving a negative? And do you make over to me the *onus probandi?* Well, had I a "fair field"—in the

* Imaginary Conversations (Alfieri and Salomon).
† Wit and Humour, pp. 9, 11.

shape of an entire magazine to myself—I would curry for "no favour," but valiantly undertake the proof, and establish it to my own entire satisfaction, and to *yours*, unless an *æs triplex* of brassy prejudice encases your pericardium—by dint of profuse quotations, fragments of fun, huge junks of jocosity, and elegant extracts of mirth, from my author's exhaustless cornucopæia. But how can I convince a stout-hearted infidel, obstinate in his hostility and firm on his pins as a rampant red lion, by a homœopathic dose of some two or three pages? How can I purge the man's bile by such a globule as *that?* By his leave, therefore, or without it, I must on the present occasion postulate and assume the reality and genuineness of the claims in question. The quantity of evidence which must be brought into court, to demonstrate in its length and breadth the validity of those claims, is *so* ample, that I must beg my incredulous friend to take it for granted. Meanwhile, let me refer you to my author's Lectures on Murder, considered as one of the Fine Arts, in illustration of his gravely-facetious irony—to his reviews of Parr and Bentley, as specimens of vivacious gleeful scholarship—to his "Nautico-military Nun of Spain," his "System of the Heavens," his critiques on Schlosser, Landor, Sir W. Hamilton, and others, as teeming with quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles, pressed down, shaken together, and running over. The most pathetic, the most rhetorical, the most ratiocinative, the most impassioned of his writings, are varied and interwoven—disfigured if you will—by a pervading, or rather intermitting presence, "not to be put by," of frolicsome banter or jocular allusion. His most solemn texts have a marginal reference to Laughter holding both his sides. From grave to gay is, with him, as brief a journey as from the sublime to the ridiculous—a single step. As Shakspeare makes farce a "rider" to his main proposition, tragedy—confronting *Hamlet* with a quibbling gravedigger, coupling *Lear* with cap and bells, relieving the regicidal horror in *Macbeth* by the interjection of a prosy, dull-pated porter,—so De Quincey studs his most impressive and sustained eloquence with digressions of vagrant merriment, and the tears which a sentence ago were those of anguish, in the next do duty as accompaniments of festal laughter. He is conscious—*habes confitentem*—of this motley complexion in his style. Thus—where he describes the abyss of divine enjoyment suddenly revealed to him by his first "exhibition" of laudanum, calling it a φαρμακον νηπενθες for all human woes, and grandly illustrating the revulsion it produced within him,—the upheaving, from its lowest depths, of the inner spirit,—the apocalypse of the world within,—he goes on to calculate how happiness (the secret whereof had been a disputed point with philosophers of all times) might now be bought for a penny, and carried in the waistcoat-pocket—and how portable ecstasies might be had corked up in a pint bottle—and how peace of mind could be sent down in gallons by the mail-coach. He then comments on his own chequered mood, as follows: "But, if I talk in this way, the reader will think I am laughing; and I can assure him, that nobody will laugh long who deals much with opium; its pleasures even are of a grave and solemn complexion; and, in his happiest state, the opium-eater cannot present himself in the character of *L'Allegro;* even then he speaks and thinks as becomes *Penseroso*. Nevertheless, I have a very reprehensible way of jesting at times in the

midst of my own misery; and, unless when I am checked by some more powerful feelings, I am afraid I shall be guilty of this indecent practice even in these annals of suffering or enjoyment."* This interspersing, however, of wayward extravaganza and burlesque, amid stately aisles of cathedral diction, will not be found to give an unreal air to the latter; the capricious wayside jest no more vitiates the authenticity of the swelling pathos, than do *Hamlet's* parenthetic apostrophes to old *Truepenny* in the cellarage argue a mind too frivolous for appreciation of the epiphany of his ghostly sire.

De Quincey possesses a humour almost *unique* and *sui generis* in the art of telling a story with quaint garnishings.† His manner of using details—his eye for accessory effects—his gravely-conducted evolution of episodical illustrations—are inimitable. No one is a greater adept at hauling in an old Joe Miller with a new face, a clean shirt and ruffles, a coat quite *à la mode*, and a *tout ensemble* which makes quite another man of him. No one can better develop the utmost possibilities of a musty adage, a threadbare proverb, a flavourless bit of slang, a joke that has seen better days, or an anecdote run to seed. He renews the youth of the effete article, and lends it wings to soar higher than when it walked the earth in virgin prime. Not that his stores of anecdotage are confined to second-hand and worn-out materials, for he often "comes down upon" you with a novelty dazzlingly new; but he is at no loss what to do with a thoroughly *passé* story, and can turn it to account though it be as old as the hills.

In the same vein he loves to carry on a protracted argument, applying to sheer nonsense a rigorous discipline of logical elucidation, and wasting, as it would appear, a senior wrangler's analytic powers on the elimination of a futile crotchet. *Gratiano*, of Venice, who talked an infinite deal of nothing, would have found in him a scrutator ever ready and willing to extract the two grains of wheat from the two bushels of chaff, and not at all backward to prove that the two bushels were of prime quality, not chaff or refuse by any means, but safe to get a glorious bid in Mark-lane. He expends a costly apparatus of ratiocination upon the veriest bagatelle, the most impracticable paradox; his complex system of mechanism perplexes the eye with wheels within wheels, one and all duly oiled with unctuous humour, and employed in spinning a yarn not large enough, or strong enough, to garter the taper knee of one of Queen Mab's satellites, or to replace the traces of her chariot ("smallest spider's web"), or to mend her "whip, of cricket's bone" with "lash, of film." He exults in that stupendous scale of mountainous travail which results in the birth of a mouse; peerless he is in the obstetric science of tickling a catastrophe of *that* sort; the bigger the mountain the better he is pleased; and it is not his fault if you do not hear Vulcan and his stithy pressed into the service, labouring within and on behalf of the labouring volcano, and performing some species of Cæsarian operation, to dignify the nativity of the *ridiculus mus.* We see, as it were, a renowned musical composer, "potent, grave, and reverend," seat himself before the stately organ, and, selecting as his theme some street chanson—"O dear, what can the matter be!" or "Polly, put the kettle on"—he pursues it through figures

* Confessions of an English Opium-eater. Part II.

† For example, his tale of old Mr. Coleridge's appropriation of a lady's robes, at a dinner-party; or the narrative of an introduction of English coaches into China.

of surpassing pomp and orchestral tumult; he glorifies it into intricate harmonies; he transfigures its original meanness into bewildering *bravura* and interminable *fantasia*. Thus De Quincey amuses himself with scholarly investiture of ephemeral trifles, and entwines an absurdity with gorgeous convolutions of rhetoric. One of his critics styles his humour "elephantine;" and the epithet is applicable enough, if it refers to the size and structure and slow emphasis of his fun; but not if it insinuates a certain ludicrous awkwardness and gawky stolidity, such as commonly we attribute to the elephant in his gay moments. With this proviso, the description is not infelicitous; and were we disposed to follow out the comparison, we might find suggestive types in the majestic bulk, and heavy tread, and sagacious glance, and pointed tusk, and syncretic all-comprehending trunk, and deliberate "action," of the excellent quadruped in question.

Another characteristic of De Quincey, in his *riant* mood, is the affectation of intense arrogance and complacent superiority—as utter a contrast as can be imagined to his personal bearing in private life. This contemptuous ridicule of standard celebrities is not of the offensive kind adopted by criticasters, who in puling accents beg to differ from this or that authority, and are only (to use Charles Lamb's phrase) modest for modest men; that is to say, conceited and self-sufficient to the very last degree. De Quincey does not apologise, does not equivocate, does not mince matters with his adversary; but simply calls himself a pretty man, defies this "universal airth" to turn up a prettier, and assumes forthwith an attitude expressive of defiant readiness for all comers. It is partly the reality, and partly the raillery of his challenge, which give an idiosyncratic or *differential* piquancy to this exhibition of his humour. In fluent exaggeration of all kinds he is pre-eminently *au fait*. Even we—who are accused of blindness to his defects—are disposed to complain of his too lavish and inconsiderate use of superlatives and violent expletives; so profusely are they heaped on men and things of the merest insignificance, that they seem to "lack gall," and to fall flat and harmless when bestowed on more befitting occasions. Almost we are reminded of the man described by Solomon as casting "firebrands, arrows, and death," and saying, "Am I not in sport?" Not that anything like mischievous intent, or simulated wrath, is imputable to our author, but there is a sense of disproportion.

Not a few will aver that strictures are also due to his unrestrained indulgence in slang. But slang is exclusively vulgar only to one-sided censors; and recently, in the grave pages of the *Quarterly Review*, it has found a philosophic apologist. Slang is frequently highly instructive to any one with a turn for philology; and hence, in part, its attractions to so close an investigator of language, and so accurate a dissector of syllables, as the Opium-eater. As a master of style, he has amply earned the Horatian eulogy,

> Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum
> Reddiderit junctura novum:*

and the practice and skill attained in weighing and analysing the elements of diction, involve a certain quickness to catch at any *curiosa felicitas* in the vocabulary of slang. And then he is too thoroughly an

* Ars Poetica.

Oxford man to be indifferent to the mysteries of that pregnant dialect. One would vastly relish a translation by his pen,* when he was in the vein, of one or two of the comedies of Aristophanes—especially if enriched with such notes and *excursus* and appendices as he could so easily furnish. His acquirements in the altitudes of scholarship in its classic phase, and in the eccentric phraseology consecrated to the fancy and the ring, to Newmarket and Billingsgate, would there find ample room and verge enough for a brilliant conjunction. Perhaps, however, on the whole, his writings would not be less widely or durably welcome, were he to turn the pruning-knife against the sometimes rank luxuriance of slang. Graphic and *telling* as it is, it is not the sort of thing for genius to canonize with the formula *quod semper, quod ubique*—although [illegible] handled as to prevent the possibility of a *quod ab omnibus.*

Monthly Mag.

THE EVE OF ALL-SOULS.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

II.

THE INFANTICIDE.

"Never more,
Never more!"
Say the billows on the shore,
"Unto me,
Unto me,
Never more, eternally!
Never more shalt thou be blest!
Weary one, whose sins have bound thee,
Trembling one, whose shame is round thee,
Never more shalt thou have rest!"

CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSHEND.

DRIFTED on the chill night air,
Like the sea-weed on the sea,
Unconfined her amber hair,
And her light vest floated free;
Like the white dove by the blast
O'er the raging billows borne,
Driven upward, downward cast,
With her soft breast stained and torn,
Buffeted and beaten back,
Yet returning on the track.
So that poor soul through the night
Wandered o'er the plain and height;
As the spirit-bands passed by,
Hailing them with anxious cry,
"Have ye heard upon the wild,
Wailing low, my little child?

* How many a topic might be fittingly pressed on this author! But all of no avail. Meantime, it is good news to hear that he is at last engaged to superintend a forthcoming edition of his Select Works. All hail!

On the green stones by the river,
  In the rushes tall he sits,
And he makes them nod and quiver,
  'Mother!' calling loud by fits.
As he smites, with dimpled hand,
Slimy weed and blackened sand,
Near the osiers on the bank,
Willow-herb and mallow rank,
Pitying spirits seek him there.
He is helpless, he is fair—
And with me, alas! he died
In the moonlit wintry tide!
Foundling! no one cared to bless,
  What hearth held a seat for thee?
Who in sickness would caress—
  Give thee place in heart or knee?
To a wayward childish mood
  Gentle patience who would lend?
Beggar for thy daily food,
  Fatherless, without a friend.
So I took the life I gave thee,
From the ills of life to save thee.
Ha, 'twas moonlight on the river,
And I saw the waters shiver
  As the east wind o'er them swept,
E'en my very heart felt cold
'Neath my garment's threadbare fold,
  When I looked on thee and wept.
While the maze of streets that night,
Seemed a lab'rinth starred with light;
For the myriad lamps burnt bright,
And I heard afar the din
Of the life that flowed within.
But who thought for me and thee,
Outcast in our misery?
Now, when like a wan white flower,
Stained and beaten by the shower.
Want and sorrow from my face
Faded all the bloom and grace.
Pain and madness filled the past,
  Hope was o'er, and love was flown;
To my heart I held thee fast,
  In those waters deep and lone
  Died our last faint sobbing moan.
Child! I would not leave behind me,
Since I've vainly sought to find thee;
Though I felt thy soft warm breath
In the coldness of my death;
Thine! whom I had sense to clasp
In that long convulsive gasp.

But no more we e'er may meet,
  For I know the saints have ta'en thee,
Borne thee to the Saviour's feet,
  On the heart of love they've lain thee.
Spirits! not beside the river
  Will ye find my little child,
He will no more moan and shiver
  When the wind blows keen and wild.
Sorrow-driven, passion-tossed,
Only I am lost—ah—lost!"

Believing in Jesus, we can pass by mines and factories, and by dungeons darker and fouler still, in the lanes and alleys of our great towns and cities, where thousands and tens of thousands of starving men, and wan women and children, grown old before their youth, sit toiling and pining in Mammon's prison-house, in worse than Egyptian bondage, to earn such pay as just keeps the broken heart within the worn-out body. KINGSLEY'S *Sermons on National Subjects.*

A strange sound filled my ears and soul,
  It gathered strength in east and west;
From north and south it seemed to roll,
  The hoarse loud voice of the opprest!
Like the worn-out beast of burden,
  These are they who dropped and died,
Pined upon Toil's scanty guerdon,
  Gathered alms on Life's wayside;
These are they Christ left behind Him,
  Bade us seek, and love, and feed,
Ever sure, He said, to find Him,
  In the narrow house of need,
Watching in the prisons dreary,
  With the outcast lorn and wild,
By the trav'ller sick and weary,
  And the little piteous child.
Have we on this trust attended?
  Well fulfilled this high behest?
Christ amid His Poor befriended?
  List! the souls will tell ye best!

THE CRY OF THE OPPRESSED.

Bondmen, and helots, and serfs were we,
  Slaves in plantation and stifling mill,
Pauper and 'prentice; from sea to sea
  Our bands are rising and gathering still.

We are the many who served the few;
  We made their glory, and strength, and gain;
We passed as sand when the west wind blew,
  As the myriad drops of the autumn rain.

We sank at night off the surge-beat strand,
  The rotting bark and its living freight,

The o'erflowing swarm of a straitened land,
  Who went forth bravely to seek their fate.

For a trader's gain our lives were sold—
  The blooming mother, the maiden bright,
The vigorous father, the stripling bold,
  With the rough and wrong of life to fight.

We are the souls who were pent within
  The narrow street and the valley dim;
Bred in the darkness of want and sin,
  We peopled the hulks and the prisons grim.

The blazing gas on the night was shed,
  To lure our lips to the liquid flame,
And bitter upon our hard-earned bread
  The poisonous fraud of the dealer came.

We breathed the heated and noisome air
  In crowded chambers of daily toil;
And the green, slow, slimy drain was there,
  Creeping below on the black wet soil.

Ha! we have blunted the hungry tooth
  Of every plague that stalked the land;
It took our beauty, and strength, and youth,
  Father, mother, and household band!

Yes! we have parched in the fever's fire,
  Till madness throbbed in the whirling brain,
When fancy feasted the vain desire,
  The suff'rer rose o'er his want and pain!

Mercy! for those we have left to die
  Beyond your hearing, walled out from sight,
In the black close lane to the palace nigh—
  For the body, food—for the spirit, light!

We ask no weary life of leisure,
  That robs your joy of its bloom and zest—
Give them God's just and righteous measure,
  The worth of labour, the hours of rest.

Ye lack emotions who live at ease,
  In bright warm chambers of prosp'rous life;
Ye tales of terror and sorrow please—
  Look out around ye, they're rife, aye, rife,
As haws in winter, as leaves in May,
  Seek ye will find in the neighbouring street
Tragedies acted before the day,
  That stir the heart to a quicker beat,
  And draw the tear from its hidden seat.

TIBET AND THE HIMALAYA.*

Dr. Thomson, the son of the distinguished chemist so lately taken away from amongst us, and himself a worthy descendant of an illustrious sire, was appointed in the month of May, 1847, member of a mission which Lord Hardinge had determined to despatch across the Himalaya Mountains into Tibet. The other members of the mission were Major Cunningham and Captain Henry Strachey, both gentlemen whose names have lately been prominent before the public, on account of the great services they have rendered to the development of the geography of Asia. It was not till the beginning of August that the completion of the necessary preliminaries enabled them to commence their journey, but these having been at length effected, the mission started for Ladak on the 2nd of the month. Their route lay up the valley of the Sutlej, through the district of Kunawar, by which they soon reached the central ranges of the Himalaya Mountains, and which they had to cross in several spots to reach the valley of the Indus, and the district of Ladak. It is important to remark here, that the optical deception, in consequence of which masses of mountains, of every configuration, resolve themselves into ranges perpendicular to the line of sight, as soon as the eye is so far removed that the outline of the different parts becomes indistinct, has given to our maps many mountain-chains, which a nearer inspection proves to be broken up into several distinct ranges. This is particularly the case with the Himalaya, which, viewed from the plains of India, at a distance sufficient to enable the spectator to see the most elevated part of the chain, appear to form so many distinct parallel ranges on the horizon, rising in succession one behind another, but which, when penetrated and examined in detail, exhibit groups of mountains, and ranges of parallel and transverse alps, that are separated from one another by considerable rivers.

Thus, also, it results from recent explorations, that the old and popular notion of Little Tibet being a great mountain land, or series of table-lands, at the back of the Himalaya, is proved to be a fallacy.† There is no such great table-land, as we have also seen that there is no great continuous chain to form the Himalaya, but a series of distinct ranges and mountain groups. These constitute a rugged and mountainous tract, 150 miles broad, and extending between the Indus and the plains of North-West India. Kashmir is the only plain of any extent among these alpine regions. This great alpine region may be referred to two great groups, which may be respectively termed the Cis-Sutlej and the Trans-Sutlej Himalayas. The mountainous country which lies between the outer ramifications of this alpine region and that of the Kuenlun is the Tibetan territory. The great chain of Kuenlun separates Tibet from Yarkand and Khoten, and there are said to be only four passes over this stupendous barrier, all crossing regions of eternal snows, and two travers-

* Western Himalaya and Tibet; a Narrative of a Journey through the Mountains of Northern India, during the Years 1847-8. By Thomas Thomson, M.D., F.L.S., Assistant-Surgeon, Bengal Army. Reeve and Co.

† That Tibet is not an extensive plain, according to the usual idea, has already been pointed out by Humboldt in his work on Central Asia. Chinese geographers, according to the same authority, describe all parts of Tibet as more or less mountainous.

ing enormous glaciers. Dr. Thomson's remarkable journey extended to one of these passes—that of Kara-Koram (Kara-Kūram), 18,200 feet above the level of the sea.*

And to reach this remote and mountainous pass of Central Asia, what kind of country had the enterprising traveller to pass through? Conceive a vast tract of country (writes an able naturalist), the lowest valley of which is as high as the summit of the Faulhorn in Switzerland, and many of whose habitable spots are nearly as lofty as the summit of Mont Blanc, composed of prodigious mountain chains, from 17,000 to 19,000 feet above the sea, with occasional peaks exceeding 22,000 feet, winding and interlacing, intersected by deep and narrow valleys—ravines of an enormous scale—with too arid a climate to support forests, or any coniferous tree, except alpine junipers, covered by a sky cloudy in winter, clear and bright in summer, and a powerful sun heating the bare black rocks, whilst the air is rent by winds of fearful violence—and we can form a picture of Western Tibet, the region explored by Dr. Thomson.

The advanced period of the season was the cause of the travellers meeting a good deal of rain in the first part of the journey. The first ridge crossed, after leaving Simla, was that of Mahasu, adorned with the alpine oak of the Western Himalaya, an European and partially deciduous species, and the silver fir of the Indian mountains, a dark, sombre-looking pine, and which trees are the most characteristic of the sub-alpine zone, in every part of which they abound at an elevation of from 9000 to about 12,000 feet, which is the highest limit of tree vegetation in the Western Himalaya. Occasionally, on the lower and barer knolls around, were wooden shrines, or temples, of a form common in the hills; and in the same district occurs the potato cultivation for the invalids of Simla, at an elevation of from 8000 to 9000 feet. Like most Anglo-Indians, our travellers appear to have embarrassed themselves at the onset with superfluous luggage. The very first night, the confusion among the baggage was such that not even a change of clothing could be got at; and on the fifth day of travel, being at the bungalow of Nagkanda, 9300 feet above the sea, a portion of the baggage, which had been left at Fagu two days before, from a deficiency of porters, not having arrived, it became necessary to halt, in order to give it a chance of reaching them.

At Miru, at an elevation of 8500 feet, they got beyond the rainy region of the mountains, and henceforward the weather continued beautiful.

At this delightful elevation, in a climate where the periodical rains of the Himalaya are scarcely felt, embosomed in extensive orchards of luxuriant fruit-trees, and facing the south, so that it has the full benefit of the sun's rays to mature its grain-crops, Miru is one of the most delightful villages of Kunawar, being rivalled only by Rogi and Chini, beyond which the climate becomes too arid for beauty. The crops at Miru, both of grain and fruit, were most luxuriant, and the vine thrives to perfection. The principal vineyards, however, are lower down, at elevations of between 6000 and 7000 feet, at which level the sun has more power in autumn to ripen the grape.

The scenery around Miru is indescribably beautiful, as it almost overhangs the Sutlej 3000 feet below, while beyond the river the mountain-slopes are densely wooded, yet often rocky and with every variation of form. A single peak,

* This Kara-Kuram must not be confounded with Kara-Kuram Holin of the Chinese, which was the seat of the empire of Gingiz Khan and of his successors, and which is in Mongolia.

still streaked with snow, but too steep for much to lie, rises almost due opposite; behind which the summits of the chain south of the Sutlej rise to an elevation of upwards of 18,000 feet.

Gerard (whose residence was at Kotgarh, between Simla and Miru), Johnson, Jacquemont, and others, have described this part of the Sutlej, which, therefore, need not detain us. Beyond Miru, new forms of vegetation, which had day by day been gradually increasing in number, began to form a prominent feature in the landscape, and on ascending the next range, they passed through pretty woods of deodar and Gerard's pine, to the last of which a dry climate is essential. The evergreen oak—the only species of the genus which grows in the interior of Kunawar—was the next most conspicuous tree. It appears to extend from Taurus, through Kurdistan and Affghanistan, to the Himalaya, and also preserves throughout pretty generally the same Turkish name of Balūt (Quercus Ballota). Descending to Rogi, our travellers could luxuriate on grapes, apricots, peaches, walnuts, and apples—fruit only imported in the plains of India.

Chini, the capital of Kunawar, is situated in a level, fertile valley. The village is described as prettily situated among deodar-trees, while below, and on either side of it, the slopes are disposed in a succession of terraces, some of them of considerable extent, richly cultivated with wheat, barley, and buck-wheat. Through this fertile tract the road was quite level, winding among the stone enclosures of the fields, and often bordered by grassy pastures, or patches of beautiful green turf. This pretty mountain recess had, however, to be reached, like so many other alpine sites similarly circumstanced, by a pathway carried over the face of a precipitous cliff that descended sheer down to the river. Add to this, the traveller had to pass over ledges scarcely three feet broad, or just as often over wooden planking, supported at intervals by large upright pieces of timber, whose resting-places were invisible in the dense mist by which they were surrounded. Most of the villages in this district had cultivated tracts of land around, as also magnificent orchards of apricots, peaches, and walnuts. Communication across the river is kept up by the oft-described rope-bridges, not always hailed by the nervous traveller with feelings of confidence or satisfaction.

Next came the Werang pass, 13,200 feet above the sea, only 2500 feet lower than the summit of Mont Blanc, and above the upper limit of tree vegetation.* Beyond this were a few stunted junipers, roses, thistles, and rushes; in the pass itself, dwarf rhododendrons, andromedas, and other alpine plants. Cultivation commenced on the descent at an elevation of 11,000 feet. At Lipa, the next village they came to, with a

* The elevation of the passes in a mountainous region represents in general the height of the lowest part of the chain. According to Dr. Thomson, on the mountain ranges of Tibet the average height of the ridges does not exceed from 1000 to 2000 feet above the passes, many of which, indeed, are scarcely at all lower than the highest crest of the ridge in which they are situated. The doctor believes that in estimating the principal ranges of mountains at 19,000 feet, and the minor ranges at from 17,000 to 18,000 feet, he approximates very closely to the truth. This estimate applies to all parts of the country, the height of the ranges being remarkably uniform; but peaks occur at intervals in every one of the principal mountain ranges, which considerably exceed the elevation just stated, rising very generally (so far as can be judged by the eye from known heights of 17,000 and 18,000 feet) to 21,000 or 22,000 feet; some peaks appearing to exceed even this.

rather odd-looking temple, close to which were two fine trees of *juniperus excelsa*, the sacred juniper of the Kunawarees and Tibetans, Dr. Thomson first observed, what afterwards turned out to be an almost universal feature of Tibetan valleys—a thick bank of alluvial clay resting on the rocks behind, and vast masses of the same extending up the valley for a considerable distance. The pass of Werang was also obstructed in parts by large boulders of granite, the residue of an ancient glacier moraine. They had now also exchanged a country of luxuriant forest, not indeed to treelessness, but to thin and stunted woods.

The next pass, the Runang, attained an elevation of 14,500 feet, a pass of dreary and bare aspect; the hills were stony, with large dark-green patches of juniper, and a few plants in the crevices, but there was no appearance of snow. Their progress was now aided by *zobos*, mules, between a Yak bull and Indian cow. In the valley beyond was Sungnam, one of the principal seats in the Sutlej valley, of the Buddhist religion, and containing numerous temples and monasteries. As the mountain ridges kept heightening, so also the intervening valleys, with their rivers or rivulets, and towns and villages, and cultivated lands, kept also attaining a greater elevation. Thus Sungnam is 9000 feet above the level of the sea, still the vine thrives well, and apricots and apples were abundant. Willows and poplars also grew around the villages.

The Hangarang ridge, 14,800 feet above the sea, and with a patch of snow, the next in order, formed the boundary between Kunawar and Hangarang, or Piti (Captain Johnson writes it Spieti), as also the absolute limit of the deodar and Gerard's pine, and, indeed, if we except the juniper, of all tree vegetation. On the west of the range grew a species of caragana, called Dama by the Tibetans, and which, being extensively distributed at elevations which no other woody plants attain, is much prized, and extensively used as fuel. This plant is not met with in the woody region of the Himalaya. There was some little difficulty in breathing experienced on traversing this pass after any exertion. The highest mountain in the neighbourhood was that of Porgyul, a word which seems to be a mere provincialism for Pir, head or chief, and Gûl, lake. The upper part of this mountain—the head of the lake—was a magnificent mass of snow, the summit being upwards of 22,000 feet in height.

At the next village (Hango), at an elevation of 11,500 feet, wheat was still cultivated, as also the Hordeum Ægiceras—the curious, awnless, monstrous barley, which seems peculiar to the higher regions of Tibet. The next considerable village (Lio) had, at an elevation of 9600 feet, a large tract of cultivation, chiefly wheat, barley, buckwheat, and millet, disposed in terraces, from three to six feet above one another. There was no tree of any kind, either in the valley or in the slopes, but weeds were rank and abundant—a feature we have observed to be frequent in alpine valleys, where the snow remains till spring is somewhat advanced.

Our party had left the valley of the Sutlej before ascending the Hangarang pass, and were now in that of the Piti river, on which Lio is situated. Nako, the next village, at an elevation of 12,000 feet, had no more fruit-trees, but some cultivation. The party were lodged here in a Buddhist temple, surrounded with full-sized figures of the different incarnations of Buddha, in sitting posture and conventional attitudes. "The gradual transition," Dr. Thomson remarks, "in ascending the Sutlej,

from Hinduism to Buddhism, is very remarkable; and not the less so because it is accompanied by an equally gradual change in the physical aspect of the inhabitants—the Hindus of the Lower Sutlej appearing to pass by insensible gradations as we advance from village to village, till at last we arrive at a pure Tartar population. The people of Upper Piti have quite the Tartar physiognomy, the small stature and stout build of the inhabitants of Ladak, to whom also they closely approximate in dress. To what extent mere climatic influence may cause these differences, and how far they depend on an intermixture of races, I do not pretend to decide. It is impossible, however, to avoid being struck by the coincidence between these physical and moral changes in the human race, and the gradual alteration in the forms of the vegetable world, which are observable as we advance from a wet to a dry climate."

This is a very philosophical suggestion, although it has a little too much of the botanist in it. The difference of race is at the head of the offending, and the change of climate, a different aspect of nature, and the peculiar circumstances under which a people obtain their livelihood, by affecting their daily habits and manners, and their modes of thought, in fact, their whole physical and mental being, will also naturally influence their faith and forms of worship, which may become less and less spiritualised, and more idolatrous, according to the isolation or seclusion and the ignorance of the votary. What influence a dry over a humid climate would have, we are not prepared to say; but as it would affect both the habits and manners and modes of thought of a people, so it would not be without its influence on their religious creeds and observances. Climate has more to do with the strict simplicity of the Scotch Presbyterian, the decorative Protestantism of England, and the gaudy and ornamental practices of the French, Spanish, and Italian Churches, than people are willing to admit at the first blush of the thing.

Beyond Lio, the travellers come to where two considerable rivers unite to form the Piti river. Like their predecessors, Gerard and Jacquemont, they tried to reach the Indus by the north-east river; but, like them, they had not proceeded far, when, coming to the frontier of the Chinese dominions, their progress was arrested, and they had to make a considerable detour, and prosecute their journey to Hanle by the north-west tributary and the Parang pass, instead of by the river and valley of the same name, which were tabooed by the jealousy of the Chinese government.*

Returning then to the valley of the Piti, they found it more open than heretofore, with villages and cultivation, and a few fruit-trees, and

* Captain C. Johnson, who, with two other officers, reached this point in 1827, is inclined to think that, if they had pushed on up the Zangsan, or Parang river, they would not have met with any opposition to the continuation of their journey. (See Journey through the Himma-leh Mountains to the confines of Chinese Tartary, in Journal of Royal Geographical Society, vol. iv., p. 41, communicated by W. F. Ainsworth.) Dr. Thomson also says that he has now no doubt (see p. 116) that, if they had resolutely advanced, no serious opposition would have been made to their progress. The fact is, that in all these cases—those of Johnson, Gerard, and Thomson—positive instructions were given not to pass the Chinese frontier; and this truckling to the mandates of a semi-barbarous people, at the remotest ramification of their enormous empire, emboldens them in their perversity, and by flattering and exalting their pride of exclusiveness, tends to uphold a system which all nations should combine to discountenance.

large deposits of alluvium, in enormous masses and platforms, the o of which puzzled the travellers in no slight degree. The principal village in the Piti valley is Dankar, 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, and it is figured in Moorcroft's travels. The district of Piti followed, in 1846, the fortunes of Lahul in being transferred to British rule. It is hemmed in by mountains; to use the words of Jacquemont, "d'une affreuse stérilité," but, according to Dr. Thomson, there is in their varied outline, massive forms, and snow-sprinkled summits, a degree of grandeur which produces a powerful impression. The climate is entirely rainless.

On the 5th of September the travellers left the valley of the Piti by the pass of Parang, ascending first to Kibar, a pleasing-looking village, remarkable for its houses being all built of stone, instead of the mud or unburnt brick used in the rainless valley of Piti. There was cultivation here at an elevation of above 14,000 feet. At 15,000 feet every little rill was covered in the early morning with a thick coating of ice. The ascent was through a wilderness of rocks, and the travellers describe themselves as struck with astonishment at the desolation by which they were surrounded. As they approached the summit of the pass (18,500 feet) they suffered from headache, and the exertion of raising the body was so fatiguing, that the last few hundred yards were only accomplished after many pauses. The descent was effected at first over a snow-covered glacier, which terminated abruptly in a bluff precipice, and traces of vegetation appeared at an elevation of 16,500 feet.

In the plain, which sloped gently upwards from the Parang river towards the Chumoreri lake (brackish at an elevation of 15,200 feet), they saw, for the first time, a kiang, or wild horse. They afterwards frequently saw these animals, but, from their extreme wariness, and the open nature of the country, they were never fortunate enough to get within gun-shot of them. They appear to abound at elevations between 14,000 and 16,000 feet, on the open, undulating tracts on the summits of the mountain ranges, and to avoid valleys and rocky districts, where they would be liable to surprise.

The Parang river is partly within British, partly Chinese territory, and as it is a tributary to the Sutlej, they had still to cross the Trans-Sutlej Himalaya to reach the valley of the Indus. This was effected by the Lanak pass (La, a pass in Tibetan), which attains an elevation of 18,100 feet. Of the view from the summit, Dr. Thomson says that it was rather extensive, both in the direction which they had come, and that in which they were proceeding; but, from the prevailing uniformity of outline and colour, it was more striking than beautiful. There were no trees or villages, no variation of surface greater than an occasional grey rock, but everywhere the same dreary, sterile uniformity.

The descent was effected through a country of rounded hills with gentle slopes, from 1000 to 2000 feet high, and it required reflection to remember that the bottom of the undulating valleys were from 15,000 to 15,500 feet above the level of the sea. On the 14th of September they reached Hanle, a Buddhist monastery, inhabited by about twenty lamas, and built on a rock rising out of a level plain, six or eight miles in diameter, apparently once a lake. Here they caught carp, at an elevation of 14,300 feet, and changed their porters, and following the course of the Hanle river, reached the valley of the Indus on the 18th. Their route lay afterwards in a westerly direction, down the valley of this great river,

place they joined it flowed at an elevation of about 13,800 [illegible] Low, grassy plains, covered with a saline incrustation, quite dry, and without any brushwood or tall herbaceous vegetation, skirted the river, rendering the aspect of the valley most dreary and barren. As they proceeded on their journey, bushes of Myricaria became common, fringing the stream, but nowhere growing at any distance from it. This, however, was owing to the presence of thermal waters. ~~On the 21st of September they came~~ to the lake plain of Pugha, where are springs with a temperature of 174°, a lake abounding in fish at an elevation of 15,500 feet, and salt and borax to the depth of several feet.

It has long been known that borax is produced naturally in different parts of Tibet, and the salt imported thence into India was at one time the principal source of supply of the European market. I am not aware that any of the places in which the borax is met with had previously been visited by any European traveller, but the nature of the localities in which it occurs has been the subject of frequent inquiry, and several more or less detailed accounts have been made public. These differ considerably from one another, and no description that I have met with accords with that of the Pugha valley. Mr. Saunders describes (from hearsay) the borax lake north of Jigatzi as twenty miles in circumference, and says that the borax is dug from its margins, the deeper and more central parts producing common salt. From the account of Mr. Blane, who describes, from the information of the natives, the borax district north of Lucknow, and, therefore, in the more western part of the course of the Sanpu, it would appear that the lake there contains boracic acid, and that the borax is artificially prepared by saturating the sesquicarbonate of soda, which is so universally produced on the surface of Tibet, with the acid. At least the statement that the production of borax is dependent on the amount of soda leads to this conclusion. The whole description, however (as is, indeed, to be expected in a native account of a chemical process), is very obscure, and not to be depended upon. Mr. Saunders does not notice any hot springs in the neighbourhood of the borax; but in the more western district, described by Mr. Blane, hot springs seem to accompany the borax lake as at Pugha.

It is not impossible that the three districts in which the occurrence of borax has been noticed, which are only a very small portion of those which exist, may represent three stages of one and the same phenomenon. The boracic acid lake may, by the gradual influx of soda, be gradually converted into borax, which, from its great insolubility, will be deposited as it is formed. On the drainage or drying up of such a lake, a borax plain, similar to that of Pugha, would be left behind.

At Pugha, the travellers left the valley of the Indus to proceed across the mountains by Lake Thogji, and again join the Indus at Upshi. On their way they passed sulphur caves in gypsum and hot springs, ascending the pass called Pulokanka la (16,500 feet), and descending to the lake, around which were extensive fresh lacustrine deposits, abounding in shells of the Lymnæa. The waters of the lake are, however, now, from excessive diminution, saline, and the banks were covered with efflorescences and saline plants. The lake was at an elevation of 15,500 feet. The ancient water-mark of the lake could be traced along the sides of the hills. Crossing the pass of Tunglung (17,500 feet), and making a descent of about 4000 feet of perpendicular height, our travellers arrived at Giah, once the frontier town of Tibet, with its own gylpo, or king, but now subject to the Sikhs, with a gumpa, or monastery, crowning a rocky hill, and some cultivation at an elevation of 13,400 feet.

Our travellers were not a little glad to be among houses ; temperate region than it had been their lot to travel in for some time. The elevated country surrounding the sources of the Parang and Hanle rivers, and those of the more eastern branches of the Zanskar, as well as that surrounding Lakes Chumoreri and Thogji, constitutes, says Dr. Thomson, as near an approach to what Humboldt has denominated a knot of mountains, as any part of the Himalaya he had visited, and from the tilting up of supra-cretaceous rocks would appear, notwithstanding the doctor's negative, to have arisen from an intersection of mountain masses of different ages. The whole tract is eminently mountainous, with little or no cultivation ; a field or two at Hanle and at the monastery on the banks of Lake Chumoreri being the only exceptions. The district is, however, frequented by a nomade population of shepherds, who, living in tents, move about with their flocks as the necessities of climate and pasture, or their own convenience, dictates. The occupation of this country by the Sikhs, like that of Hanle by the British, is merely nominal, and only maintained by the moral influence of their known superiority in resources and military skill. The Chinese authority alone appears to be upheld, in the remotest mountain ramifications of its power, with an almost unexampled tenacity.

Two marches, of little more than seven miles each, but by a very remarkable gorge, brought our travellers from Giah once more to the banks of the Indus, along which their course lay in a direction west of north. At this point the Indus is a rapid stream, varying from thirty to 100 feet in width, with alluvial platforms, but little vegetation, few villages, and a rare cultivation. There were, however, occasional luxuriant plantations of poplars and willows. As they approached Le, the capital of Ladak, cultivation became more common. Our travellers reached this town, the only one in Western Tibet, on the 2nd of October. It is situated in the upper part of an open valley, about three miles from the Indus, and at an elevation of 11,800 feet above the sea. The town covered the top and slopes of the hill. A detachment of the Maharaja Gulab Singh's troops occupied a small square fort on the west side of the valley, and religious edifices, of the many kinds which are everywhere common in Tibet, are seen all round in great numbers. The most remarkable of these are the Manas—two parallel walls, not many feet wide, filled with rubbish, and slated with inscriptions. One of these walls is more than half a mile long. Next are the urn-like buildings erected over the ashes of the Lamas, and, it can be easily imagined, are particularly abundant in a country where a third or fourth part of the male population adopt a monastic life. The town is said to contain about 3000 inhabitants, and many of the houses are very high; the former residence of the king containing seven stories.

At Le the travellers separated; Major Cunningham following the course of the Indus, and proceeding by Dras to Kashmir, while Dr. Thomson crossed the range of mountains to the north into the valley of the Shayuk, and descended along that river to its junction with the Indus. The pass in question, 18,300 feet high, is not described as presenting any particular difficulties, the snow only lying on the north face. The weather was, however, intensely cold. On the 14th of October our traveller reached the valley of the Shayuk, stony, barren, and desolate; the river itself, of considerable size, flowing through a wide, gravelly plain,

varying in breadth from one to two miles, and quite destitute of vegetation. Among the few trees that adorned its banks were the poplar of the Euphrates, apparently the willow of the Scriptures. Tamarix, the characteristic shrub of the Euphrates, also makes its appearance at the same time. Upon this occasion, Dr. Thomson made but a short excursion up the Nubra river, which abounds in villages and cultivation, and returned to the Shayuk, following that river in its course to Iskardo. The district of Nubra extended also down the latter river, on which Hundar, the chief place of the district, is situated; and beyond this, at Unmaru, were walnut and mulberry, as well as the usual apricot, orchards. The mean elevation was from 10,300 to 16,600 feet.

On the 27th of October, Dr. Thomson reached Siksa, the principal village of Chorbat, a dependency of the government of Iskardo, which, like that of Le, is subject to Kashmir. On the Shayuk, the desert country between Nubra and Chorbat separate Muhammedanism from Buddhism, but on the Indus they are in contact, and the former is slowly extending to the eastward. In the upper part of Chorbat the villages are few and insignificant, but lower down several are of great extent. All are surrounded by orchards of apricot-trees, walnuts, mulberries, and some vines. The two villages of Siksa and Khapalu have forts attached to them. The mean elevation of the river valley is 8000 feet. At the latter place a number of people were washing the sand for gold. They had no newspaper correspondent to report progress, and the doctor did not seem to estimate it at much. Yet it may be the key to the future civilisation of these fine mountain regions.

A little beyond was the junction of the Shayuk and Indus, near which is the large village of Kiris, and not far beyond this again is the valley of Iskardo; like that of Nubra and Khapalu, a wide expanse of level ground, at the point of junction of a tributary from the north. The plain of Iskardo is nearly twenty miles in length, and has an average breadth of about five miles. It is elevated about 7200 feet above the level of the sea. The houses are so scattered that there is little appearance of a town, but there is a fortified post on a platform of alluvium, and a palace, as also the ruins of the olden capital of Balti, the mausoleum of the last independent king, Ahmed Shah, and an aqueduct at least a mile in length. The only two illustrations in Dr. Thomson's book are devoted to this secluded mountain district.

Dr. Thomson left Iskardo on the 2nd of December, in the direction of Kashmir, by way of Dras, but finding the pass in front of the latter place shut by deep snow, he was obliged to return to Iskardo, which he reached on the 25th of the same month, and he remained there for the two severest months of the winter. The thermometer fell at this period to half a degree above zero; that is, thirty-one and a half below freezing-point. Sheep, flour, dry apricots, and walnuts, were abundant, and brick-tea and sugar were obtained from Le.

On the return of spring, the doctor made an excursion down the Indus to the district of Rondu, the disturbed state of the district of Gilgit, still further down the Indus, obliging him to return again to Iskardo; and after a trip northwards to Shigar, he started once more for Dras and Kashmir, reaching that celebrated valley without any particular incident on the 22nd of April.

This "celebrated valley" did not at all come up to the expectations which

I had formed from previous descriptions, and from the appearance of the termination of the valley of the Sind river. The first impression was one of considerable disappointment. It was by no means well wooded, and the centre of the valley along the river, being very low, had an unpleasant, swampy appearance. The road to the town, which is about ten miles from Ganderbal, led over an elevated platform. There were several villages, and plane, willow, and fruit-trees were scattered here and there, though far from abundantly. The platform was in general covered with a carpet of green, now spangled with myriads of dandelions and other spring flowers. The mountains on the left, which at first were very low, gradually rose in elevation, and were throughout rugged and bare. As I approached the town I mounted an elephant, which formed a part of the *cortège* sent, according to the usual Oriental etiquette, to receive an expected visitor; and I consequently saw the town to much better advantage than I should have done had I ridden through it on my little Ladak pony. Passing completely through the city, I was conducted to the Sheikh Bagh, a garden on the banks of the Jelam, at its eastern extremity, in a pavilion in the centre of which I took up my quarters.

The town of Kashmir is apparently of great extent, and seems very densely populated. Its length is much greater than its width, as it is hemmed in between the Jelam on the south and a lake on the north. The principal part of the town is on the north side of the Jelam, but a large suburb occupies the opposite bank, surrounding the Sher-Garhi, or fortified palace of the ruler of the country. The streets are in general so narrow, that there are but few through which an elephant can pass; and the houses, which have mostly several stories, are built with a wooden frame-work, the lower story of stone and those above of brick. There are no buildings of any great note; and the elaborate account of Moorcroft renders it unnecessary to enter into any detail. The river is crossed by many bridges, all built of deodar-wood.

The plain of Kashmir is about fifty miles in length by ten or twelve wide, and 5300 feet above the sea. It has evidently at one time been the bed of a lake, and is surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains. But, although the chief beauty of the valley is undoubtedly the magnificent girdle of snowy mountains by which it is surrounded, the orchards and gardens, which are still numerous in the neighbourhood of the capital, are, Dr. Thomson says, charming spots, and the more so from the contrast which they present with the barrenness of the surrounding country, and the absolute ugliness of the swamps in the centre of the valley.

Dr. Thomson left Kashmir on the 2nd of May, taking the route by the Banahal pass towards Jamu and the plains of India, and receiving at the latter city intimation that the Governor-General had acceded to his request to return to Tibet, he started by the little-known mountain region of Zanskar. This was on the 23rd of May. On the 12th of June he reached the valley of the Chenab; the 20th and 21st, crossed the pass of Bardar, obstructed by snow, glaciers, and moraines, and attaining an elevation of 18,000 feet; and the 22nd, descended into the country of the Zanskaries. Zanskar has an absolutely Tibetan climate. Tree vegetation is entirely wanting, and the mountains and plains are dry, barren, and desolate. Still there are many villages and a good deal of cultivation on the alluvial platforms. Gulab Singh's troops are quartered at Padum, the chief village, and near it is a monastery where Csoma de Köros, the adventurous Hungarian, resided while in Zanskar.*

* This singular character was met with by Captain Johnson and his party in 1827 at Kanum, or Kanam, on the Sutlej. Dr. Thomson, by keeping the left bank of the river, did not visit this town, where, according to Johnson, is 'a Lama temple and an excellent library, said to contain a copy of every work to be found in the great library at Tishu Lumbu. Here the eccentric Hungarian, who had

Hence, Dr. Thomson proceeded by the Takhti and Singhi passes to the valley of the Indus, which he joined at Kalatze on the 7th of July. The first of these passes was 16,360 feet, the second 16,500 feet, above the level of the sea. From this latter place he ascended the valley of the Indus to Le, where he met Captain Strachey, who had wintered there, and since that had been on an exploring journey to the eastward. After a week's stay, he set out for Nubra, crossing this time the lofty chain which separates the two rivers by the pass directly north of Le, which, during the summer months, presents no difficulty. On the 26th of July he crossed the Shayuk, and remained from the 27th till the 9th of August in the valley of Nubra, making the necessary preparations for his further journey, which was to be entirely through an uninhabited country.

At length he started on the 9th from the village of Taksha, his first day's journey lying up the valley of the Nubra river, by the same road that is followed by merchants in travelling from Le to Yarkand. On the 10th, he commenced the ascent of the mountains which enclosed the valley on the east, reaching the crest, 17,600 feet, on the 13th, and descending thence to the upper valley of Shayuk. The road was in places lined by numerous skeletons and scattered bones of horses that had perished on the journey. The pass was also obstructed by snow, glaciers, and moraines. Passing the Shayuk, hemmed in at this point by glaciers and enormous precipices, our traveller reached, on the 15th, the encamping-ground, called by the Turki merchants Murgai, at an elevation of 15,100 feet. On the 16th, the road lay partly along the course of a stream, sometimes in its bed, and partly over rocks and ravines with glaciers, till a place of encampment was found on a gravelly plain, nearly 16,000 feet above the sea. High, rugged, precipitous mountains, with snowy tops, rose on both sides of the road during the whole of that day's journey. On the 17th the road lay entirely along the same gravelly plain, which contracted into a ravine just as he halted for the day. The height of the encampment was 16,700 feet.

On the 18th of August, after following for a few hundred yards the course of the stream through a narrow, rocky gorge, the road turned abruptly to the right, up a dry stony ravine. By degrees, as he increased his elevation, superb snowy mountains came in sight to the south-west, and on attaining the top of the ascent, an open, gravelly, somewhat undulating plain lay before him. This great table-land of the Kuenlun was, at least, 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. There was no snow on it, except one patch close to its highest part. The only living beings seen were a few ravens, a hoopoe, and a small bird somewhat like a sparrow. Tufts of moss-like plants were the only vegetation. It was a true alpine wilderness! Our traveller encamped on the plains at an elevation of 17,200 feet, with little or no fuel, and suffering from constant headache, brought on by the rarefaction of the air.

On the 19th of August, leaving his tent standing, Dr. Thomson

studied Tibetan at Le, in Ladak, with a view to discovering the origin of the Huns, buried himself for some years, living the life of a hermit, upon an allowance granted him by the Company. Among the curious literary discoveries made by this Tibetan linguist was an accurate translation of Virgil. It appears that he afterwards went to Padum, in the still more secluded mountain district of the Zanskaries.

started to visit the Kara Kuram pass, the limit of his journey to the northward.

The country round my halting-place was open, except to the north, where a stream descended through a narrow valley from a range of hills, the highest part of which was apparently about 3000 feet above me. All the rivers had formed for themselves depressions in the platform of gravel which was spread over the plain. At first I kept on the south bank of the river close to which I had halted, but about a mile from camp I crossed a large tributary which descended from the south-west, and soon after, turning round the rocky termination of a low range of hills, entered a narrow valley which came from a little west of north-west. At the foot of the rocky point of the range were three very small huts, built against the rock as a place of shelter for travellers, in case of stormy or snowy weather; and bones of horses were here scattered about the plain in greater profusion than usual.

I ascended this valley for about six miles; its width varied from 200 yards to about half a mile, gradually widening as I ascended. The slope was throughout gentle. An accumulation of alluvium frequently formed broad and gently sloping banks, which were cut into cliffs by the river. Now and then large tracts covered with glacial boulders were passed over; and several small streams were crossed, descending from the northern mountains through narrow ravines. About eight miles from my starting-point the road left the bank of the stream, and began to ascend obliquely and gradually on the sides of the hills. The course of the valley beyond where I left it continued unaltered, sloping gently up to a large snow-bed, which covered the side of a long sloping ridge four or five miles off. After a mile, I turned suddenly to the right, and, ascending very steeply over fragments of rock for four or five hundred yards, I found myself on the top of the Karakoram pass—a rounded ridge connecting two hills which rose somewhat abruptly to the height of perhaps 1000 feet above me. The height of the pass was 18,200 feet, the boiling-point of water being 180·8 deg., and the temperature of the air about 50 deg. Towards the north, much to my disappointment, there was no distant view. On that side the descent was steep for about 500 yards, beyond which distance a small streamlet occupied the middle of a very gently sloping valley, which curved gradually to the left, and disappeared behind a stony ridge at the distance of half a mile. The hills opposite to me were very abrupt, and rose a little higher than the pass; they were quite without snow, nor was there any on the pass itself, though large patches lay on the shoulder of the hill to the right. To the south, on the opposite side of the valley which I had ascended, the mountains, which were sufficiently high to exclude entirely all view of the lofty snowy mountain seen the day before, were round-topped and covered with snow. Vegetation was entirely wanting on the top of the pass, but the loose shingle with which it was covered was unfavourable to the growth of plants, otherwise, no doubt, lichens at least would have been seen. Large ravens were circling about overhead, apparently quite unaffected by the rarity of the atmosphere, as they seemed to fly with just as much ease as at the level of the sea.

The great extent of the modern alluvial deposit concealed in a great measure the ancient rocks. At my encampment a ridge of very hard limestone, dipping at a high angle, skirted the stream. Further up the valley a hard slate occurred, and in another place a dark blue slate, containing much iron pyrites, and crumbling rapidly when exposed to the atmosphere. Fragments of this rock were scattered over the plain in all states of decay. On the crest of the pass the rock *in situ* was limestone, showing obscure traces of fossils, but too indistinct to be determined; the shingle, which was scattered over the ridge, was chiefly a brittle black clay-slate.

While travelling at these great elevations the weather was uniformly serene and beautiful. There was but little wind, and the sky was bright

and cloudless. At night the cold was severe, and the edges of the streams were in the morning always frozen. On his return, Dr. Thomson visited the magnificent glaciers of Sassar, beyond which he was reluctantly compelled to return by the same route to Le, which he reached just in time to escape some very unsettled weather. On the 15th of September he left Le for Kashmir, taking the road to Kalatze first, and then across the Phatu and Namika passes to Kardas, where he joined the Dras road. From Kashmir he proceeded towards the plains of the Punjab by the same route which he had travelled in May. Unfortunately for him, the second Sikh war had broken out during his absence, and, as it was then at its height, it was not easy to reach the British territories. He was, therefore, detained a good while, first in Kashmir, and afterwards at Jamu, and ultimately brought his truly remarkable and adventurous journey to a close at Lahore, on the 16th of December.

I CANNOT LEAVE OLD ENGLAND.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

I CANNOT leave old England,
And yet I hear them say
My lot will still be clouded
With sorrow if I stay;
It is not wealth I covet,
I only ask to share
The blessings, few or many,
That Heaven may deign to spare.
I grieve to part from many
I never more may see;
But England, dear old England,
It still my home shall be.

I cannot leave the green fields
Where I in childhood played,
The hill-side and the meadows,
Where oft in youth I strayed;
The cot that, poor and lowly,
Is still a home to me,
For all the hidden treasures
That few perchance may see.
While some are left to love me,
The wayward ones may roam;
I'll cling to dear old England—
It still shall be my home.

I cannot leave old England,
Yet freely fall my tears
When parting from the dear ones
I've loved through many years;
Oh! may their lot be brighter
Than mine is doomed to be;
The blessing of contentment
Is wealth enough for me.
Life's sun will soon be setting;
Beneath my native sky,
In England, dear old England,
There let me live and die.

FEMALE NOVELISTS.

No. VI.—The Author of "Margaret Maitland."

After a protracted reign of dulness, the fiction of Scottish life has lately given promise of renewing its youth. People had become weary of the insipidities perpetrated by countless imitators of Scott, Wilson, and Galt. It was enough for a time, to have on one's shelves an Antiquary with his home circle, a Rob Roy with his cateran kith and kin, a Waverley with his lowland and highland connexions, ranging with such worthies as Lockhart's Adam Blair and Matthew Wald, and Miss Ferrier's iron-nerved spinsters, and Mrs. Johnstone's west-country vulgarians, and Wilson's Lyndsays and Foresters, and Galt's parish annalists, and Moir's sartorial heroes. So that when Lilliputian Scotts, and fractions of Galt, reduced to their lowest terms, grew and multiplied, and covered the

> Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood—

laying to its charge things that it knew not, and imputing to its zoology things that it grew not—a reaction set in, the "land of cakes and brither Scots" was voted a bore, and the world of circulating libraries indignantly repudiated the position that Caledonia was a theme of infinite variety, which no custom could stale, no age wither. But satiety is curable with time. And when, after a due lapse of days and years, there appeared a new pattern of the tartan, a new bloom and fragrance in the heather, a new glory in the thistle, "symbol dear" to not a few of the long-headed as well as to the long-eared—when the voice of Auld Reekie's arch-critic was heard to steal from the solitudes of Craigcrook, bearing witness to a new aspirant in fiction, as one whose delineation of Scottish character was as true and touching as the "Annals of the Parish," purer and deeper than Galt, and even more absolutely and simply true—when Jeffrey did homage to the heroine as a conception so original, and yet so true to nature, and to Scottish nature, that it was far beyond anything that Galt could reach—when he profusely eulogised her sweet thoughtfulness, and pure, gracious, idiomatic Scotch—and when Mr. Colburn had promptly advertised this dictum of approval, what marvel if the tide of popular interest set in with a spring freshness and force to the bleak shores of the north, and a general hush of expectation honoured the lady-wizard (witch is an ugly appellation) whose wand was to rule the waves. A Scottish school of fiction revived in full vigour—of purpose, if not of effect; an anonymous galaxy of female talent was to be seen in the novel-reader's heaven of mild ethereal "blue." The author of "Mrs. Margaret Maitland" is not to be dismissed with disrespect as a mere tenth-rate planet, even by those who hesitate to worship her as a fixed star. Nor are others of the same group to be lightly esteemed—the author of "Olive," for instance, and Miss Douglas—but none is at once so characteristically Scottish and so generally mark-worthy as Mrs. Margaret's biographer. She has probably less of the poetry of pathos and passion than her fair countrywoman who has given us the fortunes of the "Ogilvies," and the heart-struggles of the "Head of the Family." But there is more of subdued wisdom, of mellowed art, of equable manner, of

quiet reflectiveness, and of unobtrusive sagacity in the subject of our present sketch. And but that she has evinced something of a disposition to over-write herself—or at least to be content with repeating herself "with a difference"—we might augur very promising things in her behalf, and a reputation which shall survive a reaction. We are disappointed if she has yet done her best.

Truth to nature—the harvest of a quiet eye, which sees somewhat deeply, if not very widely—an unexaggerated manner, together with a well-defined national individuality (ὡς ἐπος ἐιπειν)—in these lies the charm of the now celebrated "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland, of Sunnyside." They open admirably; nothing of the kind can be better than the good spinster's reminiscences of early years, when she lay on the grass in the garden of her father's manse, looking at the white clouds sailing upon the sky, and thinking no mortal could be happier if she could but have abode there; or drawn thence into more stirring idleness by her brother Claud, "it being little in the nature of a blythe boy to bide quiet and look at the sky—that I should speak of him so! that is a man with grey hairs upon his head, and a father in the kirk; but the years steal by us fast, and folk forget." If our interest in these life-passages flags by the way, it is because they, with all their linked sweetness, are *too* long drawn out. Not indeed that they are passages which lead to nothing; but they are a roundabout way of reaching the proposed something. So that the zest with which we launch out from the *terminus à quo*, abates by a "considerable" heap of jots and tittles ere we arrive at the *terminus ad quem*. Mistress Maitland confesses her apprehensions that the world may think her bold, being but a quiet woman of discreet years and small riches, in having such an imagination as that it could be the better of hearing the like of her homely story. Her modesty has been greeted with the welcome protestant "No, no!" of her large auditory, who—with Lord Jeffrey as fugleman—have assured her that they *are* the better for her pleasant apocalypse. But pleasanter it undoubtedly might have been had it been penned in the fear of the somewhat musty but ever wholesome adage, "Enough is as good as a feast," an adage worthy of all acceptation, and enjoying it—witness the μηδεν ἀγαν of the Greeks, and the *ne quid nimis* of the Latins. The Ladye of Sunnyside is rich in proverbs: of *this* one she is practically ignorant; 'tis true 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true. When matter which should find ample room and verge enough in one volume is ambitious of the Rule of Three, we are apt to "weary" before the quotient is worked out, and (a thing unknown elsewhere) to murmur at the largeness of the dividend. Thus it is possible to be delighted with a first volume, to yawn over a second, and to "play a loud solo on a wind instrument" (a periphrasis of the verb "to snore") over the third. We do not say that we committed either of these two enormities in the perusal of the Sunnyside chronicles; nevertheless, we had, at intervals, a depressing suspicion that the excellent annalist was trenching on the border-land of—twaddle. Perhaps, however, this very circumstance aids rather than injures the effect of the book as a whole; just as Richardson's illimitable details are thought to be the secret of his success. Mrs. Maitland would not, perhaps, be herself in one volume; she might cease to handle the pen of a ready writer, if she tried to be a terse and restrained one. And, therefore, we gladly and gratefully take her as we find her—and that is, as a

generous, warm, and pure-hearted Scottish gentlewoman of the old school, who sits down to write these passages in her life, because, as she expresses it, it has often come into her head that, seeing the threads of Providence have many times a semblance of ravelling, it would be for edification to trace out one here and one there, that folk might see how well woven the web was into which the Almighty's hand run them. Throughout the biographical excerpts her character is sustained with a beautiful unity. She has suffered much, but her heart knoweth and keepeth secret its own bitterness, while it expands at the tale of others' woe. With a narrow creed she has a broad humanity. The staunch pupil of "Free Kirk" theology and "old-world" conventionalism, she yet has a lurking enjoyment of humours and anomalies abhorrent to both; she can propound a tolerant philosophy on the virtues of the Novel, and can indite a rather *con amore* description of a dominie in drink. Blessings on her kind upright soul! Her simple piety, her shrewd insight, her moral courage, her singleness of eye, her depth of affection, her wealth of sympathy, her unobtrusive self-sacrifice, her unworldly intelligence, endear her to every feeling mind. Next to her stands Grace—whose history is all attractive, as one feels it will be from the hour that she first appears at Sunnyside, "a bit little thin genty-looking bairn, with a face no to be forgotten," not bonnie, indeed, but like a "shady corner," when her dark eyes are cast down—"and when she lifted them, it was like the rising of the stars in the sky; no that they were sharp, but like a deep stream flowing dark and full." We can quite realise the presence of Grace, "with a look upon her bit white face of that dowie and pining feeling that will come into folk's heads upon a summer night,"—and yet with "aye *something in her eye*, and in her spirit, that ruled folk whether they would or no," and in whose nature it was not to show either her tribulation or her joyfulness by outward tokens, and in the deep soil of whose heart every strong emotion struck its roots far down, out of the sight of any mortal, and who, amid scenes of household sorrow, bore herself like a firm young tree among waving breckans, tossed with the wind, but not overcome. Her wicked relations are somewhat weakly done; to the author's honour, private if not professional, be it said, she does not excel in studies of bad people, with whom she has evidently had little to do, and nothing to sympathise. The widow Elphinstone and her son Allan are cleverly drawn and carefully discriminated; Mary Maitland is a douce lassie, worthy of her aunt and her "forbears;" Jenny, the heart-whole maid-of-all-work, is to the life; and Reuben Reid is a transcript from nature, to be found *in esse* throughout the lowlands of Scotland.

Those who desiderate a plot, a mystery, a dramatic evolution of events in the construction of a novel, will find "Merkland" more to their taste than the simple passages in the life of the Sunnyside spinster. A murder—the force and the results of circumstantial evidence, implicating an innocent man—the sorrows and magnanimity of the wrongly accused—the cowardice and remorse of the real homicide—the heroic devotion of both their sisters—and the moral adjustment of the seemingly chaotic elements of retributive justice,—these topics form the substratum for a fiction of considerable inventive art, clever portraiture, and natural pathos. Faults it has, but they are such as pertain to the author's novitiate. The story covers too large a surface; it introduces more characters

than can justify their *entrée*, whether by relationship to the unity of action, or by individuality and personal pretensions; it is often desultory, fragmentary, and (are we coining a word?) platitudinary. The clue to the mystery, retailed charily bit by bit, is doled out more in accordance with the exigencies of novel-craft than with the probabilities of actual life: of course, it was proper in fiction that Anne Ross and Jacky, her elfin familiar, should have the glory of making Norman's righteousness to shine forth as the noon-day, but we demur to its being as agreeable to fact that three sharp-witted men should be balked so signally on the same mission. We lost something of our reverence for James Aytoun's legal acumen, and his companions' shrewd intelligence, when they failed to make anything of past and present memorabilia in the career of Patrick Lillie—his known aversion to the murdered man, his strange agony on the fatal morning, and his subsequent moody seclusion, betraying all the signs of a perturbed spirit that could not rest. The author is fond of getting up a surprise; but it is not always that it succeeds: instead of doing execution, there is often a mere flash in the pan, which startles none but raw recruits. But taking it altogether, the interest of "Merkland" is well sustained, and frequently reaches a high standard. Passages in abundance of power and pathos reward the reader. Such as Mrs. Catherine's revelation of the dark deed to little Alison Aytoun, as the impassable "let and hindrance" to the fair child's becoming a child-wife—when they sat together beneath the portrait of Sholto Douglas, and Alice was bidden, and *tried* not to tremble, as her aged companion began the narrative—glancing the while at out-door objects to which the waning gloaming gave a ghostly aspect—the grey, inquisitive-looking crag, behind which she could fancy some malicious elf watching them, the dark whins pressing close to the window, the dreary sough of the wind as it swept through the bare trees without, and the long passages within, moaning so eerie and spirit-like, together with the gloom of the mysterious apartment devoted to this sad tryst, and the calm unmoved face looking down from the wall on this conference of "youthheid" and eld. So again the description of the "eviction" of the Macalpines, by order of the innovating Southron proprietor of Strathoran, where we trace the progress of destruction by the agonised looks of the ejected peasantry, and hear confusedly a sharp sudden cry from some distressed mother as the roof under which her little ones were born is rudely destroyed, and the father's long, low groan, and the suppressed passion of young men who cannot school themselves to patience, and the plaintive cry of shrill dismay and wonder from little children clinging about their feet, while house after house, unwindowed, roofless, and doorless, stands in mute desolation behind the hirelings of oppressive law, until the chill March wind rushes into the last dismantled cottage, and the Macalpines are without a home; or Miss Crankie's garrulous narrative of the tragedy, and Anne's subsequent encounter of Christian Lillie on that still night, wrapt in grey misty folds, when she wandered musingly along the dim sands, and watched a faint ray of moonlight silvering the water, and the long glistening line of its wet shores here and there, till (fit place and time for such a meeting) the tall, dark, gliding figure met her, moving with noiseless footstep over the sand from the gate of Schole, a dreary, mysterious house, by the way, which, with its strange brother and sister tenants, reminds us of the House of the Seven Gables, whereby

hangs *such* a tale; or, once more, the shipwreck scene, and the death-bed of Patrick Lillie, and the return home of the honourably acquitted exile—all examples of vigorous and effective writing, which few can read unmoved. The occasional introduction of a sentence or two of simple pathos is effectively and artlessly managed. We might quote a century of examples—take one, at random, where Jean Miller tells how she met Patrick Lillie coming out of the wood where lay the dead man, and was struck by the extremity of his anguish:—"'And ye didna speak to him?' said Jacky.—'Speak to him! Lassie, if ye havena a lighter weird than ither folk, ye'll ken before lang, that sore trouble is not to be spoken to. I wad rather gang into a king's chamber unbidden than put mysel forrit, when I wasna needed, into the heavy presence of grief.'—'*For grief is a king, too,*' murmured Jacky.—'And so it is,' said Jean Miller, with another emphatic quiver of her lip—the little narrow Edinburgh attic, in which her student-nephew toiled, or ought to toil, rising before her eyes, and her heart yearning over him in unutterable agonies of tenderness,—'and so it is—and kenning that there's sin in ane ye like weel, or fearing that there's sin in ane whose purity is the last hope of your heart, that's the king of a' griefs.'"

Among such a crowd of characters as have their exits and their entrances in "Merkland," it is quite reasonable that two or three should but indifferently please us. We are sorry to put Lilie, Norman's pretty daughter, on the list, because the author has taken pains on the outfit, and readers generally accept her as a little darling: whereas we confess to a disrelish for her rather hackneyed and melo-dramatic dialect—her mystic vocables—her too sophisticated infantine-cy, and her habit (chiefly recognised at the minor theatres) of using the third for the first person singular. Of the leading male characters, hardly one is to our fancy, to say nothing of the tiresome Mr. Fitzherbert, and the plastic Giles Sympelton; we stumble a little at the quick and perfect conversion of Archibald Sutherland, nor is there that probability in the prolonged secrecy of Patrick Lillie, which Mr. Hawthorne has so powerfully contrived in the case of Arthur Dimmesdale: it is surely on the author's behoof, that Patrick, being such as she depicts him, endures such a burden of shame and sorrow for eighteen weary years. Lewis Ross we should like to forbid the house had *we* a little sister Alice; and the mention of her name induces us forthwith to turn from captiousness to panegyric. If the men of "Merkland," as we have complained, are wanting, more or less, in the *propria quæ maribus*, and suggest a female hand as their originator, the women, young and old, are rich in faith and good works, and are for the most part clear-headed and leal-hearted, tender and true. Alice Aytoun is a sweet picture of a girl just emerging from the child's mirth and unrestrained gaiety into those sensitive, imaginative years, which form the threshhold of graver life—

> Standing with reluctant feet
> Where the brook and river meet,
> Womanhood and childhood sweet;

and a touching chapter in her history is that wherein she is told that Lewis—*her* Lewis—is the brother of her father's assassin, when, with a long, low cry of pain, involuntary and unconscious, she turns from Mrs. Catherine's lap, feeling that there is nothing more to say or to hope, and the mist and film of her first sorrow blinds and stills the girlish heart,

till now so gay and high in its beatings, and she wanders up-stairs to her own room, and thinks it *so* dim, and cheerless, and cold, and hides her sad white face in the pillow, and silently weeps. "The girlish light heart sank down under its sudden burden, without another struggle. '*I am not strong*,' murmured little Alice, '*and there is no one with me.*'" A more beautiful sketch of gentle maidenly dependence one seldom meets withal. *The* character of the novel, however, is, or is meant to be, the Lady of the Tower, Mrs. Catherine Douglas. She belongs to the Scottish family, of which we have eminent types in the redoubtable presence of Mrs. Violet M'Shake, in one of Miss Ferrier's capital tales, and of Galt's Leddy Grippy, which, in Byron's opinion, was surpassed by no female character since the days of Shakspeare for truth, nature, and individuality. But Mrs. Catherine is their superior in the *suaviter in modo*, and yet their peeress in the *fortiter in re*; albeit, on the whole, there may be a lack of freshness and a slight air of effort about her. Still she commands respect and unstinted love. We see in her a high-minded and unselfish lady, whose strong will sways, and whose warm heart embraces all within their influence—one whose healthful and vigorous spirit is rarely and beautifully softened by delicate perceptions and sympathies, and who holds absolute dominion, with strong but kindly hand, at the grey, old, stately tower, whose courtyard had rung to martial music in the days of the Stuarts, and beneath whose heavy, battlemented wall the brown waters of the Oran speed on their way. She is a Douglas, and retains the complexional peculiarities of the Black Earl of olden time. All honour to the grand-hearted matron—in her rich, rustling, silken garments of dark-grey, and that shawl of finest texture and simplest pattern, and that cap of old and costly lace; her unchanged attire for years and years! The members of her household are characteristically drawn: Elspeth Henderson, a subdued and domesticated Mause Headrigg, and her daughter, Euphan Morison—a very genius in doctoring (*e. g.*, Mrs. Catherine's best cow in the death-thraw with her abominations)—and *her* daughter Jacky (*scil.* Jacobina), that strange, thin, angular girl, with her dark, keen face, and eccentric motion, and singular language—charged to the full with fairy tales and enthusiasm—a very *Ariel* to do her mistress's spiriting—not the least mystery about her being the "reason why the spirit of a knight-errant, of as delicate honour, and heroic devotion, as ever adorned the brightest age of chivalry, should have been endued with this girl's elfin frame and humble place." Anne Ross, again—or "Gowan," as her patroness lovingly calls her—is a delightful being: a self-sacrificing, resolute, circumspect, yet most tender nature—rare union of intense affection and disciplined wisdom—worthy of the portrait-gallery of the "Two Old Men's Tales." And we must put in a good word for Marjory Falconer, who, in her most reckless freaks, escapes the stigma of vulgarity, and who blushes so unreservedly that we grant her plenary absolution for her use of the whip, and even for her transient adherence to the "Rights of Women"* empiricism.

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* The author is as little disposed to "Female Domination" as Mrs. Gore. By the mouth of Anne Ross she says, "I do utterly contemn and abominate all that rubbish of rights of women, and woman's mission, and woman's influence, and all the rest of it; I never hear these cant words but I blush for them . . . . let us do our work as honourably and wisely as we can, but for pity's sake do not let us make this mighty noise and bustle about it. We have our own strength, and honour, and dignity—no one disputes it; but dignity, and strength, and honour are things to live in us, not to be talked about; only do not let us be so thoroughly

One salient objection meets the story of "Caleb Field" *in limine;* and that is, the incompatibility of its subject—a narrative of the great Plague—with the assumed province of art. The horrible, it is contended, is foreign to that province, and cannot, ought not, to be naturalised. Yet, whatever be the value of this doctrine *à priori*, authorship of the first class has so far set it aside as to choose subjects physically repulsive, and invest them with strange interest, and make the mortal put on immortality, the corrupt, incorruption. We need but name Boccaccio, and Shelley, and Professor Wilson. The truth seems to be, that such subjects are only incompatible with the laws of art in fiction, or painting, and sculpture, when the physical is portrayed to the exclusion of the moral; when material horror absorbs the sense of mental energy, and over-rides the majesty of the human will. The opinion of some, that we have too much of Pain and Evil in actual life, and, therefore, may shun them in fiction, has been not unjustly controverted on the ground that this is to make Art a mere "amusement (*i. e.*, an escape from the Muse), and to look on the terrible realities of life only as things to be endured," thus refusing to connect them with the ideals of God, with the visions and ambitions of the soul." Our author is not the one to omit this religious element in any story of her weaving, least of all in one where God moves in so mysterious a way, and where the reader is called upon to stand between the living and the dead, and to behold a thousand fall beside him, and ten thousand at his right hand, victims of the pestilence that destroyeth at noon-day—which fanaticism personifies as a dreadful form with outstretched sword "gleaming like a diamond-stone," and his eyes "like fire gazing over the city, and his face terrible, and yet so fair, and his garments like a wondrous mist, with the sunshine below." Edith Field is the bright presence, with something of angelic light, amid the blackness of darkness; and the part she plays, and the tone given to the tale by her pervading spirit, distinguish it from previous fictions on the same theme—such as "Old St. Paul's," and "Sir Ralph Esher," and "Brambletye House."

We are not so sure as some of our "irritable race" that "Adam Græme" has enhanced and will enhance its author's reputation; though we acknowledge the beauty of holiness, the truthfulness and pathos, the faithful presentment of Scottish life and manners, and the secret struggles of human suffering which here, as in all her writings, impress, interest, and instruct. Tenderness and simplicity are here, with ample power to chasten and subdue; passing into our "purer mind, with tranquil restoration," and breathing there the "still sad music of humanity." This we are "well pleased to recognise." But, on the other hand, it is neither very carefully nor completely written, and it reveals little novelty of character or incident. Probably it was written too fast—at any rate, with too much faith in the writer's hold on the public. A firm and kindly hold she has, and sorry we should be to see the grasp relaxed. New editions are not an infallible proof that critical croaking is superfluous.

self-conscious—no one gains respect by claiming it."—"Merkland," vol. ii., pp. 39, 40.

And again:—"We stoop mightily from our just position when we condescend to meddle with such humiliating follies as the rights of women; we compromise our becoming dignity when we involve ourselves in a discreditable warfare, every step in advance of which is a further humiliation to us." She adds, however, "The best mind will always assert itself in whomsoever it may dwell—we are safe in that. The weak ought to be controlled and guided; and will be, wherever there is a stronger, whether man or woman."—Vol. iii., pp. 33, 34.

WOODTHORPE.

A REMINISCENCE OF A PHYSICIAN.

By Kelly Kennyon.

Part. II.

A few days subsequent to the events previously narrated, Simon the groom was to be seen harnessing the grey-faced old coach-horse, which had long been familiarly known by the military name of Corporal, to the jingling phaeton, which for many a long day had formed the equipage of Spenser House. Ere long that antiquated vehicle was slowly rolling along the narrow and shady lanes which conducted to the cross-roads inn, where they joined the more spacious and better-constructed turnpike-road. That house of entertainment was an unpretending place, and had for ages been known by the sign of the Spenser Arms. It was one of the post-and-pan buildings, as they are termed, formed of huge piles of timber driven into the ground, and the interspaces filled up with lath and plaster. The woodwork was painted brown, the stucco whitewashed, which gave it a look of cleanliness and order, while the thickly-thatched covering and the small latticed windows imparted an air of humble and homely comfort. Situated in a solitary but romantic position, several miles apart from the towns, between which it stood midway, it had gladdened the heart of many a weary wayfarer who had in summer's heat been refreshed beneath its cooling shades; in winter's storm been cheered by its blazing hearth. The landlord, in his younger days, had been butler, and his wife a maid-servant, at Woodthorpe during the life of the present Godfrey's father. When the former had on occasions quaffed a cup of his own-brewed October, he loved to become loquacious, and give histories—long, tedious histories—relative to the elder Godfrey: how that revered personage could, if required, take three bottles of port unaffected, which in those times was a most gentlemanly accomplishment; how he could sit the night through with a chosen few, and look fresh as a daisy on the following morning; and that it was his punctual habit to drink a goblet of rum-punch before breakfast. The host would then descant on other capabilities of the old squire; how many head of game he had once bagged on the 1st of September; what fearful leaps he had taken on his favourite Whitefoot; then he would go on about the former hospitalities of the hall; tell to wondering ears of having himself actually waited on lords and peers. His wife would then chime in with many anecdotes touching the family, and, if patiently listened to, would become as prosy as her husband on a topic of which many had become tired of hearing. Whatever was strange, its analogue was or had been at Woodthorpe; whatever was of human greatness recorded, some one of the departed Spensers had formed a counterpart. All this, however, showed in simple minds the proofs of attachment and respect which reflected credit on those by whom such feelings were elicited. They have not been bad masters and mistresses whom domestics love to praise when adulation can be of no advantage.

The Tally-ho! coach changed horses at the Spenser Arms, by which

and where Master Alfred was, by previous appointment, to meet their own conveyance. Simon and the Corporal had set off rather too early, for fear of not being in time to receive their charge; they were half an hour too soon. The Corporal stood very quietly on the green, but not Simon, who sauntered about, cracked his whip, and entered into various topics of conversation with the landlord. The faithful domestic had walked just as far as the turn where he could have a view of a long and straight piece in the road, returned, went back, and returned the third time. "Drat the stage, 'tis a long time, this morning," addressing himself to the fat, red-faced, jolly man, who, as he loitered about with a leisurely and complacent air, felt fully conscious that he was really the *sole* and indisputable occupant and master of that renowned house-of-call, and the fifty broad acres that lay at its back-door.

"'Tis not quite the half-hour yet, Simon—it wants eight minutes of her time," replied the rubicund son of Bacchus, as with something of importance he laid hold of the large gold seal and bright steel chain that dangled from the zone of his tight drab smalls, and drew from his fob a huge silver watch. "She'll not be long, though," continued he, lowering the said watch into its quarters, and giving a tug or two at the chain, as if to assure himself it had made the right descent.

Simon again cracked his whip, then with great precision hit divers times a tuft of grass with the extreme end of the thong, thrust the other hand into his pocket, and accosting the Corporal, made some slight observation, at which his quadrupal companion gave a toss of the head, which Simon always considered as the tacit acknowledgment of the Corporal's comprehension. I have said he went three times to the turn in the road. He went once more, and at that instant his gladdened ears heard the clanging sound of the winding horn—then heard the wheels—then saw the Tally-ho! "They're a-comin' at last, old fellow," said he to the Corporal. The Corporal again, with wonderful intelligence, tossed his head—moved a pace or two on—stopped again, when the old groom just hinted if he would stand still, they would soon be off home.

The vehicle in a few minutes approximated the old-fashioned portico of the wayside inn; but before the wheels had ceased to revolve, Simon, with glistening eye and happy countenance, said in tone audible to all present, "Oh, Master Alfred, you're there, I see. Ben awaitin' on ye a long time this mornin'—thought the old stager would never come." After this public announcement that Master Alfred had really arrived, one gentleman, as if suddenly awoke from a comfortable doze, protruded his travelling-cap and a pair of huge grey whiskers, with red face and flat nose to correspond, said to himself or companions within, when he observed the fresh horses, "Change here, I suppose!" then calling out for a glass of mild ale, backed himself into the warm corner which comfortably contrasted with the fresh air of the morning.

"How are you, old fellow?" said young Spenser, as he, like a roebuck, jumped at one leap from the box-seat, and cordially seized the hard hand of Simon, who was childishly delighted at his young master's return.

"I hope you are well, Mr. Alfred?" respectfully said the landlord, and touching his hat to the young squire.

"Very glad to see you coming home again, Mister Alfred," simultaneously said the hostess, as she was about to pass with the glass of mild

ale for the travelling-cap and whiskers, who by this time had thrown down the coach window, and found his tongue as dry as a tinder-box.

"Lor bless me, how he has grown, I scarcely knew him—and he is so tall," observed Simon, who was now gossiping with the landlady.

"Now, ma'am, that ale, if you please," shouted the thirsty gentleman out of the coach window, and who feared the horses would be harnessed and off before he secured his morning draught.

The landlady then really recollected she was the bearer of some of the best home-brewed, and when she had extended the sparkling liquor, she was about to enter into some excuse for her absence, by stating that Master Spenser, of Woodthorpe, was returning home, and she was wishing him——

At this moment the grey-whiskered traveller abruptly said: "That'll do—there's the glass—here's twopence—shut the door." At which the hostess was a little damped in her ardour about the young squire, for she thought that every one had known the Spensers, of Spenser House, Woodthorpe, and was amazed at this rude indifference on the part of the traveller.

"Here, my man, seize hold of this trunk and portmanteau, and don't stand chatting there," said the guard to Simon, "or," continued he—"or you will perhaps have to fetch them from the next town."

The luggage was lowered, the coachman flourished his whip, a shrill blast was blown from the horn, the horses bounded over the ground, and in a few minutes the Tally-ho! was lost in the distance.

Alfred desired Simon to follow him into the inn, and try his hand at a glass of hot rum-and-water, just by way of keeping out the Christmas cold. The interior of the Spenser Arms was in keeping with the exterior. All was clean, neat, and comfortable. The chief apartment was the *house*, which was immediately entered from the front door. Not boasting of fine furniture and carpet-floor, it more partook of a kitchen of the better order. It's ample fireplace, and the cosy, dark-leathered seat which was placed on one side, formed a snug berth in cold December days;—the bright range, with its well scoured bars—the highly-polished fender, made silver-like by many a protracted rubbing—the white hearth-stone and "nicely-sanded floor"—the interesting pictures of John Gilpin's journey, and the death of Turpin's dying Bess!—the little bar, with its glass windows, fenced off in one corner, where stood the spirit kegs, and were hung and arranged lots of bright pewter pots, and rows of glasses, all clean—beautifully clean, and where the matron of the cross-roads inn was wont to preside as the deity of that little sanctum!—I repeat, everything conferred an air of English way-side comfort that was truly English, and nowhere to be found but in England. There, too, were a neat little parlour and equally neat little bedroom all on the same floor, both promising the same description of characteristics.

Simon followed his young master in, laid hold of the goblet, and, doffing his hat from his sunburnt brow, wished the young squire's health in superlatives, and declared he was quite and altogether like the old breed, with other encomiums; then gave a hearty pull at the hot contents of the goblet, which were so strong—the landlady had put in an extra quantity, partly in her zeal for the family, partly because she did so in compliment to the young squire, and partly because Simon was a fellow-

servant when she lived at the hall—which were so strong, I repeat, that Simon actually could not speak for several moments; but this Simon attributed to the water being, as he said, "biling hot."

The landlady, in her wanton good humour, would ask a question of her former fellow-servant just at the moment he could not speak, and she was evidently satisfied at this additional proof of the poignancy of the bacchanalian liquids which she had the honour of pouring out at the cross-roads inn.

Simon then handed the rum-and-water to the landlord, who also extolled Mr. Alfred's virtues, and gave a declaration that he grew more and more like the old squire every time he saw him!

The newly-emancipated schoolboy refreshed himself with a glass of negus, munched a biscuit, lit a cigar, and impatiently asked the domestic if he were ready. Simon gave another pull, and with added gusto, to the mixture, and moved off to the carriage, where Alfred was patting the head of the Corporal, a personage which he recollected ever since he could discriminate between a horse and a cow. In a brief space of time they were happily on their way to Woodthorpe.

"Well, how are they all at home?" inquired the youth, when he was more at leisure to enter into minute inquiries, and after which interrogative he emitted from his mouth an enormous volume of smoke, which was done with an air of manliness, showing him to be no novice at burning the noxious weed.

"All hearty and well, Master Alfred—all hearty and well," reiterated he.

"And how is Jumper?"

"Fresh as a racer," said Simon.

"That's right; I'll give him a breathing to-morrow. They meet at the Box-tree Hill, do they not?"

"Yes, at ten o'clock, and he'll carry you in fine style, that he will."

"What kind of a stock of dogs have you now, Simon? The young springers, which were mere puppies when I left, are fit for work, I suppose, by this?"

"Master ordered me to hang Juno, and Flash, and Timon, but there are plenty of that kind of animals in the kennel yet; and for my part, I only wish there were another gallows-day, meat is so difficult, you see, to come at, and the hungry brutes bolt so much—but the hemp necklace must be used again, we've so many on 'em, we have."

"Do Sir Harry's hounds run well this year?" inquired Alfred.

"Splendaciously! And the whip told me the other day that they had already killed ten brace, and that they ran like pigeons. Last year their hounds tailed too much, but they've draughted out the old 'uns, and some of the young 'uns as hadn't speed, and got a few fresh 'uns in their places. They now, said he, pack beautifully. But, he said, though they packed better, and were swifter, yet the cry was not so good, because some of the older dogs had finer and deeper sounding tones, and because, Master Alfred, the fleeter you breed 'em the less music you have. When they are going like the wind they havn't time to waste their breath in giving voice. I knows sum'at about these 'ere matters, as, many years ago, before I came to Woodthorpe, I was second whip to Sir Harry Dashover's pack for two seasons, and I well remember how the old huntsman used to talk

and tell about hounds. Poor old man, he is living yet. But, you mind, he knew hunting and all about it, because it was his business. He now merely rides to the cover to see 'em throw off. Though so old, he likes the crack o' the whip still."

"Sir Harry is a bold and good rider I have been told."

"He was, Master Alfred, he was—but I s'pose with him, as with all, when years come on caution follows."

Such was their conversation as the vehicle, rumbling, rolled along; and in no great length of time the Corporal was conveying his charge down the stately avenue that conducted to the mansion. Scarcely had the carriage been drawn up, when Godfrey, with nimble step, descended from the main entrance, seized his son's hand, and cordially welcomed his return. During this salutation, the parent's love glistened in the father's eyes. Before him stood the hope of his declining years, the boy verging into manhood, the only representative of his ancient line. This was the last time he would return from school: he had arrived at one of the turning-points of life. The mother met him in all the impatience of affection at the door, and embraced her boy in all the fondness of a mother's love. The girls—the seven sisters—simultaneously clustered around their only brother, and severally welcomed him with all that warmth and purity of soul which those who have sisters only know. Godfrey was in high spirits: it was a happy day, and all hoped for a merry Christmas. Simon received orders to have both Jumper and the Corporal ready for the morrow's meet at Box-tree Hill, which was, indeed, a piece of strange intelligence to the groom, as his master had not seen the hounds for two or three seasons. The captain merely intended to ride to the meet in company with his son, to whom he wished to be kind and indulgent. On this, the first day of Alfred's return, he with youthful eagerness visited the stable, then the kennel, where he found several old faces to which his voice was not forgotten; he freed them from their confinement, and they whisked round and round in giddy circles, as if they had lost every whit of their canine rationality. He strolled through the park, traced his long graven name on many a tree, loitered by the fish-pond, and sought each familiar spot that recalled some happy association of earlier days.

In the evening, the sky looked clear, the air felt sharp and frosty, and the smoke ascended in perpendicular columns. Whilst looking at the evening sky, and forming conjectures on the morrow's weather, a flock of wild ducks whizzed over his head, and flew in the direction of the brook which ran through the valley of Woodthorpe. He resolved, before many nights had passed away, to lessen their numbers, and with a sportsman's eye he noticed the point where they were most likely to alight, and where he might on a future occasion gain a shot. That evening was indeed a pleasant one with those who formed the glad group round Captain Spenser's hearth. The sombre dining-room looked more cheerful than it was wont; every face told of gladness; whilst the catch, the jest, the laugh, the repartee, added to the social harmony, and, as Dr. Primrose observed on one occasion, if there was not more wit than common, there was more laughter. The wrinkles on Godfrey's brow were more obliterated than usual, and his features relaxed into many an unrestrained smile. Yes, that evening, he seemed to forget his cares, drove from his remem-

brance the importunate duns of creditors, and sanguinely hoped for better times. Bred in the country, and brought up in the observance of the greatest economy, those baneful influences that injuriously operate in antagonism to the laws of health in cities, had not enervated nor rendered delicate and unprepossessing the robust children by whom he was surrounded. From infancy they had wandered free as air over the wide domain, and there was not a path in the parish of Woodthorpe which they did not constantly visit. Thus their inheritance of fine frames and rosy health. That evening the younger sat up to supper; the elder drank their brother's health in weak negus, and the juniors were made merry with hot elder wine!

Scarcely had the hall-clock on the following morning struck seven, when Alfred awoke from a tranquil and uninterrupted sleep. "I am glad —very glad it is not a dream!" muttered he, as he rolled on his side, and cast a look around the room, which was obscurely seen in the breaking light of the morning—"glad I am, indeed, that I am not at that confounded Ferulebam Hall—that school-days are got over at last—and catch me cracking my brain with Homer and Horace again!" Then, springing out of bed, and peeping through the casement to see what kind of weather blew, and if it were a hunting morning—"It will be a scent-day; by eleven, when the sun's out, they will run like fury." He then commenced dressing, extracted from his wardrobe a pair of white corded pantaloons, and ere long was with hasty step passing through the stable-yard to see how Jumper appeared before the day's campaign. Breakfast was despatched, and the father and son were, in no great length of time after, gently trotting away towards Box-tree Hill.

On arriving at the meet, many and cordial were the greetings between the Spensers and their friends. It would have been difficult to say whether father or son were happiest; the former in the reflection that he had such a youth, the latter in the thoughts that he had done with school, and a new life was opening to his view. Sir Harry Dashover came up and shook hands with Alfred, and jested him on the probabilities of his having a summerset. It was, indeed, a pretty sight: there was a good field, and the morning was delightfully fine. The hounds bounded over the hard ground, the scarlet coats were seen to advantage in the clear winter's sun, and every steed was impatient of restraint. The scenery around Box-tree Hill was rugged and picturesque, and from that elevation the surrounding country presented a panoramic view on which the eye delighted to rest. The hounds were put into cover, and it was soon heard that reynard had been there but during the night, or rather early in the morning, and it was to be hoped he had not travelled to a great distance. Not finding there, some furze was next tried, and in a few minutes "Tally-ho!" was heard, and the music commenced. Away they went, scarlet coats followed, crash went the hedges, and every heart beat high with excitement. The Corporal pricked his ears, and actually felt young again, and his soul-stirred rider once more experienced the feelings of old. It was, indeed, a beautiful unkennel, and had Simon been there he would have termed it "splendacious!"

Captain Spenser and two or three elderly gentlemen, who had lost the spring and elasticity of younger years, wisely resolved to profit by the experience of many a sporting day gone by, and instead of following,

determined on speculating on the probabilities. They accurately noted the wind, and then bore off at a smart trot to the next eminence; each reined his steed, and if any word was spoken, it was in whisper. "He will take a turn and come up the valley there, I will venture my word on it," observed an elderly gentleman, who said he had hunted regularly for forty seasons.

"I fancy not," said another, in subdued tone; "it strikes me they are bearing down to the right."

"Wait awhile, only," replied the gentleman of four times ten years' practice in the field. "He is trying the sandbank earths, where he will be balked. Then he will check the wind, and I wonder who will be right then," continued he, with a significant nod of the head.

An hour and twenty minutes hied away, and it was only at intervals that any of the hunters could be seen or heard. Now and then an indistinct human voice was audible, or a glance caught of a flitting scarlet passing quickly over some distant space. These elderly sportsmen, however, waited on; each eye was steadily fixed on the green plain below, to watch reynard cross to the opposite woods, where some main earths were also situated.

During this halt the Corporal was very restless and dissatisfied, and fain would he have joined the hot pursuers. At length the fox was seen passing over the very place where the veterans expected him. Each shouted, and then rode off with vigour and delight. In three minutes the yelping pack followed in his wake.

"He won't live a mile," said one of the veterans.

"He is dead beat," replied another.

The Corporal caught the frenzy of the moment, and would hurry along as fast as his legs could carry him. His rider, however, had no prejudice in favour of going at any hare-brained pace, consequently he put his feet firmly in the stirrups, and curbed the Corporal's impetuous desire. Godfrey very wisely resolved on gaining another hill-top, where he could see without incurring the fatigue and risk. Having reached the summit of another ascent, fox, hounds, and horsemen were all in full view. Scattered over two or three fields in the rear were jaded steeds and whipping riders, whose rate of progress told too truly the sporting fact, that it is the pace that kills! The leading horsemen rode desperately; they cleared the often-recurring fences in gallant style. The captain raised his eye-glass and looked on in very admiration: it reminded him of his own prowess in earlier times. "Why, upon my word," said he to himself, "there is Alfred first—foolish, daring boy! They have him on the other side of the wall! Surely the boy won't be so mad as to charge that wall with his spent horse! Mind—hold—hold Alfred," said Godfrey to himself; but in an instant Jumper cleared the dreaded barrier, and Alfred was the first in at the death. The youth threw himself from his horse, waded in amongst the hounds, and in transport of delight held up the departed object of the chase. Sir Harry Dashover, followed by the huntsmen, soon made their appearance, and in no long time those in the rear were in the field. Sir Harry took the amputated brush, and looking round, said, "Where is young Spenser?" Master Alfred came more prominently into sight, and Sir Harry gave him the trophy, declaring he never beheld a finer and more daring rider. He then addressed himself to Godfrey in complimentary strain on his son's equestrian capabilities.

Captain Spenser was pleased, as this feat showed the energy and ambition of a mind that might be excited to the pursuit of nobler game; he recollected the words of the poet, who calls the chase a "mimicry of nobler war!" They ran another to earth; and thus ended an excellent day's sport.

The winter to young Spenser passed very agreeably over. He had done with those "confounded books," as he termed them; his dogs, his gun, and Jumper, were the objects of his chief consideration. He shot lots of wild ducks, brought home quantities of game, and from morning to night was occupied with one sporting pursuit or another. He wandered about, over hill and over dale, happy as the day was long. The stern realities of life he had not entered; he saw the future only through dazzling colour, and Hope whispered in his ears her flattering tales.

About this time Godfrey unobservedly, yet very minutely, studied the character and disposition of his son. He watched every turn of his mind, noted the most trivial things, from which he sought to form up a correct judgment. He saw in him a spirit wild, daring, and noble—headstrong and impetuous, yet generous and kind. If, in the impulse of the moment, he said or did things that were wrong, he soon sought for their atonement by every means in his power. If one of his sisters in any way thwarted him, he would be cross and irascible; but ere long he would come and throw his arms around her neck, and ask to be forgiven.

Godfrey was at length convinced that Alfred would be an honour to the service, and if a field for distinction were given he would be distinguished. He saw, too, the nice management which he required, and remembered with an inward acknowledgment the verity of Mrs. Spenser's opinions. Much calm discretion and deliberate judgment is required in the exercise of parental authority, when those who had been long treated as children are springing up to maturer years. Extreme severity is sure to beget extreme disobedience, whilst over-indulgence is often returned by baseness and ingratitude. The happy medium is seldom hit, and too frequently examples of worthlessness and trouble are really in no slight degree traceable to parents themselves. "It was now," again thought Captain Spenser, "time that Alfred should decide upon a profession, and it were better that he should make the selection of the army himself, than that any appearance of persuasion should be exerted in order to gain that wished-for point."

One day, after dinner, Godfrey took up the paper, and saw that the —— regiment was stationed at Canterbury. He then laid it on his knee, was for a few moments abstracted, and said to Mrs. Spenser, "I think I shall go to Canterbury one of these days, Susan, and perhaps take Alfred. He has never seen any soldiers, save the recruiting party at the neighbouring fairs. He would be taken with the imposing sight of a well-equipped regiment. When he sees the dashing officers in their smart uniforms, he will sigh to be one of them—I know he will. He will determine then on entering the service without further deliberation. The colonel of the regiment now stationed there was one of the friends of my youth, and, if I forget not, we once made out that some degree of relationship existed between us. Yes! I'll go, and Alfred shall accompany me."

"I think it proper for you to take him, my dear, as it is desirable that young folks should see something of the world."

"True, wife—true," returned he.

That evening, after supper, Godfrey mentioned the contemplated journey. Alfred was asked if he would like to go, and it is scarcely necessary to add the youth at once consented.

"Well, well; then next Wednesday we will try to get off. I wish to be as indulgent as my narrow means admit."

The young sportsman was desired by his father to knock down a goodly hamper of game, which they might take with them for the colonel. This was a pleasing task. Alfred went out two or three consecutive days, and the proceeds made up a package well worthy of acceptance.

The wished-for morning arrived. At an early hour Simon was at the hall-door with the Corporal and the phaeton, in order to convey the two Spensers to the cross-roads inn, where they would take the "Tally-ho!" After the portmanteaus, the huge hamper of game, coats, umbrellas, &c., had been put in and on the vehicle—after the ladies had one and all assembled on the steps, and given kisses and farewells—Simon brought his mouth to a contracted focus, gave an admonitory chirp, cracked his whip, the wheels revolved over the broad gravel road, and they were off!

The Spenser Arms was to the Woodthorpians a kind of grand-junction, in modern railway phraseology. There letters, parcels, and people, were dropped; there not only the stage-coach, but other conveyances of less speedy transit were met, and whenever any of the peaceful dwellers of that retired hamlet did move from home, they generally took the coach or stage-waggon there. Two of the farmers' sons some years before had resolved to emigrate: they were set by mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, cousins, and more distant grades of consanguinity, as far as the cross-roads. It was there that a recruiting-sergeant enlisted three Woodthorpian ploughboys, each of whom had stipulated to be captains, which was readily accorded to by the wily sergeant;—it was there that the villagers reached the arterial trunks of road by which they could be carried into the heart and centre of the civilised world. In the times of which we speak, seldom indeed was it that any inhabitant of Woodthorpe thought of taking a long journey, and if some of the "rude forefathers" could come back, they would indeed wonder at this whiz-gig, roving, unsettled age! Half a century since, a long journey was by a rural inhabitant regarded as a positive piece of adventure and rarity; it conferred a certain amount of importance on those who performed it. Few indeed had been in London; and if a country person had by chance reached the metropolis, he was henceforth deemed an individual who had really seen the world; he returned with mighty tales of sights beheld, in the description of which there was a pleasure to tell to listening ears. Now it is otherwise. The iron arms of steam have penetrated remotest districts—the kindred spirits of Watt and Stephenson have well-nigh annihilated distance. By those mighty creations of mechanic art people traverse the earth's broad surface with lightning swiftness.

The pale mechanic leaves his labouring loom,

and in a few brief hours finds himself transported to the romantic borders of Windermere, a raptuous gazer on the beauties of nature!—a loiterer

by the shores of the eternal ocean—or a pilgrim amidst the human wilderness of the city of the world!

As the two travellers passed along their journey, many were the objects of attraction to the younger. He took his seat by the guard, and Godfrey, with greater reference to self-preservation and comfort, occupied the one vacant place within. Alfred would, on no account, have been cooped up there, and infinitely preferred his position on the roof. The coach had well-nigh its complement of passengers, and more than its ordinary quantity of luggage. From the off-side rail behind dangled a long basket, in the shape of a truncated cone, which was employed as the repository of umbrellas, walking-sticks, a surplus coach-whip, and the guard's brass horn. Now, the guard had known Alfred from infancy; he remembered him when quite a little boy on his Shetland pony accompanying Simon to the cross roads inn for the letter-bag. He had taken Alfred to and from school; and, besides, he was the young squire of Woodthorpe, therefore he was a privileged passenger. He was offered the use of that individual's dreadnought-coat when it came on a shower, and the chief attention of the guard was directed to this important traveller.

As they passed through the small towns and villages on their route, Alfred conferred upon the inhabitants the discord of long-winded blasts on the brass horn, which did not fail to attract the notice of the staring inhabitants as they rolled along. A rubicund, apoplectic-looking gentleman was Alfred's *vis-à-vis*, who sat with his back against the piled-up luggage; to him the young squire's performance on the horn was a source of great irritation. Angry words ensued, Alfred laughed, blew harder, and the rubicund gentleman's wrath subsided into the silence of unutterable contempt. Alfred plied the guard with divers glasses of "cold without," and was liberal in his cigars; therefore he did not wish to deprive the young gentleman of his desire to practice on that instrument of music.

Arrived at Canterbury, they took up their abode at the chief hotel, and after they had ordered dinner and dressed, the father proposed that they should take a stroll into the town, and also have a peep at the barracks, in which he had been quartered thirty years before. Scarcely had they proceeded a hundred yards down the pavement, when two or three dashing officers, with their gold lace, dangling swords, and flowing sashes, passed by, laughing heartily as they went, apparently the jolliest, most thoughtless, and happiest fellows in Christendom. Alfred fixed his eyes upon them in gaze of consternation, and evidently they had made a first and favourable impression—and first impressions are more than a dozen afterwards. How often are we attracted by external appearances—won by the glittering glare of imposing show! Mankind are apt to sweepingly arrive at conclusions from superficial reasonings, and, if blessed with some fortuitous circumstance, some wished-for position, imagine from such a perfectability of happiness. In youth the mind is endowed with ardour and enthusiasm; we then from trivial circumstances fallaciously conceive opinions, and love to adhere to them through right or wrong, disregarding the maturer judgments of those who have been schooled into wisdom by failure and disappointment.

Often at that period a decision made gives a complexion to future life—chalks out an unalterable destiny!

There are few sights more imposing than our military establishments. The order, the precision, the everything carried out with such scrupulous exactness; the methodical arrangements; the discipline, regularity, and mechanical invariableness with which every duty is performed; the punctilious observance of every command, from the white-haired colonel down to the raw recruit, cannot fail to impress the mind of the stranger and civilian. Alfred had not previously seen anything of the kind; all that met his eye was scanned with scrutinising glance. On approaching the main entrance, a soldier on guard was pacing to and fro with the regularity of an automaton. He walked with measured step to a certain point, turned round, went back as before, and seemed as if he would repeat the same *ad infinitum*. The flags and pavements were clean to an extreme; everything was in its place, and nothing out of its place. Some half-dozen handsome fellows were leisurely sauntering about, whose herculean stature, fine symmetry, and erect bearing, rendered them admirable specimens of the British soldier. Their uniforms fit without a wrinkle, as if they had been woven on their backs; the shining rows of buttons well contrasted with the dazzling scarlet; and each had given a graceful curve to the luxurious moustache that conferred a look of fierceness and courage to the warrior countenance. The half-dress cap sat on the head jauntily—they carried themselves majestically—moved like lords of creation! And who were they? The rank and file of England's legions! Were the prætorian guards nobler foemen or more brave? Were they who tore Caractacus from his humble cottage, and carried their arms victorious from the sunny south to the mist-covered wilds of Ultimum Thule, more warlike or more disciplined? No! In her military arrangements, England, as in everything else, demonstrates her boundless wealth, her mighty power, her energy, and enterprise. Compare those noble specimens of her ranks with the National Guard, the Spanish soldado, or the semi-disciplined Russian boors, and how great the contrast! A commissioned officer walked past where the Spensers were standing; each soldier as he went by gracefully raised his hand to his brow, their superior courteously acknowledged them, humming as he went along a favourite air, and seemed as happy as mortal could wish to be. Here and there were piled pyramidal heaps of cannon-shot, and was so dependent upon one another, that had a single one been withdrawn the entirety of the mimic fabric must have been sacrificed. A row of mounted cannon were placed in a convenient recess in the court-yard, and apparently ready for action in a moment's warning. Immediately in front of the officers' barracks a lieutenant was walking to and fro, with a similar degree of clockworkism as that mentioned when speaking of the soldier on guard. His tall and commanding figure, his splendid equipment, the high-bred dignity of his carriage, made him, indeed, the man to win woman's heart. At this moment a trumpeter stood in the middle of the court-yard, raised the trumpet to his lips, blew a few shrill notes, and in a few moments from every doorway issued the tall hussars, and, like pieces of machinery, formed themselves in line. A sergeant advanced; with a lynx-eyed scrutiny examined each as he passed along the ranks; then, standing apart, in stentorian voice ordered

several evolutions, which were performed with a simultaneous rapidity; they then retired, and Alfred wondered still more!

After having surveyed the garrison and seen a few of the main streets, the father and son returned to the hotel to discuss the merits of a comfortable dinner. A bright fire blazed cheerfully in the little sitting-room; the table was set out with more than common neatness; the obsequious waiter was expeditious in his movements, and in a few minutes the smoking edibles were before the travellers, who were both in a condition to do good service to a good dinner. Godfrey was no great reader, but he remembered the saying of the renowned lexicographer, Dr. Johnson, who deemed a tavern chair the throne of human felicity; and he might have cited Shenstone's opinion, that a man nowhere meets with such a hearty welcome as beneath the roof of an inn. The dinner hour being late, they dined with candles. Godfrey had no wish to stir out any more that night, and therefore resolved that he and Alfred would, over a bottle of crusted port, endeavour to make the evening pass as pleasantly as laid in their power. The captain, amid all his follies (and they were many), had never been addicted to drinking; and though he would on special occasions take his pint of wine, yet he was a temperate man. Drunkenness he detested; and if there was a vice he disliked above all others, it was that bestial propensity. They managed to finish the bottle, and the elder was of opinion that Canterbury could produce a prime glass of port —such a glass as even a well-beneficed parson would commend.

"By the way, Alfred, ring the bell, and inquire if the hamper has safely reached its destination?"

An answer in the affirmative settled uneasy doubts. Coffee and slippers were ordered, and in no long time each repaired to his dormitory.

The morning came as all mornings will come. The captain had slept but moderately. What with cogitating on his projects—what with the tiresome jolting of the stage-coach—the unusual circumstance of sleeping in a strange bed, he declared on rising that he had counted every clock. Not so with regard to Alfred. He slept soundly; he was fatigued, and could have "snored on a flint." His brain was busied with no schemes to give rise to night-watching. He slept uninterruptedly, and dreamt of gold lace, flowing sashes, and dangling swords; nay, more, the airy visions had carried him at one bound over a long lapse of time. The few hours had to him been years—long, eventful years; he had braved danger; passed unscathed through fiery showers of death's red bolts; had been amid scenes of carnage dread and gory; had climbed his way to fame over many a lifeless corpse; had been a soldier and a hero! Honours had fallen on him "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa;" and a life full of events, of dangers, and of wonders, had been curdled into those few short hours! He awoke. The martial plume, the hosts of foemen, and all the pomp and pageantry of war had melted into thin air, and it was time to rise!

Having descended into that little sitting-room to which they had been allocated, the breakfast was found ready. The meal being despatched, they then proceeded to make an early call on Colonel Sommerton.

Reaching the garrison, the guards were, as on the previous evening, marching like perpetual motions; similar handsome fellows were strolling about the court-yard. The cannon, the heaps of piled shot, everything

and everybody were wonderfully the same. A servant presented the captain's card, and they were speedily ushered into the colonel's private room.

There is a feeling of inexplicable pleasure when two friends once dear to each other—once bound by the ties of friendship and esteem—are, after years of absence, and an infinitude of changes, by some lucky and unexpected chance thrown once more together. The recollections of past pleasures; the re-assemblage of vanished scenes; the tender associations awakened after a long period of forgetfulness; the resuscitations of a host of feelings mingled with pleasure, tenderness, and regret, give rise to a crowd of emotions that completely fill the heart, and which it were vain here to attempt to describe. Colonel Sommerton had known Captain Spenser during the sunniest days of his existence, ere those darkling clouds had gathered which had now shed over his soul a changeless gloom; he had known him when they were both merry and light-hearted, whilst their onward path was cheering and full of promise, before the canker-worm of care had gnawed the heart, and before misfortunes and sorrows had dashed wormwood in his cup. Sommerton was now descending the arc of life, yet in all human probability he had many years to live. Mentally and physically he was admirably fitted for the harass and hardihood of his profession. Of cool and collected understanding, he never, even in the moments of danger and emergency, lost self-possession; and in that lion heart craven fear could find no place. In person he was slightly above the middle height, with broad chest, compact and muscular limbs, with step of firmness and decision, having open and frank features, in which ingenuousness and good sense were not to be mistaken; the intelligent and quick eye, rapid as an eagle's in its glance, yet thoughtful and placid in composure; the expanded and lofty brow, partially hid by the luxuriant clusters of hair which Time had not thinned but rendered of snowy whiteness, were the predominating outlines of no common personage, and he seemed like one of those who have been called *nature's-everlastings.*

The moment Captain Spenser entered the room the colonel hurried towards him, and grasped his hand in all the heartiness of unforgotten friendship.

"Spenser," said he, in energy of tone, "I am indeed delighted to see you! How many tedious years is it since we parted? I have often thought of you, and I trust, though the business and circumstances of the world, so obliterating as they generally are to friendships, have not wholly erased those feelings of intimacy that once existed between us. And pray, who is the young gentleman whom I have the honour of also being my visitor. It must be a Spenser face, eh?" exclaimed the colonel, steadfastly gazing on Alfred, and then for a moment remaining silent.

"This is my son, Sommerton," returned Godfrey, with an evident air of paternal pride.

The soldier grasped cordially the youth's hand, expressed his pleasure at their acquaintance, then gazed once more on that young and glowing countenance, was for a moment abstracted, his voice altered, and that broad and ample bosom heaved quicker than its wont.

"Spenser," said he, after a brief pause, "be seated, and forgive the

transitory confusion of my manner. You are a happy man. I once had two sons, and was happy too!"

He precipitately gave a turn to the discourse, and seemed, with an effort, to banish an unwelcome remembrance.

For some time the conversation in interrogative and answer flowed freely. It was a long period to look back upon, and with both there was much to be asked. The colloquy would have still continued, had not a subaltern come with a message. The colonel put on his cap, linked his arm in Godfrey's, and passed along the corridor towards the court-yard, where the soldiers were drawn up on parade.

"Our hour of mess is precisely at six, mind—and, Alfred, no excuse, now, with regard to yourself."

Godfrey assured him they would have infinite pleasure in joining them that evening.

"By-the-way, captain, before I forget, we have been so busy talking, I should not omit now, as well as by letter, to thank you for your well-filled hamper of ——shire game."

"You are indebted to Mr. Alfred's correct aim," replied Godfrey, "rather than to me."

"Then I beg to repeat my acknowledgments to Mr. Alfred, and let me tell you such never can come untimely to the larder of a garrison. I only wish Woodthorpe were a little nearer Canterbury, and I should often encourage you to carry on a brisk cannonade against the hares and pheasants."

In the court-yard a squadron was drawn up, and each man and horse seemed so part and piece of one another that they might have been likened unto centaurs, so firm were the riders seated, and every movement performed with such disciplined unison of action. The colonel inspected the troops with criticising glances, and evidently gave proofs of inward delight in having the command of a regiment of such fine and warlike fellows, whose boast was no enemy had ever seen their backs.

Whatever may be said of Captain Spenser's failings and oddities, of his present circumstances, and the straits *he* had in latter years been put to, he was in all his actions and deportment a gentleman. Throughout life he had associated with good society, and the impress of refinement and better breeding was at once obvious. At Woodthorpe, where none save his own family assembled at his table, he never omitted dressing for dinner, and was as scrupulous with respect to the ladies as if they had every day to sit down with guests of distinction. He never forgot that gentle manners, easy politeness, and propriety of behaviour, were the inseparable characteristics of gentility—in fine, that he was a Spenser. Pecuniary difficulties had precluded the possibility of fully carrying out his aristocratic ideas, but no reverses could eradicate genteel observances, which were bound up in his very nature, and might indeed, perhaps, incur the ridicule of pride in poverty, or be deemed the traits of a weak and unbending mind. There is an indefinable something about a well-bred gentleman who has had, in early life, the advantages of education and intercourse with the world, which may be assumed, but never can be natural, in upstart vulgarity. No sudden possession of riches; no power, however influential; no position, however elevated, can convert at once the plebeian into the patrician. Graceful

deportment, the nice sensibilities of a trained and instructed understanding, the elegance and ease of address and demeanour, cannot hastily be acquired by intellects however acute, under circumstances however propitious. Before joining the officers' table, Godfrey paid particular attention to his toilette, nor was he less scrupulous with regard to the appearance of his son. "Alfred," said he, "your boots are not well polished; ring the bell and give them to the servant. Remember, you this evening meet men of rank and title; I would not have you look negligent and slovenly. First impressions are most indelible. It would be unseemly, indeed, for a Spenser to appear clownish!"

Whilst the father was thus seriously delivering himself on what Alfred thought a contemptuous trifle, he wisely and good-naturedly gave back his boots for the purpose of receiving an extra lustre. He knew his father's whims, and to oppose them only led to altercation. The son had a thorough hatred of what he considered effeminacies; his masculine mind and strong intellect could not subscribe to the follies of etiquette; or when he did so, it was with an effort, and merely from a wish to conform to the customs of those amongst whom he was cast. The father deemed his own judgment always correct. Like many advanced in life, he clung with a pertinacity to prejudices that only gained force by time. He could scarcely conceive himself to be wrong. He had a horror of being dictated to and cajoled out of propriety by young persons—by those who had not seen one-third of his own experience, as he would argue. After he had in repetition reviewed his upper man at the mirror—after he had become satisfied his hair had been properly powdered—in fine, that he had made himself sprightly as possible, and also looked to Alfred's boots, they then, arm in arm, set off to partake of the hospitality and join in she hilarity of the soldiers' table.

"I was about to think long of you," said Colonel Sommerton, who was walking backwards and forwards in the spacious entrance-hall of the barracks, and then cordially greeting his visitors. "I hope you have enjoyed yourself to-day, Mr. Alfred?" addressing himself complacently to the junior. "Allow me to introduce you to one of my friends," continued he, and at the same time stopping a handsome young officer who was passing along the lobby towards the mess-room. The ensign courteously acknowledged the introduction, and expressed his pleasure of the acquaintance. The ensign had not long been in the service, nor did he seem much older than young Spenser; but some of that bashfulness of youth had worn off, and his greater intercourse with the world had confirmed an ease and dignity which Alfred did not yet possess, as he was at first somewhat shy and reserved; but it must be remembered he had not long left school, and the little society which the circumstances of his father had constrained him to keep had been disadvantageous to his family. They had not possessed those opportunities which people of their standing had a right to expect. It is true the young ladies were accomplished, and had, under an intelligent governess, acquired much useful knowledge; but the education resulting from a communion with society they lacked. At school, Alfred had been taught that a dumb and stupid silence was strictly to be observed as the most proper deportment for persons of his age, and that to join in rational conversation, especially at table, was not proper for young folks; egregious mistake on the part of

his pedagogues, and one too common. It is an error that very generally obtains in our scholastic establishments; and when the training of the schoolmaster is considered, a not improbable one. They are, for the most part, individuals whose lives have been spent in learning words rather than the ways of men and a knowledge of things—who have been closeted up year after year, and whose acquirements are rather of what was writ by Grecian and Roman sages—to speak of Sparta and Athenian wit—how Tully spoke—where Cæsar fell. It is the doctrine of modern teachers that the great duty of their instruction consists in storing the young minds with the prolix rules of Greek and Latin, and with such their duties end; whilst the befitting them for the world and their communion with mankind are disregarded or forgotten.

I have said the young gentleman was introduced; ere long the conversation flowed freely between them. The ensign paid attention, as his new acquaintance was the friend of the colonel; and Alfred felt pleased he had found so agreeable a companion. On entering the dining-hall, Godfrey sat at the colonel's right hand, and Alfred by the side of the ensign.

In some of the crack regiments of the line the mode of life and style of living of the officers is almost princely, and at mess to see a set of fine men in their handsome uniforms is a sight imposing. The table crowded with all the luxuries that gastronomical ability can supply to gratify fastidious palates; the costliness, the elegance, the high-bred manners, the valuable plate, the rare delicacies, the *recherché* wines, possess imposing features in the mess-room of an English garrison not to be met with, on the same scale of extravagance and display, in any other country in Christendom. Those who enter our army are, with rare exceptions, of high connexions or in affluent circumstances. Humble appearance and thrifty economy cannot be practised, whilst fashion and gaiety, expensive amusements, and diversions that the wealthy alone can pursue, are zealously followed. Amongst the officers of the regiment now spoken of, those sports and pastimes which only the rich can indulge in were constantly sought after to relieve the tedium of military life. It is true, much depended on personal inclination, and certain extravagancies and expensive follies could be avoided without the sacrifice of station; yet it too often happened that those on entering, who then had little or no inclination to join in such, were, in the process of time, won over by their associates, and at length were as partial to the acquired vices as those who had seduced them to be entangled in the meshes of ruinous practices. The bottle and the gaming-table became alluring, and ere long held their victims by breakless chains. Strange it is, but habit can change our moral as our physical natures, and thus it is that we meet amongst mankind with examples where the original being has become so mutated as to render identity difficult and doubtful.

I have said the mess-table is a taking scene. That indeed was over which Colonel Sommerton presided. On the evening of the Spensers' visit, the gentlemen who sat around were a fine sample of warlike fellows! Some there were in the opening bloom of youth, whose smooth cheeks, calm brows, and merry eyes, told but of hopes that were cheering, of happiness sanguinely anticipated. They were joyous in the glowing expectations of future honours, and panted for opportunities to climb the rugged mount of fame. They had not seen service, in the real accepta-

tion of the term; had not suffered from the rigorous cold of northern regions, nor wasted under the sickly and enervating influence of a torrid zone. Their young minds might exult in the bauble trappings of professional livery, and with new scenes and new life awhile be fascinated. They might dream of patriotism, of prowess, of crimson fields and dread encounters, but such with them were yet to come, and well, indeed, would it be if the career on which they were now entering proved felicitous as the pictures they had portrayed—well verily would it be if the looked-for sunshine was not obscured by darkling shadows. Others were there exulting in the strength and pride of manhood's matured perfection, some of whom, from their bronze-hued features, had evidently been the long dwellers in foreign lands—perchance where Eastern suns scorch the arid Indian plain, or in the tropic climes of the Western World. Yes; these dark complexions had been tinged by years of absence far—far from the shores of their native soil, in countries distant and remote, whither the high spirit of daring enterprise and the iron will of British bravery had carried the British soldier and asserted the supremacy of British arms! There, too, sat some veteran heroes—heroes in the fullest signification of the word. Time had silvered their locks, which once, like those of the younkers by their side, bore no traces of its blight. Colonel Sommerton was of the latter class, but, as previously stated, his frame so compactly knit together, and with such energy and activity conjoined, he looked an individual on whom years would long fall powerless. Seated at the end of the board, he was the *beau-ideal* of the fine, jovial, good-tempered chairman, with face beaming with benignity, and which, after lighted up with the crimson draught, when it shook off the tinges of its sombre shades, indicated a generous and free-born soul, and he would then seem as light-hearted as many of those by whom he was surrounded. Some who had mistaken his occasional fits of melancholy had deemed his taciturnity intermitting periods of pride. Those who knew him best were aware that Sommerton's soul was too expanded to give place to those empty and foolish notions which the world calls pride. He had at all times a proper self-respect; knew precisely the bounds between friendly freedom and rude familiarity; and never forgot that he was a gentleman. He could not avoid those occasional attacks of despondency, and this his compeers well knew. They regarded the peculiarity as a bodily infirmity, and often, very good-naturedly, sought some diversion, some stimulating change, to relieve the *ennui* under which he suffered; or they sent round the bottle with forced march; and often had he thus been persuaded to drink deep of the Lethean draught, and "laye all remembrance away."

The table boasted a splendid display of plate; substantial meats were flanked by the most delicate French dishes; rarities of every kind were there that could add to the choice repast; whilst the finely mellowed tones of the regimental band placed before the window conferred an air of regality, and contributed to the liveliness and enjoyment within. When the cloth was drawn, wines of celebrated vintages came on: delicious Sauturne, sparkling Moselle, Château-Margot, old Madeira, crusted port, cooling ices, foreign fruits, and all the et ceteras, succeeded a meal which would have well entertained a crowned head. Sommerton generally took a pretty liberal quantity of a remote vintage, but at the public

table his conduct was ever decorous and guarded. He was more than commonly impressed with the responsibility of his position, and would on no account place an ill example before the eyes of his young officers. Captain Spenser, in accordance with his moderate habits, drank little. In other parts of the table glasses were drained and replenished with celerity, and in no great length of time they became noisy and loquacious. The worthy chaplain considered it one of his orthodox customs to daily engulf the major part of a bottle of port, but whether he did it for his infirmities' sake, it is not meet to say, yet one thing may safely be averred, he drank the generous juice with seeming gusto. It was unanimously conceded, without the sign or semblance of opposition, that the parson's judgment on wines was unequalled, and report whispered his opinions were equally to be trusted in deciding on the virtues of the strong waters that made their appearance at a more advanced hour in the evening. He had not been the spiritual helper so many years of the —— regiment as to be unable to know something about the various qualities of those liquids which he had seen so freely poured as oblations to the tippling god. Twenty vintages he could rattle over, and give the particulars of each—could talk *ore rotundo* about full-bodied, fruity-in-wood, out of wood, thick and thin, with other adjectives fraught with explanation and meaning. In all vinous disputes the chaplain was umpire, his dictum was final. There, too, was another gentleman who had cures to effect, but these were of the body. This was Surgeon M'Leech, and, like him who had the cure of souls, he never wished to think of his profession after he had once drawn his chair to the dinner-table. Not by any means that he was a man devoid of good feeling—far from it, as perhaps few had a kinder heart and possessed of more sterling worth; but this was one of his peculiarities, and who has not his peculiarities? It was, indeed, a thing that ran counter with his feelings to be drawn forth by any case, however urgent, after he had once sat down to dinner. M'Leech, at the time now spoken of, was on the shady side of forty. Though presenting some inclination to corpulency, there was a nimble sprightliness in his step, and a high flow of spirits, which made him forget he had turned the zenith. His sandy-coloured hair had become thinned by years, but those merry twinkling orbs, so full of fun and raillery, made one almost say, in the words of the poet, that

There was a laughing devil in his eye!

whilst the plump and rubicund features, the slightly up-turned angles of the mouth, the dimpled chin, bespoke a soul full of sunshine and summer! In one way or another he had mingled much with life, and was, in the conventional expression, a man of the world. Bred and brought up in Auld Reekie, a Scotchman in every sense of the word, full of prejudices and patriotism, it was his delight to chant the praises of his country. Being an elder son, and reared with the expectation of having a competency, he was at nineteen a gentleman on town, and familiar with half the fashionables who paraded Princes-street. Nature had endowed him with vocal powers of a high order, and, delighting in convivial pleasures, it was his besetting folly to vex the "drowsy ear of night" in singing the lyrics of Ferguson and Burns. The unfortunate accomplishment of a fine voice had the effect of making his society courted, and of

too frequently drawing him into social pleasures that gave an instability to character, and the desire for an irregular and unsettled life. Wherever he went he made friends, fresh invitations flowed in, and every night was a night of pleasure. At the period now spoken of volunteers and militia were common in the country. M'Leech, like several of his Edinburgh companions, resolved to buckle the sword on his thigh, and consequently joined the Barnton troop, of which renowned squadron he was a corporal. Corporal M'Leech, as he was ever after called, was a general favourite, and much his merriment and good company added to the hilarity of those winged hours which the gallant cavaliers were wont to pass in one another's society. He made a brave-looking defender of his country. This entering the *irregulars* had the effect of making him determine upon a profession (as that had become necessary from a disappointment of fortune), and such was from a mere accident. A private of the Barnton squadron of horse was, when at exercise on Porto-Bello Sands, precipitated from his saddle, and thereby received serious injury. The corporal chanced to be near the fat burgher, he stemmed the ebbing tide of life by his promptitude and judgment, and thus prevented a fatal casualty in the troop. This gave him a taste for surgery. He resolved on the medical profession, and soon after entered his name at the hospitals. Amongst the studious throng he became a signalised character, not however from a superlativeness in his studies, but from those convivial recommendations which in society ever made him a favourite. Often at the rooms of some jovial wight, where a knot of half a dozen equally jovial had assembled, would his voice at a late hour be heard, in finely modulated tone, lamenting that "The flowers of the forest would never bloom again!" and, perhaps, almost at matin-time, he would be in harmonious strain telling of the good qualities of "The Monks of Old," or assuring his hearers that "The Pope he leads a happy life," amongst the fumes of tobacco and the odour of usquebagh. In after-life he had a great delight to tell stories of the frolic and fun which he had in Edinburgh; and some of his hairbreadth escapes, and concerted mischiefs were, indeed, amusing in the relation. With such an *education* in his younger days, it was probable he would retain a liking for old customs. When he became surgeon in the *regulars*, he did not discard social pleasures, and the convivial hour was dear to him as ever. It has been stated he had a more than common prejudice in favour of not being disturbed at or after dinner. He used to say, "he would na be draggit out for every wee bit trifling case;" and however important might be the case, he then put his trust in the professional capabilities of the assistant-surgeons. In certain matters he was a regular man; indeed there was a kind of diurnal periodicity in his observances. He was always latest up in a morning—first in the dining-hall, and last to forsake his glass for bed.

The entire party for sometime sat on very leisurely and very comfortably. The colonel rose to depart, as was his custom before any of the others left their chairs, Captain Spenser accompanied him. When Sommerton was leaving the room, he looked round and missed the ensign and Alfred. "Where are these two young gentlemen?" said he, "where have they gone?" On inquiry, it was found they had stealthily stole away to the ensign's private apartment where they were comfortably taking their coffee. The ensign had not yet happily become initiated

into the then deemed gentlemanlike vice of tippling; eighteen months association with a gay and thoughtless set had not sapped good resolutions, and it was his stout determination not to be led away by those syren-tongued pleasures that have allured so many from better resolves. His every thought was directed towards an honourable advancement in his profession, nor did he conceive, that decorous conduct, habits of reflection, and propriety of deportment, were at variance with such hopes. Instead of becoming a slave to his cup, he sought to be an accomplished soldier. With the great historical events of ancient and modern times his mind was amply stored, and he had paid considerable attention to the plans and policies adopted by renowned commanders; carefully reviewed the emergencies in which they had been placed; the methods had recourse to in pressing moments of difficulty and danger; and with the best works on military tactics, strategy, fortification, and mathematical calculations, he laboured to become familiar. Some there were amongst his light-hearted, and it might be added, light-headed companions, who would speak in burlesque and deride at one whom they might rather have emulated. His mind rose superior to such contemptuous remarks, and as they ere long knew him to be a man who ill-brooked an affront, and whose arm was prompt and heart bold, they cared to speak lightly of one whom they were led to fear and respect. The colonel had admired the talents and turn of mind which the ensign gave, and as he himself had a great liking to study his profession as a science, as well as to consider it a calling of defensive power and courage, he became partial to the young officer, and through this partiality afterwards recommended his acquaintance to Alfred, which, as will hereafter be seen, ripened into a sincere intimacy.

THE WITCH-CATS IN SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

Now, although a cat that sat in a cow-house, and spoilt the milk by the most witch-like of "mews," was a great annoyance; and although a strong desire to remove such annoyance was very natural on the part of the Schleswig-Holstein peasant to whom the cow-house appertained, yet must it be confessed, that when, having caught the offending animal in a sack, and having belaboured it with his cudgel, he found, not the remains of a cat, but the body of a dead old woman, his feelings were not to be envied.

The exploit earned for our peasant an unhappy celebrity. His neighbours were all well aware that witches and evil spirits (perhaps good spirits too) are endued with the power of converting themselves into the forms of divers birds and beasts. They also held that, with all their preternatural superiority (or inferiority), the witches, or spirits, are fully capable of receiving bodily hurt. And herein they agreed, let us observe, with that most familiar author, Michael Psellus, who was some time a great favourite at the Byzantine court, and whose views are not to be lightly

rejected, although they are derided by Scaliger and Cardan. For we are all perfectly certain that the faculties of witches are exceedingly limited, and that he who argues, by analogy, that because they can do one thing, therefore they can do another which seems to be in immediate connexion with it, is very likely to be guilty of false logic. Thus, while many a man, albeit he is no conjuror, can take money out of his master's till or strong box, we know, on the authority of Justus Lipsius (Phys. Stoic. I.), that no devil or magician, with all his ability to turn himself into a cow, bird, snake, or what not, has ever been apt enough to elicit coin out of another man's chest; whence Burton argues (somewhat unkindly, we think) that they are "base, poor, contemptible fellows." Nevertheless, as the same Burton admits, there have been a few lordly conjurors here and there, whereof one of the most magnificent was the great Apollonius, of Tyuna. He, no doubt, had turned to serious account the curious method adopted by the fishermen of the island of Selira (you won't find the island in "Brookes's Gazetteer," but nevertheless, it was well known in its day as the residence of the awful goddess Nereis, who carried off every sailor she could seize on), when they wanted to secure a good, passable substitute for the pearl; since his historian, Philostratus, when he describes the method, says that it had some importance in his (Apollonius's) eyes. Notwithstanding that we are perfectly certain that our readers have all Philostratus at the very tips of their fingers, and that the account of the fictitious pearls has especially adhered to their memories, yet will we venture to repeat the description.

"On the side of the island situate towards the main," says Philostratus (we effeminately quote the Rev. Edward Berwick's translation), "is an immense gulf, which produces an oyster, of a white shell, abounding in fat; for here the island is without any rocks. When the sea is calm, which, however, the inhabitants can cause themselves, by the infusion of a little oil, an oyster-diver, furnished, after the manner of a gatherer of sponge, with an iron plinth and an alabaster box of ointment, takes his post near an oyster-bed, and uses his ointment for a bait. The moment the oyster opens his mouth, he applies the oil, by which the oyster becomes as if intoxicated; he then pricks it with a needle; this causes it to emit a kind of liquid matter, which is immediately caught by the diver in his plinth, that is hollowed into a variety of shapes. It soon grows hard as a stone, and assumes the appearance of the natural pearl; and thus, you see, the celebrated pearl of the Red Sea is nothing but a drop of white indurated blood."

Having committed the proverbial indiscretion of "bringing coals to Newcastle," by inflicting on our readers, already imbued with Philostratus, this moderately-sized extract, I cannot refrain from quoting the two lines from Dr. Darwin's "Botanic Garden," with which the Rev. E. Berwick illustrates the wave-smoothing properties of the oil:

> Or with fine films, suspended in the deep,
> Of oil effusive, lull the waves to sleep.

There is no one in the annals of literature, save, perhaps, Thucydides, who has had such a knack of fixing the imprint of his peculiar essence on all his effusions as our great physical poet, Dr. Darwin. The above two lines are merely picked out by our reverend translator, because they fur-

nish a pleasant, palatable, and jingling illustration by the modern Erasmus—more respectable than the older one, who slammed his door in Ulrich von Hutten's face —and yet is the Darwin foot as visibly imprinted thereon as the foot of Adam in the Island of Ceylon. The foot-print is the word "effusive." Oh, ye poets, big and little!—you Shelleyites, Keatsites, Tennysonites—do you imagine for a moment that any one of you could have sung about "oil effusive" like our good Dr. Darwin? Not a bit of it. You might have sung lustily about "dark blue waters," and some of you, *selon les goûts*, might have preferred mentioning the "dark green waters;" while a third lot, adopting that classical style which used once to flourish in the pages of the *European Magazine*, might warble forth something about "cerulean waves;" but none of you would have talked about "oil effusive."

Dr. Darwin was the poet, *par excellence*, of scientific phenomena, and his easy management of hard words had something of the gymnastic talent about it. Despising alike the storm of passion and the lisp of sentiment—avoiding the rugged hill and the verdant plain, as well as the carpet of courtly politeness, he plunged for themes into the laboratory, the observatory, and the encyclopædia. His poetic fire was electric; his aërial spirits were gaseous; his Naiads sported in a pneumatic trough; and he sung not the loves of fickle youths and maidens, but those of more constant plants, bound to each other, not by such a slender tie as unity of heart, but by the more substantial junction of stalk or calyx. If we wanted a poetic *bonne bouche* that should be instructive while it delighted—just as watercresses are wholesome while they bite—we would take our good Darwin's description of the "Electrical Machine:"

> Nymphs! your fair hands ethereal floods amass
> From the warm cushion and the whirling glass;
> Braid the bright cylinder with golden wire,
> And circumfuse the gravitating fire.
> Cold from each point cerulean lustres gleam
> Or shoot in air the scintillating stream.
> So borne in brazen talons——

Here comes a simile about the Dragon of the Hesperides, which some one else might have chanted just as well, or perhaps even better (tell it not in Derbyshire), than our friend Dr. Darwin, and which tends to lure us away from our very steady purpose. We want our readers to admire the talent of our botanic friend, in making the electric machine swell into a poetical subject under his hands. We want them to repose on that comfortable expression the "warm cushion," to feel the felicity of the epithet "whirling," to admire the length of the word "circumfuse," and to pause with modest hesitation as to the exact meaning of the words "gravitating fire."

Oh, Dr. Darwin, why did you live so long ago? This would have been the very age for your Muse. She would have formed for herself a lyre out of galvanised zinc, and have strung it with wires from the electric telegraph. You sung of practical science in an age when folks cared little about it; and now practical science reigns everywhere, and folks care little about you. Why did not you live in the year 1851, Dr. Darwin? You should have been the bard of the Crystal Palace; you should have sung the catalogue all through, beginning at No. 1, and working

upwards with indefatigable inspiration, like those cyclic poets who, when they sung of the Trojan War, began with the hatching of Helen out of the egg.

But we fear Dr. Darwin is leading us off from that Schleswig-Holstein peasant, about whom our readers were beginning to be so intensely interested. Pray, forgive us, gentle reader, that we have kept you in this alarming state of suspense, and accept as some excuse the confession, that Darwin was a poet of our youth, and that we stopped at his name with something of the delight wherewith an aged traveller pauses at the old inn which used to refresh him ere railways were invented. We read him,

> *In sul mio primo giovenile errore*
> *Quand' era in parte altr' uom da quel ch' i' sono.*

As our beloved Petrarca sings, and as we may freely translate:

> When I was young, and found things far more pleasant
> Than when near forty, which I am at present.

For, after all, the period of youth is an agreeable period, and though troubles of a kind spring from it rapidly and abundantly, yet do they not take root and live long. They are not, like the ulcers created in the shoulders of Zohak the Arab, by the kiss of Eblis—ulcers out of which sprang two live serpents, that never quitted the parent-joint, but created infinite misery to their owner, as we learn from the Shah-Nâmeh of the Persian Homer, Ferdusi. And even the opinions of youth may not be so incorrect. Children generally think on a broad principle of right and wrong; they mark out a strong line between the good and bad characters in a tale; they always have a keen eye for the just, never recognise the expedient. Need we say that the Teraph, one of the most potent instruments in Oriental magic, consisted, according to the Rabbi Eleazar of the head of a child? No, no, no, the thoughts of childhood are not so foolish as people imagine; and, alas! alas! alas! that that enormous dissimilarity between childhood and the so-called years of discretion should ever have arisen. If we must be cut into two parts, why are they not more like each other? When the Zohak already referred to sawed the great Persian king Iemshíd in half between two planks, Ferdusi still consoled us by saying that two figures of Iemshíd were made out of one, calling attention to the identity as well as the division.

But to the Schleswig-Holstein peasant. This killing an old woman in a sack, earned for him, as we believe we have said, a very bad celebrity. Therefore, we cannot greatly wonder that when another cat annoyed another Schleswig-Holstein peasant, of the same village, in the same manner, he turned a deaf ear to the suggestions of those friends who advised him to adopt a mode of proceeding equally summary. Two cats, both beaten to death, and both turning out to be old women, would have been a grievous scandal to one village. Our second Schleswig-Holstein peasant, bearing in mind the intense unpopularity of the first Schleswig-Holstein peasant, preferred to consult a village *savant*, who, by the most violent figure of speech, was denominated the "Cunning Man"—for a greater bungler never existed. Through the spells of this miserable conjuror, the witch was, indeed, compelled to quit the form of a cat, but she assumed that of a goose, which was ten times more mischievous than the

other,—so very mischievous, that the luckless Schleswig-Holstein peasant knew he was a lost man unless he woke the following morning before the sun rose. Why early-rising is a special remedy, or rather preventive, against the malignity of geese, we are unable to say. Perhaps the whole story is but an allegorical form of the ancient adage,

> Early to bed and early to rise,
> Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise,

and the goose, admitted to be an emblem of folly, consistently becomes the victim of a line of conduct admitted to be favourable to the acquisition of wisdom. However that may be, we are informed by Herr Müllenhof, on whose authority we give this story, that the Schleswig-Holstein peasant did not wake before sunrise; that when he opened his eyes, the "orb of day" was as high as when those two "pretty men," Robin and Richard, made their celestial observations; and that, accordingly, he perished miserably before noon. The learned Müllenhof informs us that this mournful tale is perfectly true, and that the calamity therein recorded did not happen much above sixty years ago.

There is, I must confess, somewhat too little of poetic justice in this double-barrelled story. The witch-cats of Schleswig-Holstein have rather too much the best of it. The first peasant, who knocks his cat on the head, is made miserable for life, and becomes a warning to all future peasants; while the second peasant is, so to speak, knocked on the head himself. "Let cats do as they please," seems the obvious moral of the tale; the lion (*felis Leo*, Linn.), not the man, seems to have carved the statue. Did the story come from Egypt, where cats were held in such amazing respect,—where, as we read in the "Euterpe" of Herodotus, the death of a cat in any one's house caused the owner to shave off his eye-brows (we do not learn that it made him wipe his eyes),—and where the carcases of the animals were first embalmed, and afterwards buried at Bubastis?

Certainly, the connexion between cats and witchcraft did not always result in favour of the former; and we know, as a positive fact, from the learned in the black-art, that in certain magical ceremonies, it was always usual to roast one live cat after another for the space of three days, or more, until the invoked demon appeared in the form of a monstrous black cat himself, having doubtless acquired the shape from a strong assimilation of his numerous victims. Nor did the conversion of oneself into a cat always prove fortunate even in Schleswig-Holstein. The same Herr Müllenhof to whom we are so largely indebted for the tale of the cat-goose, and the demolished old woman, tells a story of a miller, whose mill regularly used to catch fire on Christmas-eve. Just as we look for the waits about the middle of December, so did the Schleswig-Holsteiners anticipate this annual solemnity. However, much as the bonfire amused the neighbourhood, it afforded small delight to the miller himself; and after he had contributed to the general enjoyment for some half-dozen successive Christmases, he thought he might as well check the tendency of his mill to promote popular entertainment at a rate so expensive. He luckily had among his servants a sturdy fellow, with a thick head and a world of stubborn resolution, who undertook to his Christmas-eve in the mill, and ascertain the cause of that appa-

rently spontaneous combustion wherewith the miller used most unwillingly to celebrate his Yule-holiday. A large cauldron of broth, a ladle wherewith the same might be stirred, and an old sabre newly whetted, constituted the panoply wherewith the Schleswig-Holstein bumpkin undertook to ward off his mysterious foe—if foe there were. He had not been long at his post before a troop of cats entered the mill, one of whom, distinguished from the rest by the snowy whiteness of its fur, attempted to sit at his side. This endeavour to be sociable he uncivilly repelled by flinging a ladle of hot broth into the cat's face, and while the unfortunate animal was greatly embarassed with this more than usually warm solution, he lifted the sabre and struck off one of her paws. "Example is better than precept," says some great practical philosopher; and no sooner had the amputation taken place, than all the cats were off in a twinkling. Leaving a paw?—no! the thing left behind was not at all like a paw. It was a beautifully white lady's hand, with a ring upon one of the fingers, just such as the miller's wife had been in the habit of wearing, and, by an odd sort of coincidence, the miller's wife, on the following morning, was utterly unable to leave her bed. The miller, who had heard the sturdy youth's narration, requested her to put out her hand, which, after some hesitation, she did—*not*, but put forth the stump of an arm instead. Such evidence of an identity between the good lady and the mill-firing cat was not to be doubted; and who shall blame the Schleswig-Holstein magistrates if, on such a proof, they caused the fair adept to be burned as a witch?

But if the reader wants really to have a repast on the feline supernatural, let him go, not to the villages of Schleswig-Holstein, but to the ancient town of Stendal, capital of the Old Mark, in Brandenburg. There shall he find a footway, which goes by the name of the "Katzensteig," a name which, according to his dictionary, he will English "Cat-path," or something of the sort. The spectral cats which haunt the spot, are of the most formidable description; nor are they the only curiosities. The neighbouring convent of St. Catherine sends forth the ghosts of former nuns, to promenade on the pathway every night; and they are gallantly met by a train of spectral monks, who issue from the cathedral. The hand of a murderer, who killed himself to avoid execution on the wheel, is another phenomenon, and serves as a sort of hand-post to the ghosts of two knights who sally forth from the Schadewachten-street, and execute a strange single combat. All this is but a prelude to the prime ghost of the place, the huge he-cat, who stares at a florin on the pathway, and who, if a stranger dares to pick it up, will—— But why should we go on with this dull prose, when a translation from the German verse of Ernst Weihe, the bard of Stendal, would so much more pleasantly close this article? Here goes:

Two roads are by a pathway join'd,
  Long, rough, and far from roomy;
And when no stars are in the sky,
And owlets flap their wings and cry,
  The place is wondrous gloomy.

The nuns from out their convent come,
  St. Cath'rine leads them slowly,
And up and down the narrow lane
They march, then to their home again,
  Their *Aves* murm'ring lowly.

Then from the hall of justice comes
  A hand, with gore all dripping,
The murd'rer's hand that dared to steal
Its owner from the threat'ning wheel,
  The hangman's zeal outstripping.

Pale monks from the cathedral now
  The other spectres follow,
The canons bear their heavy books,
The humbler monks cast awful looks
  From sockets dark and hollow.

Then from the Schadewachten come
  Two horsemen in a flurry;
The helm and coat of mail they wear,
Their falchions flash, their horses rear,
  Then off elsewhere they hurry.

The cat upon the tree hard by
  Beholds a florin glitter,
And those who touch it, in a crack
Will find the cat upon their back,
  And feel a pain most bitter.

That cat was once a scapegrace, who
  Spent cash on strange young ladies,
Who now have chang'd to cats themselves,
And dance at night like crazy elves
  Around him—so it said is.

And one mews here, and one purs there,
  The tom-cat as the tenor,
His granite soft'ning music wakes,
And pleas'd his tabby partner takes,
  Like beaux in gay Vienna.

The midnight-hour, to man or maid
  Who treads that path is frightful:
The tom-cat then the swains will seize,
The she-cats will the damsels teaze,
  With jealousy made spiteful.

Who named the path, not after monk
  Nor after knight has named it,
The monks and knights can do no harm—
But oh, those cats, that horrid swarm,
  With their misdeeds have sham'd it,

E'en priests and doctors, when they tread
  That path, to sick beds creeping
At midnight, softly pick their way,
And in their sleeves will often say,
  "God send those cats are sleeping."

BALLOONING IN ITS INFANCY.

THE late exploits of Madame Poitevin on horses and bulls, and of the celebrated Brothers Somebody on the *trapèze*, have led to a paper war which at present threatens to be interminable, or, under the most favourable supposition, to endure till parliament again opens and restores our Sibthorp to us. As many will be inclined to condemn the science of aërostation unconditionally on account of the catchpenny practices of a few black sheep, we propose to take a short survey of the science when in its innocent youth, and attempt to show that it is still worthy the attention and consideration of the reflecting portion of the community.

History has handed down to us a variety of facts which prove that, from the earliest ages, a desire has been entertained to mount into the skies. Man, by nature restless, enterprising, and jealous of his superiority over other beings, could not regard without envy the birds who possessed alone the empire of the air; but the physical and chemical sciences were then unknown, and we, therefore, see every experiment made by the help of machinery in the shape of factitious wings, which the mechanicians, then universally regarded as magicians, fastened to their body and moved in imitation of the flight of birds. Some of these trials partially succeeded: that is to say, some men sufficiently daring to trust themselves to the caprice of a spring, or wheelwork, which a thousand causes, impossible of prevention, might break or disarrange, really rose at various epochs into the air.

Fabulous history furnishes us with similar instances. Mercury, and a large portion of the Pagan deities, were winged. Homer, himself a species of myth, makes his heroes descend from the sky. The "History of Dædalus and Icarus" shows us how much the ancients delighted in clothing every action, every novel idea in poetry; with how many charms has their imagination invested facts the most simple, and actions frequently the most trivial.

Whenever the personages brought on the scene by the ancients were not endowed with wings, they were at least borne on the clouds. Jupiter descends to visit Danae in a shower of gold—on that day he rejected the eagle who ordinarily spread his wings beneath him. Juno, and several other celestial beauties, had their flying chariots. To the first, the peacock was attributed; to the others, the dove. Man felt himself impotent to fly, and the empire of the clouds was exclusively reserved for the gods.

Without wishing to mix sacred with profane matters, we may remark that the religion of Moses gave wings to the angels. Milton, in his "Paradise Lost," represents Uriel descending from heaven on a sunbeam, an ingenious though still very poetical idea. Voltaire, in his "Micromegas," that most charming of all his stories, makes his hero travel through space astride a comet, and in this fashion he visits all the planets. In the middle ages, witches and sorcerers attended their Sabbath on a broomstick. The ancients imagined Pegasus. Ariosto invented another winged steed, Hippogryph. La Fontaine, one of the good and amiable writers of modern date, causes Cupid's spouse to be borne to her new palace by the personified Zephyr.

Various authors, we thus see, employed the fiction of flight in order to enable their heroes to undergo the most extraordinary adventures. Among romances of this nature, we must give the first place to "Cyrano de Bergerac." Three different methods of traversing the air are mentioned in this work. Cyrano surrounds his car with a hoop, from which depend a number of phials filled with dew, which the sun evaporates and causes to ascend; he next constructs a wooden bird, which is sufficiently strong to bear him through the air on its wings; and, lastly, he fastens round his car a quantity of fireworks in such a manner that their successive explosion raises him from the ground, and supports him in the air. We see here a progress toward some rational ideas, though still crude and poorly explained. Gulliver, in his travels, is surprised by an extraordinary spectacle—he raises his eyes and sees the Island of Laputa floating in the air—he explains to us that the effect is caused by a diamond and a loadstone, which mutually attract and repel one another. In another romance, "Peter Wilkins; or, the Flying Men," the traveller discovers a country beyond the limits of the known world, in which the inhabitants are naturally provided with wings like those of the bats. Rétif de la Bretonne, in his work entitled "Decouverte Australe par un Homme Volant," relates that his hero also discovers somewhere flying men. The principal personage in the tale himself flies over the world by means of mechanical wings fastened to his body. The author does not furnish us with any particularly clear idea as to the formation of these wings; the description is very obscure, but on looking at the frontispiece of the first volume, which represents Victorius taking his flight, we might really say that the man was flying, so perfect are the harmony and apparent proportion of the different portions of the apparatus.

We will now pass from the realms of pure imagination and poesy into those of reality and fact, and will cursorily examine some projects cleverly conceived, and based on a knowledge of mechanics and sound physics.

The adventures of Simon—called Magus, by the Apostles—are contemporary with the foundation of the Christian faith. The experiments he made at Rome, in the time of Nero, A.D. 66, are well known. They have been variously related by authors: but it is quite certain that Simon, having solicited and received baptism, straightway denied his religion, and betrayed St. Peter, who converted him. He was anathematised by the Apostle on one occasion, while making some flying experiments before the emperor, and the result was that he fell from a great altitude into the forum, and was killed on the spot.

Long prior to this, in the fourth century B.C., Archytas, of Tarentum—Plato's friend and contemporary, and who is supposed to have invented the kite—constructed that famous wooden dove which rose from the ground and actually flew; about which so much has been written and argued, that extracts from the numerous authors, who turned their attention to this phenomenon, would fill a whole *New Monthly*.

In the time of the Emperor Emmanuel Comnenus, a Saracen made an attempt at flying, at Constantinople, from the summit of the Hippodrome tower, but fell to the ground and was killed. Roger Bacon in one of his curious works on the admirable power of nature and art, says, "it is possible to make flying machines, in which the man sitting or standing in the centre should turn a winch, setting wings in motion made to beat

the air like a bird;" and a little further on, in corroboration of this idea, he gives the description of a flying machine, which bears some resemblance to the one with which, some 300 years later, Blanchard attempted to float through the air. One hundred years later, Dante, of Perugia, did more than project, for he made a flying machine which answered the purpose excellently, if history does not exaggerate. He tried his wings several times with success, and even traversed one of the arms of Lake Thrasymene, but desiring to furnish a spectacle to his fellow-citizens, during the marriage solemnity of one of his friends, the iron rod with which he managed one of his wings broke, and he fell on St. Mary's church, severely injuring his thigh. This accident, however, gained him the mathematical chair at Venice, in which city he died at the age of forty.

Leonardo di Vinci, the celebrated painter, is said to have been acquainted with the art of flying, and to have practised it. Cuper, in his "Histoire d'Excellence de l'Homme," affirms it, and other authors have repeated it; but we have no guarantee as to the truth of their assertion. Beside this, we have no details as to the *modus operandi.*

In 1670, the Jesuit Pierre François Lana published a book in the Italian language, having for title, "Prodrome dell'arte Maestra, Brescia, nella Stamperia dei Rizzardi," in folio, with engravings. One of the plates represents a bark sustained in the air by four copper balls, in which the author explains how to form a vacuum by means of water. At the epoch of balloon invention, this engraving, which was reproduced by Faujás de St. Fond, in his work on experiments with the aerostatic machine, caused much reflection and conversation. It was very unjustly asserted that the brothers Montgolfier had been acquainted with it, and merely copied Lana's idea. It is only necessary to read the reverend father's work, which was as rare in 1783 as it is now, and which the Montgolfiers declared they never saw, to understand immediately the fallacy of the accusation. Lana's projection, though very curious, and to a certain extent exact in theory, was quite impracticable in the way he proposed and conceived it. It was absolutely impossible to procure copper at the degree of tenuity which he supposed in his calculation as to the construction of the globes, and the absolute vacuum which he presumed to be formed in the metallic spheres, though certainly a very rational method of gaining lightness in the air, could not be, even partially, realised by the means he pointed out, which consisted in filling them with water, and then letting it drain off, care being taken to close the taps hermetically immediately afterwards. It would be impossible in the narrow limits of this paper to give a detailed account of Blanchard, whose name became so celebrated a few years later, and whose mechanical genius had been already displayed in a carriage without horses, which all Paris had seen working on several occasions in the grand avenue of the Champs Elysées, and on the Plâce Louis Quinze.

Blanchard had found a protector in M. l'Abbé Viennay, in whose hotel he made experiments with his flying boat, a very ingenious machine in which he had sought to combine all the better portions of preceding experiments. In the drawings and descriptions he has given of his flying vessel, we notice a species of parasol—a veritable parachute, intended, as he himself states, to retard the descent in the case of a precipitate fall.

In 1782 and 1783 he had already obtained some excellent results: his wings acted well; their dimensions, and the surface they presented to the air, appeared satisfactory: one question alone remained to be solved —this was, to give a more rapid motion to the wings than he was enabled to do with his levers, cords, and pullies. In the course of these two years he publicly displayed his machine some twenty times, and rose by its aid about eighty feet from the ground, by means of a counterpoise of twenty pounds which moved upon a mast. It was, therefore, necessary to find some method either to accelerate the motion of the wings, or diminish the weight of the boat and its accessories by twenty pounds, when the invention of balloons took place. Blanchard then frankly abandoned his flying machine; he merely retained the wings, which he converted into oars, the rudder, and the parachute which he affixed between the car and the balloon, and instead of a flyer he became an aëronaut.

In 1783 the brothers Montgolfier, rich paper manufacturers at Annonay, in the department of the Ardéche, launched the first balloon into the air. They had for a long time meditated on the ascent of the vapours which they saw generated each day in such abundance on the side of the Hautes Alpes, and this was the cause of the discovery of the aërostatic machine. The Montgolfiers desired to imitate nature in one of her grandest operations. They had recourse, in the first instance, to steam, but they saw without surprise, though with much regret, that the factitious cloud they produced, and which they enclosed in a light covering, certainly rose, but that condensation soon restored the steam to a liquid state, the covering became saturated, and the apparatus speedily resought the ground. Then they imagined that electricity might be one of the causes which sustained the clouds in the air; and starting from this principle they sought to form alkaline vapours, which would be electro-positive, and that, by mixing smoke with these vapours, they might form a cheap and novel gas which would not be volatile like the generality of the gases then known, especially hydrogen, which was termed inflammable gas, and was, besides, very expensive and difficult to procure in any large quantities. The Montgolfiers, therefore, caused their first balloons to ascend by burning a heap of damp straw mixed with wool beneath them. Still they were not slow in perceiving, in conjunction with most physicians, that the elevation of the Montgolfier or fire-balloons was caused by the rarefaction of the air contained in the machine, and that the smoke produced by the damp straw or wool, or other alkaline substances, merely added to the weight of the heated air, without entailing any of the advantages on which the inventors had originally calculated.

Desaussure made a decisive experiment on the subject. In 1784, when the value of the so-called Montgolfier gas was being discussed, he took a small balloon of thin paper, into which he very carefully introduced a red-hot iron. The little machine filled visibly, escaped from the hands of the operator, and rose to the ceiling of the room. It was evident this could only result from the heated air.

The Montgolfiers, however, still pursued their secret and most fondly cherished schemes; they proposed to experimentalise with a large balloon made of well-varnished silk, and perfectly isolated by means of glass tubes or silken ribbons, and intended to fill the balloon with steam, either pure or mixed with an alkali, which they would powerfully electrify at

the moment of departure, and suffer to float freely through the air. This experiment was, however, never made. The Montgolfiers thought justly that this machine would be nothing but a factitious cloud, and would behave like them in the air, rising to the height where it would find its equilibrium, and then moving along blindly, driven by the winds, and keeping up until a collision with a mass of clouds, in an electric condition different from its own, would have deprived it of its electricity; in which case the steam would become condensed, and, turning into water, the balloon would gradually sink till it reached the earth.

MM. de Montgolfier, after assuring themselves by various experiments, in the course of 1782 and the commencement of 1783, that a heat of 100 deg. rarifies the air one-half in a closed vessel, and makes it, when in this condition, occupy a space double what it did previously; or, in other terms, *diminishes its weight one-half*, determined on the shape and volume of a machine which, when filled with air thus rarified, would rise bearing with it the weight of its covering. In this the discovery consists: it possesses all the grandeur and simplicity of a work of genius.

Their first balloon was a small hollow parallelopiped of very thin taffeta, containing less than two cubic metres of air. They caused it to ascend to the ceiling of a room, in the month of October, 1782, at Avignon. On their return a short time afterwards to Annonay, the two brothers repeated the experiment, with perfect success, in the open air.

Thus certain of the principle, they made a larger machine, which contained about twenty cubic metres of air; it rose of its own accord, broke the cords by which they tried to restrain it, and fell among the neighbouring vineyards, after having reached an altitude of 200 to 300 metres. The Montgolfiers then completed a very large and powerful balloon, with which they desired to give a public explanation of their discovery. The experiment took place on the 5th of June, 1783. The assembly of estates at Vivaray, being then present at Annonay, was invited to attend, and the ascent was completely successful. From this day the invention of balloons dates. A *procès verbal* was drawn up, and sent to Paris. Private letters from Annonay also mentioned the singular phenomenon, with which the whole world was occupied from this moment. M. d'Ormesson, comptroller-general, forwarded the *procès verbal* to the Academie des Sciences, demanding their opinion as to the species of machine which had been employed. To satisfy the demands of M. le Comte de Breteuil, who was then minister, the Académie appointed a commission, composed of MM. le Roy, Tillet, Brisson, Cadet, Lavoissier, Bossut, Condorcet, and Desmarets. M. de Montgolfier was invited to Paris, and informed that the experiment would be repeated, either at the charges of the Académie or of the government. A certain space of time must consequently elapse before the experiment could be made, and the extraordinary sensation produced by the discovery would not permit delay.

No one in Paris knew what the gas or vapour was employed by the Montgolfiers. They were only aware that it was half as light as common air, and could be produced at a slight expense. It could not be

hydrogen, then called inflammable gas, and of which the properties were well known; for that gas was ten to fifteen times lighter than common air. Besides being very expensive, up to the present only small quantities had been produced in the laboratories, and a larger amount was now required; still this did not check them—the spark had been kindled, and a balloon of some sort or other must be tried in Paris. Physicians, *savans*, nobles, set to work; a subscription was proposed, and speedily filled up. The brothers Robert, constructors of instruments, and skilful workmen, were entrusted with the manufacture of the apparatus, and in less than twenty-five days a globe of varnished silk, four metres in diameter, was constructed, filled with atmospheric air, and offered to the admiration of the subscribers in the court-yard of the house inhabited by the Roberts on the Plâce de la Victoire. The next task was to fill it with hydrogen, and this was a weighty affair: for the first time it was necessary to produce more than forty cubic metres of a volatile gas, which had so long remained without application, and was even regarded with dread in the chemical laboratories.

They set to work; a barrel was employed standing on end, and pierced with two holes, through one of which the acid, iron and water, were introduced; the other for the passage of the gas, which was carried into the balloon by means of a pipe. There was an abundance of zealous co-operators. After two days of incessant labour, varied by innumerable accidents and episodes, the balloon, three-parts filled with gas, floated in the air, and seemed eager to rise: the experiment was decisive, the intoxication immense!

The public had gained a knowledge of the operations taking place on the Plâce de la Victoire; the balloon was already the subject of universal conversation; and such immense crowds collected on the Plâce and in the neighbouring streets, that it was requisite to call in the watch to maintain order. At length, on the 26th of August, the day chosen for the experiment, the balloon, with its accessories, was transported to the Champ de Mars. We will now quote M. Faujas de Saint Fond, an eye-witness of the experiment, and one of its most ardent promoters. As a just and equitable man, he ever defended the Montgolfiers against envy and criticism; and in the case of this very essay on the Champ de Mars, of which the Roberts wished to claim the merit, he remarked that the discovery of the art of aërostation consisted in the principle, and not in the various methods employed to raise a balloon in the air.

"The Champ de Mars," Faujas writes, "as well as all the avenues leading to it, were guarded by troops; orders were given to facilitate the progress of vehicles, and prevent accidents. At three o'clock the Champ de Mars was covered with people. The banks of the river, the Versailles road, and the Amphitheatre of Passy, were thronged; the Hôtel de l'Ecole Militaire and the Champ de Mars contained the most noble portion of the assembly. At five o'clock a cannon-shot was the signal that the experiment was about to commence: it served at the same time as a notice to the *savans* posted on the terrace of the Garde Meuble de la Couronne, on the tower of Notre Dâme, and at the Ecole Militaire, who intended to employ their instruments and calculations in the observation. The globe, freed from the bonds which held it, rose, to the great surprise of the spectators, with such velocity that in two

minutes it reached an elevation of 800 toises; when at this height it encountered a thick cloud, in which it was lost; a second cannon-shot announced its disappearance, but it was soon seen to pierce the cloud, reappear at a very great height, and was eventually eclipsed by other clouds.

"The heavy rain, which commenced at the moment when the balloon started, did not prevent it rising with great rapidity; the experiment met with the greatest success, and astonished all the world: the satisfaction was so great that elegantly dressed ladies, with their eyes fixed on the globe, bore the most violent and beating rain without feeling its effect, being much more concerned at the result of such a curious experiment than at the injury done to their dresses."

Three hundred thousand spectators, according to the calculation made at the time, that is to say, about one half the population of Paris, were present at the experiment.

Unfortunately, the brothers Robert, in their wish to show the perfectly spherical shape of the globe, insisted on its being entirely filled with gas, and even introduced atmospheric air at the moment of its departure, in order to belly out all the folds of silk. This circumstance was fatal to the balloon, and it did not traverse the space it might otherwise have done. This first hydrogen gas balloon, after a transit of three quarters of an hour, fell at Gonesse, near Paris, after travelling about five leagues. In the first moments of its departure from the Champ de Mars, it reached an altitude of 1500 metres. Its fall was determined by the rupture of the silk, caused by the expansion of the gases.

A strange scene, which was afterwards reproduced in an engraving, took place at Gonesse, near Ecouen, where the balloon fell. The peasants, in vast numbers, had seen in the air something immensely large, when compared with what they usually witnessed. What could it be? a bird apparently, or some animal? and those inhabitants of Gonesse who ventured these suppositions were the most sensible. Many believed, quite naturally, that it was Satan himself—others thought it was the moon descending upon the earth; in fact, the alarm became general. They fled on all sides, and as a great number of persons, men, women, and children, had taken refuge in the rectory, the *curé* of the place, who was probably as much embarrassed as his flock was alarmed, ended by proposing to them to go and exorcise the thing, whatever it might be.

They then marched in procession, and not without making various circuits and halts, accompanied by prayers, to the spot where the unfortunate machine lay. As it was still half full of gas it furnished an imposing spectacle; and the wind, which shook it every now and then, gave it a really terrible appearance. It was evident they wished to gain time, in the hope that the monster would retire.

It was, however, obstinately bent on remaining. An hour had already elapsed in these preliminaries: it was necessary to put an end to the affair. A hero, whose name history has not handed down, plucked up courage, seized a fowling-piece, and with all the precaution, all the contrivances of a consummate sportsman, detached himself from the group, which had again halted, and marched towards the supposed animal, at which he fired, though at a reasonable distance.

Fortunately our friend was not too near, and the hydrogen gas did

not explode; but the charge of shot tore the side of the balloon, the gas escaped, and the mass was seen to change its form, and then gradually diminish in size: no doubt the animal was wounded, for he was rolling in agony. Some even heard him utter a great cry—it was all over with him!

Immediately these men, shortly before so full of terror, so timorous, so fearful, rushed on the poor balloon, and struck at it from all sides with flails, sticks, and forks. One ill-advised fellow dared to tear what he considered the skin of the animal: a fetid odour escaped, and drove them rapidly back. Finally, the first hydrogen gas balloon, which had cost so much care and money, was fastened to the tail of a horse, and dragged over roads and fields for more than a league. The horse was still being urged across country by the cries of the enthusiasts when scarce a rag remained.

From this circumstance originated the official publication of an "Instruction du peuple," on the part of government, touching the passage or descent of aërostatic machines.

The younger M. de Montgolfier had arrived in Paris some days before the experiment of the 27th of March, at which he was present as simple spectator. He, however, immediately set to work on a balloon of large capacity, a work which required capacity. At the end of September a large aërostatic machine, of an elongated spheroidical form was completed, 60 metres in height, and 40 in diameter, in the garden of M. Reveillon, manufacturer of paper to his majesty, in the Rue de Montreuil. In the presence of the committee of the Académie, and a large number of spectators, in spite of the wind and a violent rain, the balloon was inflated by means of 50 lbs. of dry straw, kindled below the mouth, to which were added at various times 12 lbs. of wool. The balloon floated several feet from the ground, and lifted 500 lbs., but was not suffered to depart, as the order was sent to M. de Montgolfier to hold himself in readiness to repeat the experiment on the 19th at Versailles, in the presence of the king. On the appointed day, the balloon ascended in presence of the whole court. A sheep, a cock, and a duck, were enclosed in a large wicker cage and fastened beneath the balloon, which remained about ten minutes in the air, and descended at Vaucresson, about eight miles from the starting-place. Among the first who arrived to examine the condition of the animals was Pilastre de Rozier, who was so soon to become the hero and the martyr of the science.

M. de Montgolfier now built another balloon still larger than any which had preceded it. Its height was more than twenty metres, its diameter about sixteen, and contained nearly 20,000 cubic metres of air. Externally, it was richly painted and gilded on a blue ground, it had for ornaments fleurs-de-lis, and the twelve signs of the Zodiac; in the centre the royal cypher, and towards the bottom, eagles with extended wings, which appeared to support this splendid machine in its flight.

A circular gallery, formed of wicker-work, and covered with painted cloths, was fastened to the lower and exterior surface of the balloon, in order to carry up human beings. It was attached by cords sewn into each gore of the stuff forming the balloon. This gallery was a metre wide, and had a balustrade of 1·60 surrounding it. The mouth of the balloon, about five metres in diameter was perfectly free. In the centre

of this opening was fixed the wire-work stove, suspended by chains, in which the aëronauts kindled the flame by means of which the balloon was raised in the air.

On the 15th, 17th, and 19th of October, in the same manufactory, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, the projected experiments were proceeded with. On twenty successive occasions, Pilastre de Rozier alone, and then accompanied by the Marquis d'Arlandes and M. Girond de Villette, rose to the extreme limit of the cords retaining the balloon, or about 100 metres. On one occasion the balloon sunk on the top of some lofty trees, in consequence of a violent gust of wind; all feared some frightful accident, but Pilastre reanimated the flame, and rose rapidly again, accompanied by the shouts of the innumerable spectators.

The fact was now established; the navigation of the air appeared possible, and in his ardent zeal Pilastre de Rozier demanded permission to take his first flight in the air. M. de Montgolfier temporised; through modesty he requested further trials; the academical commission gave no decided opinion; even the king himself, who was informed of these debates, opposed such an experiment. In his solicitude, he offered to forgive two criminals who should be sent up in a balloon.

But Pilastre de Rozier was outraged by such an idea. "Should vile criminals," he exclaimed, "men rejected from the bosom of society, have the glory of being the first to mount into the air!" He begged, he entreated, he implored; he addressed himself to the Duchesse de Polignac, the gouvernante of the royal children, and all powerful at court. M. le Marquis d'Arlandes, a friend of the Montgolfiers, who had already ascended with Pilastre de Rozier in a *ballon captif*, also interceded; he affirmed there was no danger; even gave his word of honour, and offered to accompany him. The court at length yielded to such pressing entreaties; and the first ascent took place on the 22nd of November, from the Château de la Muette, in the Bois de Boulogne; the aëronauts descended in safety on the other side of the Seine.

Another experiment of equal importance was made by Charles and Robert, who ascended from the gardens of the Tuileries on the 1st of December, 1783, in a hydrogen gas balloon. These two aërostatic trials, in which four men ascended at nearly the same time, and by means apparently differing, though precisely similar in principle, complete and determine the discovery of the science of aërostation. One man, a thousand times more distinguished than the crowd of princes and courtiers present at the Château de la Muette, and who was defending the interests of his young Republic at the court of France, Benjamin Franklin, when consulted at a later date about the use to which aërostatic machines could be put, replied in all truth: "The infant is just born."

In a subsequent paper we propose to treat of the succesive improvements which have taken place in the science of aërostation, and show the use to which the French have put it in war. We trust, however, we have written enough to induce our readers to pause before they unequivocally condemn a science which may eventually take its place by the side of the steam-engine. Remember, "Rome was not built in a day."

THE OLD HOUSE OF TREGOLPH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BARON'S REVENGE."

"AND so you are come back to me, my dear child! I am indeed glad to see you again," were the words of welcome addressed to me, thirty years ago, by one who, though she has long passed away from among the living, still dwells in my memory as distinctly as if she were now present with me; and the tone of whose voice, as she spoke the kindly greeting, rings on my ear as if its echoes had not even yet died away. "And so you are come back at last! Well, dear Gertrude, we have missed you sadly; Jenny has almost grown tired of being so much alone with an old woman like me; and Goody has found her playfellow wanting too. As for me, I am pleased you should enjoy yourself, but I have been very lonely without you."

But, perhaps, it will be necessary to say here, that thirty years ago I was a merry, happy girl of seventeen, without a care, and almost without the practical knowledge of what sorrow meant. My father had died when I was an infant, and my dear and gentle mother had taken me with her to B——, a town in Cornwall, where we resided with my paternal grandfather. What a kind-hearted, good old man he was! and how blessed in his daughter-in-law! But, dear as they both were to me, it is not of them I now desire to speak, but of my grandfather's mother—my own great-grandmother! It has fallen to the lot of few to possess such a relic of past times as I had in her, and to fewer still to possess it in such a state of preservation. The dear old lady was, at the period alluded to, ninety and six years old, and she lived afterwards in almost the full enjoyment of her faculties, until she stood on the verge of her hundredth year. Yet, though she had so far exceeded the usual time appointed for mortals, she did not find her life a burden and a sorrow; and, when the end came, there was neither sickness nor suffering to bring her to her grave. I had spent the last evening cheerfully with her, and then attended her to her bed. "I am very sleepy," she said, "to-night. Kiss me, my child. Good night, and God bless you! I am going to sleep." These were her last words. For a minute or two she breathed regularly, then there was a gentle sigh—and all was over. When our first grief was past (for we all loved her dearly), it became delightful to us to speak of dear grandmamma—to recal her words and her looks, and to repeat the many tales she used to tell us of the events of her early youth. God had preserved her memory unimpaired—unimpaired, at least, as far as regarded the long past, though latterly she lived almost entirely in that past, and would forget *a leetle* what had happened yesterday. It was remarkable that though her stories of her youth never varied in the least particular, she sometimes forgot the time that had elapsed since the events occurred, and would then speak as if I, her great-grandchild, must remember people that had lived when she was young.

But, instead of lingering over recollections so dear to me, I must confine myself to the evening on which I, a young girl of seventeen, went (my very first visit after I reached home) to see my grandmamma, after an absence of about six or seven weeks, which I had been spending with a friend. As I entered the quaint old house, I was more struck by its

peculiarities than, from constant familiarity, I had been before I went away. Everything was in perfect keeping. The house was old, the furniture was old, and the inhabitants were all old too; but everything was scrupulously clean and neat. When I entered the grave, quiet, almost solemn-looking old parlour, my dear grandmamma was seated near the window, reading her large family Bible, *without* her spectacles, which, however, were laid by her side in case of need. I paused an instant at the door to look at her, and to note how little she, or, indeed, anything around her, resembled the world without. There were no modern luxuries in the room; no inducements to indolence in the shapes of ottomans and couches; the good old lady eschewed and condemned all such luxuries. The chairs which, with their cane-seats and upright ebony backs, were anything but easy ones, had belonged, she had told me, to her mother, and were more than a century old. The tables, too, were so black with age, that they also might well have past for ebony. And as the old lady herself sat, in her unchanging attire of black silk, with a small shawl of the same material pinned down over a kerchief of spotless white muslin, and the snowy hair turned straight back from the brow over a sort of cushion, or pad, as it was called, and surmounted by a white mob-cap, bound round the head with a plain black ribbon, she looked, indeed, the very *beau ideal* of serene and cheerful old age. I did not stay long at the door, but bounded joyfully into the room to kiss grandmamma, and receive her welcome.

"And so," she said, "Gertrude, my dear, you are come back at last! We have missed you sadly. Jenny"—who, by the way, being twenty-five years younger than her mistress, was always regarded by her as quite a young woman—"Jenny has been quite dull without you, and poor Goody has moped and pined for her playfellow; I do not think, poor thing, she has played a bit since you left." Now, as the poor cat, Goody, had bade adieu to her kittenhood at least nine years before, I did not feel surprised to hear that she had not played in my absence; however, I did not say so; but, taking my accustomed seat on a low stool at grandmamma's feet, I prepared myself to give her a full account of my *travels*, and to hear and answer all her questions.

"You are looking quite well, Gertrude," she said, as she looked lovingly on me; "and are grown *so* tall and *so* womanly that I hardly know you. You are so sunburnt, too; you should have carried your fan when you went out. When I was young I never went even to church without my fan in my hand." I hinted that fans had rather gone out of fashion. "True, true!" she said; "I forget about your new fashions. Sometimes I think there is change now-a-days without improvement." There was a moment's pause, and then she continued: "Did you hear anything of Mrs. Treloar? You must remember her daughters, my dear. They were at school with me, poor girls! but their health was delicate, and so they soon left. They were fair, pretty-looking girls, with blue eyes and flaxen hair. They were twins, and it was remarkable that they both died of consumption on the same day, and, as they were born, the elder just one hour before her younger sister. Their mother was a widow, and they her only children: it was said she felt it so severely that it was not likely she would long survive them. I wonder you did not make some inquiry about her."

As this was one of those occasional lapses of memory to which I have before alluded, I made no reply. It was a rule with us never to call the good old lady's attention to these slight mistakes, as the doing so seemed to distress her. I said, therefore,

"You have not told me, dear grandmamma, whether you have been quite well since I have been away."

"Oh, yes, my dear, quite well; only I fear I am getting old, for I cannot exert myself as I could. It is very happy for me, my dear, that my young men are grown up out of the way. I do not know what I could do if I had young children to care for."

Her "young men," as she frequently styled her sons, were my grandfather, now seventy years of age, and his elder brother, who was seventy-two. Of the latter I knew little more than that he was very rich, very eccentric, and a bachelor.

"But tell me, Gertrude," continued my grandmamma, "whether you have enjoyed yourself, and how you liked L——."

"I have, indeed, enjoyed myself," I replied. "I have been running hither and thither, seeing every place and everything within ten miles of L—— ; sometimes climbing rocks, sometimes exploring caverns, sometimes spending whole days in the woods. I do believe my kind friends left nothing unvisited, from the castle to the cottage—cairns, cromlechs, modern mansions, ancient ruins—we saw all that could be seen. By-the-way, grandmamma, I have not spent all my time at L——. Mrs. Kirkwood, a lady to whom I was introduced, invited me to visit her at her house, and the invitation was repeated so kindly, in a note I received from her soon after, that I accepted it, and went to Trescow, where I spent a fortnight very happily. The house is very retired, but you can scarcely imagine more beautiful scenery than surrounds it—hills, rocks, woods, and water. Mrs. Kirkwood has several children, and could not always go out with me, and so I rambled about very often alone. I did indeed enjoy it; and sometimes I endeavoured to fix what I saw on my memory, that I might be able to describe it all to you when I came home; but it is so difficult to paint scenery in words, that I am afraid to venture. Besides, I shall tire you, grandmamma."

"Oh, do not fear for me, my dear," she replied; "I love to hear you chattering away again, and when I am tired I will tell you."

So, folding her hands, and leaning back as far as her straight-backed chair would permit, she half closed her eyes, and with a smile on her lip, seemed listening in pleased and quiet attention to all I had to say.

"Well, grandmamma," I said, "I will tell you of one solitary walk, and reserve the rest for another day. Mrs. Kirkwood being engaged, I walked out alone one evening, about a fortnight ago. It had been a stormy day, but the evening was calm and quiet; there was scarcely a breath of air stirring, and trees and flowers looked in the grey light as if tired with play; they had all fallen asleep together. The road I had taken was not very interesting, so I gladly turned off from it, through a gateway that opened into an avenue of old oak-trees; it was weedy and grass-grown, but it soon led into a park of considerable extent. I observed that palings had been put up in some places, so as to divide it into parts, but they did not destroy the character of the scenery. Large clumps of magnificent trees stood here and there, and plantations of fir

seemed almost to surround it. All at once I came in front of a fine old house, which stood in a hollow, surrounded on all sides by gently swelling hills. There were no human beings near, and all would have been perfectly still and silent but for the cawing of multitudes of rooks—a sound that I always fancy imparts a greater air of solitude and seclusion to an old house than even perfect silence itself. What is it, grandmamma, that seems to tell us at once when a house is uninhabited? I never even call at a friend's without feeling sensible, from some indefinable sympathy, before I knock, whether they are at home or absent. But, in this case, there were signs of desertion which could not be mistaken. Rank grass was growing close to the walls, the lower windows were mostly boarded up, and, though not perhaps much dilapidated, there was a look of loneliness and desertion about the building that struck me very much. The light, too, was grey and dusky, for the evening was fast stealing on, and gave a more sombre hue to the whole scene than it could have worn in sunshine. Even as I looked the daylight perceptibly vanished; the rooks, after cawing still louder than before, went to roost, and after awhile, one by one dropped off to sleep, and were succeeded by the wheeling bat, or the mournful hoot of some solitary owl, as it swept past with noiseless wing. I advanced close to the house, examined the front, and passed around to the other side. Here a narrow-pointed door seemed to hang so slightly on its rusty hinges, that I was tempted to press against it, and down it fell, with such a clang that I was quite startled; and the rooks, disturbed by the unusual sound, started from their slumbers and flew about the trees, cawing most fearfully. I really felt quite frightened myself at what I had done, and tried to lift up the door again, but found it too heavy for my strength. When I got a little reassured, I thought that, as the way was now open to me, I might as well go in; so passing through the doorway into the house I traversed a passage, which led me into a large lofty hall. Here the ceiling had fallen in many places; and, indeed, I afterwards observed in some parts of the house that the roof itself had fallen. The fine old staircase was entire, and I ascended it. Up-stairs there were many doors, or rather doorways, all open excepting one. That one was boarded and nailed up so carefully that it awakened my curiosity more than all the others; but it was quite impossible to open it, and I turned into a room with nothing remarkable about it except the view from the window, and that was very beautiful. It looked out on the park, and on an avenue far more noble and extensive than the one I had passed through. Between this avenue and the house stood a small and beautiful building, which, as I afterwards learnt, had been a gate-house. But what is the matter, grandmamma?" I exclaimed, observing her look up with almost a startled look.

"Nothing, my dear," she replied. "Your words awakened an old recollection—that was all. But go on."

"Well, then, grandmamma, I saw little more, for the twilight was fading fast, and, in spite of myself, I was growing nervous. The floors and ceilings looked dangerous, and I fancied—though no doubt it was mere imagination—that there were some persons concealed near me; and once I could almost be certain that I heard some one say 'Hush!' Don't laugh at me, grandmamma, but I was really so frightened that I fairly took to my heels, and ran away out of the house as fast as I could.

So you see I have brought home quite a ghost story for you. But I am *sure* there is something the matter, grandmamma," I continued, for, instead of leaning back in her chair, and listening as before, with closed eyes and a pleased smile, she was sitting bolt upright, gazing at me with eyes which wore a look of life and wakefulness not usual with them, and her hands, I observed, were trembling violently. "I am *sure* there is something the matter with you, grandmamma—what is it? Are you ill?"

"No, no," she said, "not ill; but tell me, quickly, what was the name of this old house you speak of?"

"Tregolph," I replied.

"It is so, then!" she said. "But are you sure, quite sure, that you speak of Tregolph, the ancient seat of the Trevanions?"

"Yes, grandmamma," I replied; "it was the seat of the Trevanions; but now it has passed into the possession of a distant branch of the family, bearing another name, who reside in Staffordshire. But do you know anything of it?"

"I will tell you by-and-by, my child," she said; "but go on now with your story. I am very deeply interested. Tell me all you saw, and all you heard; omit nothing; and when you have done, I will gratify your curiosity by telling you what occurred long ago to make the name of Tregolph so interesting to me."

"I saw nothing more, grandmamma," I said, "for I got back to Trescow as fast as I could, as it was getting late; and, indeed, when I arrived I found them a little uneasy at my long absence, and talking about sending servants in search of me. I described where I had been, and Mrs. Kirkwood laughingly told me that I had been exploring a haunted house, and that the room with the door nailed up was the haunted chamber; that it had been opened only once for many years, and that the carpenter and his son, who had been employed, had both died miserably. 'Ask Martha Ferris, my housemaid,' she said, 'she will tell you about it.' I did ask her afterwards, and she told me that the elder carpenter was her grandfather, and the younger her uncle. They never told what they saw, except that the room was hung with tapestry, and that the curtains of the bed and window were of a dingy yellow colour; but, by the effect it had on them, it must have been something terrible, and the door was fastened up again immediately. The men never recovered the shock they had sustained, whatever it might have been: the younger pined, and pined away, and died, but not of any apparent disease; to use Martha's expression, he 'quailed away,' and was never seen to smile again. The elder, Martha's grandfather, went mad—'that is,' she said, 'talking mad'—he never ceased to talk to himself until he died, two or three years after he entered the mysterious chamber.

"She also told me that, many years ago, some deed of horror had been perpetrated at Tregolph, and that since then the house had been said to be haunted. Once or twice some attempt has been made to save the fine old building from decay, by placing a tenant in it at a merely nominal rent—but in vain; the people declared that they could not rest for unaccountable noises; they sometimes heard violent shrieks in the night, and the ghost of a lady, dressed in the fashion of the last century,

has been frequently seen on the stairs, or at a distance in one of the long galleries. The last tenant was a man called Bennetts, who tried to reclaim the gardens, and make something of them. He brought a young wife with him, who was pregnant at the time, and the poor young thing became so nervous and terrified at the sounds, fancied or real, around her, that a premature labour was followed by brain fever, from which she never recovered. Her wild ravings and her death strengthened the belief that the place is the abode of beings from another world, so that now, probably, it will be entirely given over to decay."

"Did you ask the origin of these reports?" said my grandmother.

"Yes," I replied, "I heard something of it; but nobody appeared to possess any accurate information on the subject. All that was known was vague and uncertain, as care seemed to have been formerly taken to conceal facts. But Martha Ferris, whose family have been tenants on the estate for several generations, told me that two or three years after the murder—for a murder I believe it was—had been committed, a whole suite of rooms, which once stretched from the southern front of the mansion towards the ancient gateway, and to which what is now called 'the haunted chamber' had been a sort of ante-room, had been pulled down by order of the then proprietor, who was supposed to have been in some way implicated in the transaction. And now, grandmamma," I said, "will you tell me why you seemed so excited at hearing the name of Tregolph?"

"I will, my dear," she said, "after tea; for indeed I require something before I enter on a tale which will recal one of the most painful events in a long life, which, though it is, I thank God, a peaceful one now, has not been entirely free from the cares which are the lot of all."

I rang the bell, and Jenny came in, bearing the tea-tray, with the little silver tea-pot, which held scarcely more than a modern breakfast-cup, and the tiny blue-and-white foreign china tea-cups and saucers. We were not long at our meal, and when I was again seated on my low stool, I heard a story which struck me as being so singular, that I wrote it down the very next day, while it was fresh on my memory. I afterwards showed it to my mother, who said that she had also heard the old lady tell it once, before I was born, and that she did not think that what she heard varied from this in the least particular. I have tried to give it, as far as possible, in the very words of the narrator, except that I have altered the names, and have here and there put into dialogue what she told in plain narrative; but, unfortunately, I cannot convey the tones, the earnest tones of truth in which it was related to me.

MY GREAT-GRANDMAMMA'S STORY.

I am an old woman now (said my great-grandmamma), a very old woman, and I begin to find that I forget sometimes what happened a few days or hours ago; but as the present slips away from me, my dear child, the past comes back to me again so fresh and so real, that I seem to live once more among the friends of the days long, long gone by. God is merciful in so ordering it to the aged, for time steals by without wearying them with the thought of their daily share in the petty trials and disappointments of this world. To the old there is *no present*

—we live in the past, or we look forward to that future which awaits us beyond the grave. The dreams of the night, too, bring back to me old faces, old scenes, and old feelings, and long-lost voices sound in my ears, as if those I once loved—many, many years ago crumbled into dust --had spoken to me, in those spirit-tones, to awaken recollections which may slumber but can never die.

Among all the changes that I have known in a period of ninety and six years, one part of my life comes back to my mind more frequently than any other, and I think of it with more interest. I will tell you to-night of my visit to Tregolph; but first you must remember, in order to understand my story, that I was sent, when I was about fourteen, to "boarding-school" at Exeter. To be educated at a boarding-school was, I suppose, a greater distinction then than it is now; for it was, in my case, an event much talked about and thought of, not only in our own house, but throughout the town. I was to stay four years, and, as travelling was difficult and dangerous, I was not to come home in the holidays. The parting with me for so long a time was a very great trial to my dear mamma, especially as I was her only daughter: I felt it too, but novelty had charms for me then, as it always has for the young, and I soon got reconciled. On the same day that I arrived at the school, another new pupil came also, and we two were destined to share the same room and the same bed. Annie Strickland—for such was her name—was two years younger than myself: a difference of age which is thought much of among school-girls, though it seems nothing in after life. I wish it were in my power to describe her to you, but that is impossible. To say she was beautiful, is to give a faint idea of her attractions; she was so gay, so graceful, so simple-hearted, and so affectionate, that she was soon the idol of the whole school, but to me especially she became the object of the most sincere and sisterly love. Poor girl! she was an orphan, and her guardian removed, while we were at school, from Exeter to London, but he thought it best that Annie should remain for some time where she was, as he was much pleased with the school. Before long, Annie and I became so dear to each other, that we were scarcely ever apart, and we had to bear many a joke from our schoolfellows about our great friendship: they used to call us mamma and daughter, my two years giving me quite a matronly superiority over Annie. Four years appeared a long time to me when I looked forward to them; but when they were past, they seemed but as a day. Annie left Exeter at the same time that I did, and went to finish her education at a school in London. We corresponded regularly after we parted: time made no change in my affection for her, and her letters breathed the same spirit of sisterly love for me. When Annie was eighteen she left school, and went to live with her guardian: she ever spoke of him as kind and considerate, but his wife was proud and unsociable, affecting great strength of mind, but really weak and vain, as well as coarse. There were also two daughters, both well-educated and good-natured, but nothing more.

After Annie had left school, she seemed to pine for a sort of companionship which she could not find where she was, and almost every letter spoke of a longing to see me: indeed, a formal invitation to visit Miss Strickland was sent me by her guardian; but, though a lady from our town was about to visit London, and offered to take me, my mamma

would not hear of my going, because the journey was so dangerous, and the distance so great. I know that those things are all altered now, but at that time people used to make their wills previous to going to London, and always prepared for the worst before setting out, for fear they should not live to come back. Annie had lived with her guardian about a year, when a letter reached me from her, in which, after speaking of some balls and parties to which she had gone, she said that she had been lately introduced to a gentleman of Cornwall, a Mr. Trevanion; but, as he had resided abroad for a great part of his life—entirely so for the last fifteen or sixteen years—he seemed to know but little of his native county. I know not how it was, but my heart seemed at once to feel a sort of pang of jealousy of this Mr. Trevanion, and, in my reply, I said so. Annie's answer did not dwell much on the subject, but she did say, "You will not be jealous when I tell you that Mr. Trevanion is nearly twenty years older than myself; and then, dear Eleanor, he is far too superior a person to think of such a mere girl as I am. He is certainly very handsome, and his expression is so melancholy and so intellectual, that I cannot but feel an interest in him, though, of course, only a friendly one."

About this time I was taken ill of fever, and they told me afterwards that throughout my sickness I had been constantly talking of Annie Strickland, and, in my delirium, struggling wildly to save her from some imaginary danger. I can remember now many of those delusions, but will pass on to the time of my recovery, which was not for some months: then they gave me Annie's letters, which had been received in the mean while, after first telling me that she had been the wife of Mr. Trevanion for the last two months. Poor girl! she told me in the first that the admired Mr. Trevanion had declared himself, to her astonishment, a suitor for her hand; then that her guardian approved of the match, which, indeed, seemed a most advantageous one; and then there was a letter complaining of my silence, and begging me to come to town, to officiate as her bridesmaid. "Come to me," she said, "dear Eleanor, my school mamma! I shall not feel quite satisfied until you approve my choice, nor perfectly happy unless you are with me." This letter my mother answered with an account of my illness, and Annie's reply was signed in her new name.

A few months after the marriage, I heard, with unbounded delight, that Mr. and Mrs. Trevanion were coming to reside in Cornwall, at their house of Tregolph; and soon after their arrival, a pressing invitation was sent me to come and visit them. Of course it was gladly accepted; and in the month of May, now nearly seventy-four years ago, I set off on my journey, seated on a pillion behind our old servant John. By easy stages I accomplished the whole distance, and arrived at Tregolph on the evening of the second day; and I may mention that, on entering the park, we passed through an avenue, a regular double row of stately trees, which brought us to a small and beautiful gate-house. I found Annie but little changed; she was the same sweet, dear girl she had ever been, and her reception of her "school mamma," as she still laughingly called me, was all I could have desired. Mr. Trevanion was not home; he had gone to a friend's house for the night on urgent business, and had left a polite message for me, expressing his regret at his unavoidable absence. Annie took me to my room to refresh myself; and, though I could only cast a hurried glance around me as I followed her, the air of

old-fashioned grandeur in the entrance-hall, the staircase, &c., gave me a high idea of the opulence which now surrounded my friend. My bedroom was a perfect wonder to me: though not very large, it was lofty and well-proportioned; the bed-curtains were of gold-coloured damask, and the walls were hung with old tapestry. I remember that one part, a scene from a country fair, where a rustic was being robbed by a gaily-dressed girl, as he was winning a trifling sum at some game, amused me much, the expressions on the different countenances of the group were so excellently wrought out. Annie asked me whether I would prefer to go down stairs and be introduced to her friends at once, or to remain where I was for the night, to recover the fatigue of my journey. She had staying with her, she said, her guardian's two daughters; a gentleman who had called to see Mr. Trevanion, and who, finding that he was absent, intended to remain until his return on the morrow; and the Rev. Mr. Trefusis, the rector of the neighbouring parish of St. Petrock. Of the last she spoke in terms of enthusiastic praise. She told me that he was an old man, nearly seventy years of age, but active and most zealous in his ministry. Cheerful, and full of Christian charity, he was a friend to all men, and possessed the good-will of every one who knew him. He had resided at St. Petrock ever since his ordination, and had always been well known to the Trevanion family. I had no hesitation in declaring my preference for the party down stairs, for I was young then, and my spirits were elated at the pleasure which I expected from my visit, and the delight I felt at being again with Annie.

Our evening passed rapidly and pleasantly. We sang, played forfeits, and afterwards, in the gaiety of our hearts, danced a reel, while Annie played to us on the spinet. Finally we separated about twelve o'clock, and retired to our bed-chambers, quite frightened at finding it so late. Annie kissed me at my door, and we parted with hints of how much we had to say to each other on the morrow. Feeling tired, now that I was alone, I gladly sought my pillow, and closing my eyes, repeated a childish hymn which my mother had taught me to say after I was in bed, and which I never omitted. I had just concluded, when I heard a voice say distinctly, in a whisper, "Hush!" It sounded near, but not in my room. I opened my eyes, and saw a light shining through an open door, which I had not observed before, near the foot of my bed, and on the opposite side of the room from that by which I had entered. The door was not wide open, but a little ajar, and the light which shone through it was not bright, but yet distinct. I did not like to move from my comfortable repose, but still less liked the idea that any one should be able to break in on me at any moment, so I got out of bed to shut it. As I laid my hand on it for that purpose, I again heard distinctly the whispered word, "Hush!" Immediately suspecting that Annie's young friends had some practical joke in hand of which I was to be the victim, I determined to be on the alert, and smiled to myself with anticipated triumph at the thought of turning the laugh against them. I caught up my cloak, which lay on a chair close by, and wrapped it around me, opened the door cautiously, and peeped out. I found that the door stood at the top of four steps, which led down into a long and lofty gallery, in which here and there five or six wax tapers were burning, stuck in sconces against the wall, but the light which they afforded, though sufficient to show the

way through the gallery, was by no means bright. The steps and the floor of the gallery itself were covered with red cloth. On the left hand were several lofty pointed windows, with small diamond-shaped panes of glass, through which the moonlight streamed; and on the right, near the four steps outside my apartment, was a broad staircase, which seemed to lead down to the rooms below.

I felt curious to see what was going on, and, after a moment's hesitation, stepped down into the gallery. I perceived that, after passing the staircase, a range of doors on the right seemed to give entrance to a suite of bed-chambers; and about half-way through the gallery there was another flight of stairs, narrower than the first, and lighted, as that was, by one of the tall windows which extended along the other side of the gallery, and which seemed to look towards some part of the pleasure-grounds, as I could distinctly see the trees waving in the breeze, and the leaves, wet with dew, glittering in the moonbeams.

At the head of the second staircase I paused, half afraid, and thinking I would go back to my room; but looking on, I saw that a light was streaming through a door at the end. I do not know what impulse drove me on, but I could not resist the desire to see where that light came from, so I passed on lightly and silently until I entered a room which evidently formed the termination of the gallery. It was a magnificent bed-chamber. Opposite the door by which I came in was apparently a large window, concealed by long and heavy curtains of rich crimson brocade. Before the window stood a handsome toilet, on which glittered a variety of feminine ornaments and jewels, as if hastily thrown down; on it also stood, in silver branches, one on each side of the mirror, two wax candles, from which proceeded the light that I had seen. On the right hand was a bed, also hung with crimson brocade, and by the side of it, supported on a gilt frame, a marble slab, on which lay a gentleman's hat. The walls were hung with Spanish leather, handsomely gilt, and the floor was covered with a singular carpet, which represented a forest, with gay birds among the massive green foliage, and a river with swans on it running throughout. I do not know when I noticed all this, though every detail seemed afterwards as clear as if I had spent hours in observing it. At the moment my whole attention was fixed on the occupant of the bed, for I saw at once that it *had* an occupant. A young man, apparently about five-and-twenty years of age, lay stretched upon it, evidently buried in the slumber of intoxication. His hair and whiskers were black and glossy; the brow was dazzlingly white, though low, but every other feature was swollen and stained by the look of habitual excess. The lower part of the face was singularly coarse: a large mouth, thick lips, and heavy under jaw, seeming to bespeak a most sensual disposition. I did not fear that he would awake, for his sleep seemed more like the insensibility of a drunken man than natural healthy slumber.

In my desire to look around I had stepped far into the room, when the sound of approaching footsteps in the gallery startled me: for an instant I turned to fly, but there was only that one door to the room, and the shame at being caught in so doubtful a position made me hesitate. But there was no time for reflection; the footsteps approached, and without a thought but the desire to escape observation, I sprung to the curtains which stood before the window, and hid myself behind them.

I saw with a glance that this window also looked out upon the park, for the moon was shining clear, and without a cloud; but I turned eagerly to see who entered, for I felt a hope that it might be Annie Strickland, or rather Mrs. Trevanion, and then all would have been well. But the hope was disappointed as soon as formed, for a lady came into the room whom I had certainly never seen before. She was exquisitely beautiful, but of a style of beauty entirely in contrast to that of my gentle Annie. She had on a rich pink silk dress embroidered with leaves and flowers of silver, a stomacher of diamonds was on her bosom, a circlet of precious stones surrounded her lofty brow, and neck and arms were glittering with jewels. As she passed the threshold, closing the door after her, I saw that her step was buoyant, her beautiful throat drawn up with an air of pride, her cheek flushed, and her eye sparkling as if with some hidden triumph: a smile, too, was on her lips—a smile of gratified and womanly vanity. Altogether I never saw a creature so beautiful and full of life as the stranger lady.

She had advanced into the room a few steps, when her eye fell upon the sleeper on the bed; a sudden start showed that the sight was unexpected, and the angry hue which covered neck and brow, the clenched hand, and the dark frown, proved how little it was desired. She approached the bed, and the small hand was raised, as if she could strike the man as he lay; but she turned away, and paced the room for some minutes with a step of impatient irritation. Again she paused, and looked sternly at the sleeper, but shook her head; and I saw that her lips moved, as she again turned to pace the room. As in her walk she approached the toilet before the window, I saw her very distinctly. The flush which had covered her face was gone, and a deathlike paleness had taken its place. Her features were rigid, and the lips which, a few minutes before, had been so rosy and smiling were compressed and bloodless. As the lady drew near the toilet, her eyes fell upon the mirror on it: she raised her hand hurriedly to her brow, as if to brush away the strange expression which she saw reflected in the glass; and, in the action, a wedding-ring on the finger glittered in the light. With a look of scorn and hatred she drew it off, flung it to the floor, and trampled it under foot.

At this instant a movement in the bed attracted her attention, and she drew near it. The sleeper had slightly changed his position, and, as she approached, he opened his eyes and looked at her. For an instant the gaze was vacant and uncertain; then he evidently knew her, and a leer of drunken mockery overspread his face. He spoke to her—at least, I saw that he spoke, but not a word reached my ears. I seemed as if suddenly struck with deafness; but the action was not to be misunderstood. He seemed to mock her with invitations to his side. The lady answered not, but her eye kindled, and her lip trembled with suppressed rage. Presently, with a laugh, which I *heard*, of drunken and fiendish derision, the young man turned on his back, and spread out his arms, so as to fill, as far as might be, the whole bed. The action laid his breast bare, and, with a movement swift as thought, the lady drew a small poniard from some part of her dress, and buried the blade in his heart. The wretched man opened his eyes with a stony stare of horror, his limbs shook for a moment, and then all was still. Motionless

and fixed the lady gazed on her work, her face more corpselike even than that of her victim. She made no attempt to withdraw the poniard, but stood with clasped hands, white and still as a thing of marble.

I cannot describe what I felt during the progress of this dreadful scene. I seemed spell-bound, and unable to move or to utter a sound. At this moment I heard a low tap at the door, thrice repeated, as if it were a preconcerted signal; but the lady seemed insensible to all but the terror before her. The signal was repeated, and then a man's voice, in a cautious and yet passionate tone, whispered, "Edith! Edith!"

It was singular that throughout I seemed only to hear a whisper here and there; and that, though I saw the lips of the speakers move, I did not at other times hear a sound. But to go on. The door was opened cautiously, and a young man stepped into the room. He was tall and dark, with black eyes, short silken moustaches, and dark curling hair. Both face and form were singularly handsome, yet his features were so marked, that I felt on the instant that I should know him again, see him when and where I might. He paused for a moment at the door, and then came forward to the bedside, and gazed at the corpse with a frightened look. He then spoke to the lady in an earnest, yet hurried manner, as if he asked some question, and enforced some advice; but she replied only by wringing her hands, with an expression of despair and agony. The gentleman then stooped, and taking up the hand of the dead man, arranged the stiffening fingers around the handle of the dagger, as if to grasp it, and so make it appear that his own hand had struck the blow.

At this instant, acting under an uncontrollable impulse, I left my concealment behind the curtain, and slowly approached, and stood before the guilty pair. I looked steadily at the gentleman, and he, with an air of surprise and horror, returned my gaze. This lasted but for a brief space, for the lady, with a loud and appalling shriek, sunk in convulsions to the floor.

God help me, Gertrude! (said the old lady to me at this part of her tale), though seventy-four years have passed since then, all the horrors of that dreadful night seem present to me even now. I shudder as I recal that shriek, and as I think again of the wild terror with which, at the first sound of that unearthly cry, I sprang past the gentleman, and rushed through the gallery. The cries, mixed with wild bursts of hysterical laughter, rang in my ears as I sped on; and oh! in the midst, I heard, above all, the footsteps of the gentleman pursuing me. I ran, I flew, I seemed to myself not even to touch the floor; I reached the steps, rushed into my room, and turned, with a last effort, to close the door. The gentleman did not follow me into the room, but turned abruptly down the great staircase I have mentioned, and I fancied that at the same time I saw dark, shadowy figures pouring up the narrower flight of steps beyond, and hastening to the chamber I had left. But my brain was dizzy with terror, my trembling hands could scarcely turn the key and draw the bolt; but I distinctly remember that I did both, and then, utterly incapable of further effort, I sank fainting to the floor; but, ere consciousness entirely left me, I perceived the door by which I had first entered the room open, and Annie Strickland, accompanied by some of the servants, come in, pale and agitated.

I believe I remained for a long time in a fainting state, and when I recovered, I was lying on the bed, with the good old clergyman standing beside me, and administering such restoratives as his experience suggested. Poor Annie was standing, pale and frightened, at my side, but, as soon as I was able, I begged her to retire with the servants, and leave me alone with Mr. Trefusis. As soon as they were gone, I said, with great agitation,

"Is he quite dead? But, oh! I know that he is. Where is the lady, and who are they?"

"My dear child," said Mr. Trefusis, "you have had a bad dream, and are not yet recovered."

"A dream!" I exclaimed. "Do you not know of it, then? No, no; it is no dream: I have been a witness to a dreadful murder to-night. Go—go directly through that gallery, and in the end room you will find the murdered man."

"My dear Miss Rosewarne," said Mr. Trefusis, "you are, indeed, under a delusion; there is no gallery where you point."

"No gallery!" I exclaimed. "Where, then, does that door lead?"

Mr. Trefusis paused for a moment, and then rising from his chair, drew back the curtain of my bed, and showed me that there was *no door*, but that the wall was covered throughout by the tapestry of which I have before spoken! Quite terrified, I rose up in the bed, and said, almost gasping for breath,

"Lift the tapestry; I know there was a door there an hour or two since, for I passed through it."

Without a word, Mr. Trefusis raised the tapestry, and there was, indeed, no door! But where I had expected to see one, a solid piece of masonry, apparently of a more recent date than the rest of the wall, filled a space which had evidently once been a doorway!

"When," I asked, "was that doorway built up?"

"It is now," said Mr. Trefusis, "about fourteen or fifteen years since Mr. Trevanion sent orders from abroad to take down the gallery to which it led, and, of course, the doorway was then closed."

"What brought you all to my room," said I, "at the time I fainted?"

"The sound of your hysterical shrieks," he replied, "awoke us, and, of course, we hastened to your assistance."

"*My* shrieks!" I said. "I solemnly assert that, though terrified beyond endurance, *I* did not shriek—I *could* not utter a sound."

Both were silent for a moment, and then I said,

"Sit there, and I will tell you all."

I began. I told everything I had seen, every trifle that I had noticed in my adventure of the night. I described the gallery, the staircases, the furniture of the room I had been in, the view from the window, the personal appearance of the actors in the scene I had witnessed, the whispered word, "Hush!" and, above all, the lady's name, "Edith! Edith!"

As I went on, the good old man was strongly agitated. More than once he rose uneasily from his chair, and paced the room, muttering to himself, "And can these things really be permitted?" At length, when my tale was concluded, he asked me solemnly and earnestly whether I had ever been before at Tregolph, or had ever heard any one describe it, or say anything about it. I answered, truly, that I had never before

been within thirty miles of it; and that, except the bare fact of its being the seat of the Trevanion family, I had never heard anything whatever concerning it. Mr. Trefusis then begged me not to say a word to any one of what I had told him, and promised that at another time, when I was more composed, he would tell me all that he knew which might throw any light on the mysteries of the night. "Though," he added, "my dear young lady, we cannot expect in this world to comprehend a condition so strange as that in which you appear to have been placed. He then knelt beside my bed, offered up a simple and earnest prayer, and then, after administering a gentle sedative, sat with the housekeeper to watch by my side during the few hours that remained of the night, or rather morning.

I slept until nearly noon, when I awoke calm, composed, and quiet, but with a most vivid recollection of all that had passed. I insisted on getting up, for I felt that while I remained at Tregolph I could not occupy that apartment, and must arrange with Mr. Trefusis to effect a change without attracting much observation. When I got down stairs, I found Annie restless and anxious, for Mr. Trevanion had sent for a carriage to bring him home, as he had been taken ill in the night at his friend's house.

"It is strange," Annie said. "I don't think Edgar ever had an attack of the kind before—though I don't fancy he has ever seemed quite well since we came to Tregolph—but the servant says he was seized by a sort of fit last night; however, he assures me that, though still a little weak from the effect of it, he is otherwise quite recovered."

The sound of wheels called Annie from the room; and in about half an hour Mr. Trefusis entered, accompanied by a gentleman whom he introduced to me as Mr. Trevanion. But I scarcely comprehended the words in the shock I received: I half rose from my chair, but was obliged to hold by it for support; for in Mr. Trevanion, in my friend's, my own dear Annie's husband, I beheld the gentleman I had seen the night before, the same that had spoken, in lover-like tones, the impassioned whisper, "Edith! Edith!"—the same that had placed the dead man's hand on the handle of the weapon that had slain him,—the same that had pursued me in my headlong flight through the gallery. Mr. Trefusis paused, as he noticed my terrified look: Mr. Trevanion, too, stood as one thunderstruck, and gazed into my eyes as he had done when I appeared to him, in the spirit if not in the body, in the night. At length, he spoke quickly and hurriedly.

"Young lady," he said, "have we ever met before?"

"Yes," I replied, "we have."

"For Heaven's sake," he cried, "tell me when and where!"

"Last night," I replied, slowly, "in the Spanish Chamber."

He said no more, but, pressing his hand to his brow, turned suddenly and left the room. Mr. Trefusis followed him, and I, in a state of pitiable agitation, sunk back into my chair. I might have sat for a quarter of an hour, when I was roused by hearing the ringing of bells, the opening and shutting of doors, and the noise of servants rushing hurriedly up and down stairs. I was about to leave the room to ascertain the cause of this confusion, when Mr. Trefusis entered, apparently much agitated, and, taking my hand kindly, said:

"I am on my way, Miss Rosewarne, to send for a doctor. Mr. Trevanion has again been taken suddenly and alarmingly ill; Mrs. Trevanion is with him at present, but I think it would not be advisable for you to go up, as it might be better that he should not see you now."

The doctor arrived, but his look, after seeing the sick man, plainly showed that he feared the worst; and his anticipations were realised. A number of attacks of the same kind followed each other, and in a week Mr. Trevanion was no more. Throughout his illness great care was taken as to who was admitted to his room; for his head was somewhat affected, and he sometimes said things which were better heard by as few ears as possible. I saw him but once, for at first he seemed to dread my presence, and, to sooth him, they were obliged to say that I was not in the house; but, a few hours before his death, he expressed a strong desire to see me, and I was sent for. He spoke to me, but I could not understand what he said, for at the last his speech failed him a great deal; but he pressed my hand repeatedly, and raised it to his lips.

One day, soon after his death, Mr. Trefusis, in answer to some inquiries of mine, said, "When I left the room with Mr. Trevanion, after he had been introduced to you, I followed him to the library, and there I repeated to him your vision of the night exactly as you told it to me. He did not seem surprised at what I said, but I noticed that he became very pale, and that he held by a chair for support. When I had finished, he said slowly, the words seeming to come from his lips without effort, and, apparently, almost without the action of the will,

"'Last night, at the same hour, I too was in that apartment in the spirit; a lady stepped from behind the window-curtain; she ran from the room, and I pursued her through the gallery: I recognised her in the lady whom I have just seen. It was no dream, it was reality—as real as anything about me now.'

"I moved for a moment to the windows, but had scarcely looked away when I heard a heavy fall, and turning around saw that Mr. Trevanion was lying in a kind of fit. I had him carried to his room, and the rest you know. And here I may tell you that your description of the gallery and the chamber at the end were perfectly accurate; the steps, the windows, the staircases, the furniture, once were exactly as you described them; even the name of the room which you spoke so readily to Mr. Trevanion was quite correct, for, from its having been hung with gilt Spanish leather—a rare and costly hanging—it always bore the name of 'The Spanish Chamber.' I fear, too, my dear young lady," continued Mr. Trefusis, "both from what dropped from Mr. Trevanion, and from my own recollection of the circumstances, that the scene which you saw in your vision enacted in the room was also an exact transcript of what once took place there: but I forget—you do not know the circumstances to which I allude, and I believe I once promised to relate them to you."

Mr. Trefusis then proceeded to tell me that Mr. Trevanion's parents had died early, leaving two sons, Alfred and Edgar, of whom the elder, Alfred, succeeded to the property, whilst Edgar had only the portion of a younger son. About eighteen years before my visit to Tregolph, Alfred, his brother being then abroad, married a Miss Edith Whitlowe, a lady high born and beautiful. They had not been very long married when Mr. Edgar returned from his travels, a fine, handsome young man,

of most gentlemanly appearance and fascinating manners, a perfect contrast to Alfred, or the squire, as he was generally called, who was devoted to low dissipation and low company, and was in the habit of drinking to great excess: indeed, he and his wife were the most ill-assorted pair that could be conceived. Mr. Edgar had not been long at Tregolph before rumours began to spread that he and his sister-in-law were too dear to each other; and these rumours the lady's open, undisguised scorn for her husband did not tend to dispel. The report soon reached Mr. Alfred's ear, but had only the effect of making him plunge, with a sort of brutal defiance, still lower into the depths of vice and excess; and at length his wife became so disgusted and indignant with him that she withdrew herself almost entirely from his society, taking possession of that part of the building which I have so much cause to remember, and making "the Spanish Chamber" her sleeping apartment. One evening, of which that on which I arrived at Tregolph happened to be the anniversary, a large party were assembled to celebrate Mrs. Trevanion's birthday. The squire would not join the party, but vowed that he would be master somewhere in his own house, and that if his wife and brother lorded it in the ball-room, he would lord it in the hall. Accordingly he sat there drinking with two or three boon-companions until he became almost mad with excitement, and perhaps a consciousness of his own degradation, and at length, vowing that he would go to his wife's bed, rose and staggered off to the Spanish Chamber. He was never seen again alive; but shortly after the party broke up, violent shrieks were heard proceeding from Mrs. Trevanion's room, and the servants rushing up found her in violent convulsions, and her husband lying dead on the bed, with a dagger in his heart, and his right hand still grasping the hilt.

No one doubted that he had slain himself, for it was well known that, in common with most who drink to great excess, he was often subject to fits of great depression and despondency: or if any suspicions did arise, they were never openly broached. Soon after her husband's death the lady left Tregolph, saying she could never reside there again; and in a few months Mr. Edgar Trevanion also took his departure, and nothing more was heard of him for years, but through the steward, about money matters, except that he sent orders for the Spanish Chamber and the whole gallery connected with it to be pulled down, leaving only the ante-room, the one in which I slept, which, by its construction, could not be destroyed without damaging the main building; and a faint rumour which reached home, that he and his brother's widow had been seen together somewhere abroad. He never came back to Tregolph until he brought home, as a bride, my own sweet friend, dear, dear Annie Strickland. "It seems," concluded Mr. Trefusis, "that at the very same hour of the night when you were subjected to so strange a trial, cries were heard to proceed from Mr. Trevanion's room in the house in which he slept, and the people who were called there by them found him in a fit similar to those of which he had so many attacks afterwards. Poor man! he told us he had important business with his friend, but I have ascertained since that he was an unexpected guest, and had no business whatever: most probably he did not like to remain at Tregolph on the anniversary of his brother's death."

Mr. Trefusis and I agreed that there could be no use now in divulging what we knew or what we suspected, and that we had better keep it to ourselves. But, notwithstanding all our care, strange reports began to get abroad, and at length reached the ears of poor Annie in such an exaggerated form, that it became a mercy to tell her how the matter really stood, which we did, though perhaps softening the most suspicious part as much as possible. She lived for several years afterwards, but she was no longer my own cheerful, light-hearted Annie—I never saw her smile again I never went to Tregolph afterwards, but once or twice I prevailed upon Annie to come and visit me. After her death, the old house, as you said, passed into the possession of a remote branch of the family, who seldom or never resided there. I believe there was a Chancery suit about it for some time, but I have heard very little about it since.

So ended my great-grandmother's story, and I, her immediate descendant, heard it from her own lips, after having unconsciously visited the scene of it, and heard traditions and rumours which added a mysterious interest to the tale. There are strange things passing around us, and this is one of those extraordinary events that seem too wonderful to be believed. But my great-grandmother's story was true as it was strange.

LIVING BRANCHES ON DEAD TREES.

If we wished to prove any one form of existing Paganism to have been the earliest of the great perversions of that primitive Deism handed down by the patriarchs to the first colonisers of the world, we might find much in the superstitions of Hindostan that would incline us to give it a preference in antiquity.

In the innumerable legends of the Vedas and the Puranas, points of resemblance occur too numerous and too striking for mere coincidence which unites Bramahnism with the creeds of the Egyptian, the Scandinavian, the Scythian, and the Greek. While dim shadowings of the Trinity are blended with traditions of the deluge, the expulsion from heaven of the fallen angels, prophecies of an incarnate God, these also are found intermingled with the Norseman's belief of a serpent that girds the world; and while the pyramidical and rock temples, the veneration of the lotus and the ape, are common to the modern Hindoo and the ancient Egyptian, we find among the Indian gods the very names and attributes of many of the Grecian deities.

It would puzzle the wisest ethnologist to trace the progress of the Indian Dipuc as he floats down the Ganges in a flower, till he reappears upon the gently murmuring Illyssus. Certain it is that India was one of the earliest peopled countries after the flood, and some hardy commentators of Scripture have even dared to affirm that it was on one of the Himalayas, and not on Ararat, that the ark of Noah rested. All inquiry, however, into the origin of nations having first proved the triple source of races

and of languages, tends to confirm the fact, that in the broad, grassy plains of Tartary, the shepherd nations first began to increase and multiply. Some of the earliest inventions of civilisation may be traced to India; amongst others, the Indian origin of the signs of the zodiac would assert for them a knowledge of astronomy, at least as early as that of the Egyptians or the Assyrians. Some of the planets figure in their earliest legends, and they account for eclipses in a manner similar to that of the northern nations, such as may be read in the myths of the Eddas, or still prevails among the Laplanders and Esquimaux. To believe their own theological history, their earliest kings reigned at a time long anterior to the date at which the creation is generally fixed, nor can their claim to great antiquity be easily refuted.

Divided, at an early date, into a number of independent monarchies, the continent of India seems never to have fallen under the sway of any single ruler. Its position at the time of Porus, allowing for civilisation, resembles its present state. Overspread, undoubtedly, like all other parts of the world, by successive waves of Scythian hordes, it is only in the difference between the natives of the hills and plains, and in the Tartar superstitions of the Rajpoots and of the more northern tribes, that any traces of this successive population may be observed. The system of caste—and from hence Egypt probably derived the custom—has contributed to preserve the unity of the old religion. The earliest myths of all nations point northwards. The tenets of the Druids were of Indian origin.

Nor were these fresh arrivals from the "frozen north" ever numerous enough to change the language or religion of the greater nations with whom they mingled; nor have either Buddhism or Mohammedanism modified the Hindoo's earlier faith. The first, after a long struggle, passed on to conquer Tibet and revolutionise China; the latter never made progress.

It is then in a religion of such great antiquity as that of Bramahnism, so unaltered by time, and of which the latest fable is of an age incompatible, that the purest relics of primitive tradition should be discovered, if any such do exist. It may surprise many to assert that amongst every nation, past and present, from the adorer of Jove down to the Fetish worshipper, are to be found still lingering many of those imperishable truths of which even the favoured Jews had only a prophetical declaration. Even in the New World, *Cox-Cox* is Noah; while in a legend typical of the differences between their religion and pure Deism, a vulture takes the place of the dove. Amongst the most barbarous devil-worshippers of Africa, as well as amongst the cannibals of the South Seas, are found traditions of the rival brothers, the dispersion of mankind, and the degradation and inferiority of the race of Ham.

Reason forbids us for a moment to imagine, even if there were no existing proofs to the contrary, that all recollection of the pure Deism of the children of Seth perished with the sinful race who were swept away with the flood. Their faith, and their arts, and their language, was handed down to their descendants. By Ham was perpetuated the sins of Cain. It is not uningeniously supposed by Schlegel, that many of the early rites were at first invented and practised (although the Bible, in mentioning the sins of Cain, does not stay to comment) as auxiliaries to

idolatrous worship. So Tubal Cain becomes the Prometheus of the Greeks, and with him are blended the fire-worship, the refining of metals, and the forging of weapons; and Jubal, the inventor of music, and magical dances and incantations. Who may say that in those days, when man's mind and stature were alike gigantic, and when his lifetime was measured not by years but centuries, when day by day he obtained more power over the animal kingdom, and even the elements, and a deeper insight into secrets of nature, they may not have had a more intimate communion with those false spirits who were the first to mar the world's beauty, while yet fresh from the hands of its Creator, by prompting man to rebel against his Maker? They must have lived not in disbelief of God, but in proud and open defiance of his power. It remained for the great Jewish prophet, so many centuries after the creation, to collect these scattered traditions, and, aided by inspiration, to classify them. It is only a systematic and lengthened inquiry into all religions that would show how universal is the existence of primitive tradition corrupted and debased by every variety of adulteration and admixture, and only betraying its presence under the test of the touchstone of the Bible. It should be remembered, that Abraham was the son of an idolater, while in the person of Job, an Arabian chief, living, it is supposed, about the time of Moses, we find emphatic avowals of a belief in one God, in evil spirits, of a Saviour, a resurrection, and a final judgment and destruction of the world.

It would be impossible to trace the corruption of Deism from Sabaism to Polytheism, from a deification of the attributes of God to the worship of separate and even conflicting beings, from the adoration of God in nature to the confusion of the Creator with the created.

Perverted gratitude and fear have given rise to a thousand modifications and distortions of pure Deism. The native of India first worshipped the great river whose source he could not trace, and which he believed descended from heaven, as the emanation of an overruling Providence; while he worshipped fire in fear, as an emblem of the destructive principle in nature, the evil spirit Siva, who was always thwarting, always at war with the other two persons of the Trinity. Yet, besides Siva, there are other evil angels in the Hindoo mythology who are represented, in the wild legend of the "Churning of the Ocean," as warring with the good beings.

The further we go back in Hindoo, as in all other mythologies, the purer and the simpler grows the creed. As you may travel back through Grecian transformations, &c., till you arrive at the shapeless allegories of Tellus and Uranus, so you may leave Cali and her female demons, with all the horrors and cruelties introduced in comparatively modern times by the worshippers of Siva, till you arrive at Bramah, the great Supreme Being by whom man was created, and from whom, as in Egyptian fable, the Trinity was formed by a partition of his attributes. The second Bramah, and his wife Saraswatti, Sir W. Jones very plausibly identified as the patriarch Abraham and his wife Sarah. Of the existence in India at a remote age of a purer faith there can be no doubt. The earliest temples contain no image of the god. In the most ancient Vedas a pure Deism is avowed in language pre-eminently beautiful: "There *is only one God*—he is the soul of all beings—of his glory there is no image."

Almost every stage of the degradation of Deism into Pantheism can be indeed traced in the Vedas. As in an old cathedral are built up fragments of Druidical stones and Roman altars, so in the great pyramid of Bramahnism are embedded petrified truths, which seemed to have endued this sublime and fantastic superstition with an infinite duration of existence.

Against it that wonderful work of an individual mind, Mohammedanism, has been powerless; even Christianity seems to gain ground slowly, and with infinite toil. Most sublime and most extravagant religion, in whose sacred books are to be found passages that Moses himself might have penned, blent with bizarre legends as childish as they are unintelligible; yet beneath these, as in a palimpsest, may be seen the old truths which nothing could obliterate. In the beginning, say the Vedas, God created man. In their earliest legends he is represented warring with Siva, or the evil principle, as Thor with Loki and the frost giants, Ormuz with the Afrots, and Jupiter with the Titans. In the incarnations of Vishnu we can trace the Grecian Apollo and the Grecian Bacchus. With the legend of one of these transformations is connected the singular curse pronounced by Siva upon the thistle, which had betrayed his hiding-place, and which is even now never allowed to grow near his temples—a fact, perhaps, to be accounted for in the hatred of the race of Cain to any remembrance of that curse which God pronounced upon earth: "Cursed is the ground for thy sake, in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life, thorns and *thistles* shall it bring forth to thee." By the worshippers of Siva were introduced obscene rites and human sacrifices, offerings to the dead. His emblems are the bull and serpent. In India, as in Egypt, the bull and cow were venerated; and amongst all the mockeries of the forms of true religion introduced by the descendants of Cain, the serpent always holds a prominent place. It is found among the Fetish people, among the Norsemen, and even in Greece, as the antagonist of the gods, and as an emblem of many of their deities. It winds round the caduceus of Mercury, the wand of Æsculapius, and sips from the cup of Hygeia.

Between the Egyptian and Hindoo religions we have many points of resemblance. The pyramidical temples, now clearly proved by a German writer to have been only an imitation in masoury on a grander scale of the Scythian tumulus, perpetuated in the Highland cairn and the Celtic barrow, the emblem of the lion, the veneration of the lotus, the ape, the crocodile, &c. With the Grecians we have many points of contact. Dipuc, the Hindoo god of love, is but the Grecian Cupid! spelt backwards. Like the Greeks, the Indians have their muses and their goddess of love, who sprang like Venus from the wave. Bramah, like Jove, was said to have once changed himself into a swan; instead of an eagle, the Indian deity is attended by a goose. The Grecian account of the discovery of the lyre resembles the fable of Mercury and the tortoiseshell. But even in the minor gods the resemblance is strong. Yamen, the Hindoo Pluto, is a deified mortal, like Minos, reigning over a gloomy region filled with departed spirits and evil angels; and in one of the legends concerning him, the Bramins have preserved, like the Greeks, a tradition of the golden age before the flood, and of the early longevity of man. Like the Greeks, they have their sacred mountains where the gods dwell.

Katikeya, the Hindoo god of war, has all the attributes of Mars; and

Laksmi of Plutus, Gauri of Ceres: in common with nearly every nation, they both have deities who preside over the winds, the waters, fire, marriage, &c. Rude images of Pollear, the elephant-headed son of Siva, are placed like the ancient Grecian Hermi in the Indian streets. The river worship of the East has, in the Grecian mythology, dwindled down to a mere deification, as in the legend of Achelous, the fount of Arethusa, &c. Yet, even amongst them, important parts of illustrations were preserved till the latest age. Amongst almost every nation, including those of Africa and the American continent, purifications and rude forms of baptism may be found. The Spanish soldier, who was astonished at the crosses of Tecuba, was still more startled at the Mexican baptism. Circumcision is a rite equally far spread. In the quadruple branching of the Ganges, some tradition of the four great rivers of Paradise may be discovered. To its source their earliest pilgrimages have been made; they throw their daily offerings into its waters—they throw their dead into its sacred stream. They have no image of the river, nor do they worship it; but to it as an emanation of the deity, they offer human sacrifices as the Egyptians to the Nile. The Hindoos believe, like the Greeks, that each star has its guardian spirit; but the moon, like the Teutonic nations, they worship as a man.

In their sacred word *One*, used by their priests in their daily ritual, and by which they designate the supreme and omnipotent being, may be found the *On* (one) of the Egyptians, whose priest was Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses, and whose name we still unconsciously retain in that no longer sacred but still useful vegetable the *onion*, which the Nile worshippers were wont to cut in a traverse direction, holding its concentric circles to be an emblem of the planetary system. This same word *One* is still used by the Buddhists of Tibet, who retain this among many other relics of their earlier religion. The same word formed part of the Cabbala of the Eleusiarian mysteries, and has been interpreted as a brief avowal of the unity of the godhead.

The Hindoo cosmogony resembles in many points that of the Eddas. They divide the world into Paradise and Padalon. The ocean descending from Mount Meru encircles it with seven seas—of salt water, fresh water, curdled milk, *ghee*, *carlvo*, sugar, and milk. Beyond this is a broad belt of gold, girded by utter darkness A god, riding upon an elephant, guards each region.

In minor points the Hindoo religion resembles that of many other nations. Like the Mohammedans they believe that Bramah writes the destiny of every man upon his skull at his birth; which is true enough, if phrenology is right. They believe in witches and changlings, and use ordeals and divinations. Among the hill tribes and other remains of former races, as the Bheils, Thugs, &c., earlier and ruder forms of worship may be traced. Many of the hill tribes adore unhewn stones, while others indulge in all the horrors of demon-worship, holding, like the Egyptians, the most savage of the wild animals to be his ministers.

The sacred books of the Hindoos are of great antiquity. They consist of the most ancient: the Vedas or emanations from Bramah; the Shastas or Talmudic comments; and the more modern Puranas, or religious poems, containing the wars of demi-gods, who are as common in the Hindoo as in the Grecian mythology. The hostile sects of Bramahnism show the

distinct origin of the rite of Vishnu and Siva; and in the earlier Vedas no mention is made of caste—a practice which, once prevailing in Egypt, and still existing in India and China, was originally probably nothing but a guild system guarded for state purposes by religious ceremonials.

There is no doubt that the Bramins have at the present time their esoteric and exoteric doctrines, amongst which a pure Deism is secretly inculcated. It is on this that a Christian missionary, well read in the sacred lore of the Hindoos, might work with an unequalled effect, separating the earlier text from the latter interpolations, comparing the purer Vedas with our own Scripture, fearlessly throwing aside the corruptions of time, and proclaiming the faith actually held by the wisest and most pious among them at the present time.

Let him not select such a passage as the following from the Bhagarat Geela, beautiful as it is, for in it traces of Pantheism may be found.

"I am the Creation, and the dissolution of the whole universe. There is not anything greater than I, and all things hang on me, even as precious gems upon a string. I am moisture in the water, light in the sun and moon, and sound in the firmament. human nature in mankind, sweet smelling savour in the earth, glory in the source of light. In all things I am life, I am zeal in the zealous, and know, O Arjoon, that I am the eternal seed of nature."

But such extracts as these are as beautiful as the great declaration with which Mohammed opens the Koran.

"Even I was even at first, nor any other thing; that which exists unperceived, supreme afterwards. I am that which is, and he who must remain am I. Except the first cause, whatever may appear and may not appear in the mind, know that to be the mind's *maya*, or delusion; as light, as darkness, as the great elements are in various beings, entering yet not entering it, that is pervading, not destroying; thus am I, yet not in them."

And again, in another book, the Yajus Veda, the glories of heaven are described in a way very unlike those of the Mohammedan gardens of his houris.

"There the sun shines not, nor the moon and stars; there lightnings flash not in that place, how should even fire blaze there? God irradiates all this bright substance; with his effulgence the universe is enlightened."

A passage so sublime as to remind us of the New Jerusalem, Rev. xxii., v. 5.

"And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light."

We might enter at length into the burning of the dead as practised in India and Greece, and on the architecture of their rock temple, which connect the cave, the pyramid, and the temple by such a relationship as the bud has to the flower, and the flower to the fruit, but we think we have said enough to prove that the religion of Hindostan, the most ancient of existing superstitions, contains in it nothing to refute the scriptural doctrine of the divine origin of the human soul.

THE PILGRIM ROCK,*

ILFRACOMBE, NORTH DEVON.

By Mrs. Bushby.

WHAT art thou, watcher o'er the deep,
  Sitting so motionless and mute;
While round thy head the sea-birds sweep,
  And dash the wild waves at thy foot?

Far out on the dark rocky beach,
  Where jagged cliffs around thee rise,
And mortal may not hope to reach
  Thy form defined against the skies,

I see thee—as a pilgrim clad:
  The pilgrim's cap thy features veil,
But fancy paints them stern or sad,
  Responsive to the ocean's wail.

The billows cast their foaming spray
  Against thy still unbending form,
Yet thou dost ever lonely stay
  Amidst the sunshine and the storm.

Methinks that every passing sail,
  Swelling in the free ocean breeze,
Bends forward, thy dark form to hail,
  As steering out to foreign seas.

The earth, at midnight, spirits throng—
  Then—marble tombs give up their dead,
Then—mermaids chant their plaintive song,
  And sportive elves their green haunts tread.

Does that weird hour affect thee not?
  Has it no power for thy release?
Oh! ever chained to yon wild spot,
  When may thy rigid thraldom cease?

Lone watcher through the gloomy night,
  Thou—thou art ever still the same;
Is it some necromantic rite
  That thy strange fate and form proclaim?

Or is it, thou hast sought in vain
  For some expected distant bark,
That, far beneath the raging main,
  Hath sunk to ocean's caverns dark;

And, like a Niobe's, have flown
  Thy silent tears, in hushed despair,
Till thou, too, hast been turned to stone,
  And doomed to watch for ever there?

For ever! No—that may not be,
  Though bound unto yon rocky shore,
Dark Pilgrim!—Time shall set thee free,
  Ere Time itself shall be no more.

* There is a rock on the shore at Ilfracombe which bears a strong resemblance to a figure in a pilgrim's dress, seated on the edge of a cliff, and looking towards the sea.

LATEST NOTES ON AMERICA.

The attitude assumed by our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic on one or two recent occasions is well calculated to arouse grave apprehensions among the more civilised nations of the earth. To us, as brethren in blood, language, and religion, the moral and political disorganisation which attends upon every new presidential election, only renders our constitutional monarchy more dear to us. We feel to what dangers the old country would be exposed, and how much the peace and harmony existing between ourselves and our continental or colonial neighbours might be perilled by every now and then letting loose the passions of an ignorant multitude, and, as it were, organising periodical political Saturnalia. But to the world at large, the picture of a young and powerful nation surplanting on all occasions of international difficulties the ordinary courtesies of society, and the decencies of political intercourse by boisterous rudeness and common-place impudence, interpolating facts, misrepresenting things, torturing words, and unblushingly falsifying the question at issue, and, as a final resource, surplanting right and justice by the vulgar assumption of physical superiority, cannot but be a thing painful to contemplate, fraught as it is with apprehensions for the future peace of the world.

The views of those philosophers who hold that races of men degenerate when transplanted to a soil and climate foreign to their blood, and pernicious to the whole being, physical, moral, and intellectual, gain strength by such oft-recurring exhibitions, and those who would have scouted such unpleasant deductions from the mere contemplation of physical deterioration, are made to waver in their opinions by the manifestations of such gross and overt political and moral delinquency.

Two hundred years ago the poet of Britain and America alike—the liberal-minded Milton—prophesied the rising up of a nation, at once powerful and *magnanimous*, which, like the haughty eagle, would exercise its vigorous youth in lighting the fire of its sparkling eyes in the beams of the sun! Alas! with internal progress on all and every side, where is the magnanimity of this young and powerful nation? Instead of drawing light from the sun of intellect, its eyes seem to sparkle with flames lit up at the furnaces of Vulcan and Pluto! Where the magnanimity of conspiring against the independence of every other state in America, north or south? Of shackling the dark races of men like beasts of the field—repudiating just debts—driving the Texans and Mexicans to the inner mountainous uplands of their devoted land—pushing the English beyond the Oregon—trampling the petty states of the Isthmus under foot—girding the Pacific with a chain of iron—plotting against weaker Cuba—claiming whatever suits them, even to a remote guano island in the southern seas (fit place of exile for the "Lone Star!")—and, lastly, encroaching upon and elbowing us out of our own fishing-grounds, and then threatening that, if we do not humbly and quietly put up with such gross infractions of existing treaties, that they will expel us at once and forthwith from the American continent!

The first gun that is fired to protect the British fisheries, said one of

the organs of progress, will be the signal for the British possessions in America passing into the hands of the States! These are hard words, and it is time they should be retorted. The petulance and arrogance of a younger brother demand an occasional moral flagellation; and we only wish that the Americans could feel and understand the disreputable position in which they place themselves with regard to other nations in the civilised world by their ill-judged, unreasonable, piratical proceedings; and we feel assured that they would soften their manners, chasten their language, and alter their line of conduct. They may depend upon it, with regard to their own unity as federal states, that violation of justice, and breaches of the rule of right—injury, spoliation, and violence—practised towards others, will never aid in strengthening the bonds by which they themselves are united; but they will, by creating discord and jealousies, and giving origin to mutual disregard and contempt, tend in a remarkable manner towards solving these bonds, and teaching even the impervious Yankee that in the great end honesty is still always the best policy.

We do not intend to indite a political article, or much might be said upon the wrongs inflicted by Great Britain and the United States alike upon our hardy countrymen in the north. and the monstrous absurdity and impudence of the Americans in claiming the discovery of guano islands in the present century, which are recorded in twenty volumes as known and attached to a regular and recognised government for nigh a century before. These matters will be made the subject of early parliamentary inquiry, when we may perhaps return to them; and we do hope that justice will be done to such extravagant and imperious pretensions, at least so far as our own interests and those of our colonial brethren are concerned. Our object at the present moment is to call attention to a few more recent sketches of a people who, we regret to say, have not, by their acts of aggression, placed themselves in so favourable a light, in the eyes of the Old World, as they are really and truly—the unscrupulous and the unprincipled being sifted from the wise and the just—entitled to be.

The first on our list are "Scènes Americaines Dix-Huit mois dans le Nouveau Monde, 1850-51." Par Charles Oliffe, Paris, 1852, the author of which appears to have skimmed the surface of American society with the eye of an impartial observer, and the heart of a kindly man, yet of one who is not insensible to the foibles and faults of Brother Jonathan.

Every one has heard of the skeleton that was allowed a seat at the festival tables of the Egyptian grandees of old; the Americans, in their anxiety to go ahead cheaply, bring death, in a somewhat similar manner, in contact with the daily affairs of life.

In some of the handsomest shops of Broadway (Mr. Oliffe tells us) a kind of merchandise is exposed to the passer-by, which appears to us to be quite out of place: this consists of magnificent coffins of all sizes, some of mahogany, gilt and carved, others of ebony, and others again covered with rich black or crimson velvet, besprinkled with gilt-headed nails. Would it not be more becoming to banish these lugubrious objects to some less-frequented quarter of the town, and by the union of all similar establishments under the same roof, to constitute a bazaar devoted solely to *Pompes funèbres,* rather than leave them where they now are in New York? It is ten to one, that if a lively young lady

issuing from a jeweller's or milliner's in Broadway, after having purchased a complementary portion of her marriage *trousseau* for the morning, casts her eyes on the next shop, she will see, amidst a range of elegant monuments, waiting for names and epitaphs, a coffin covered with clouded white satin;—in other words, a coffin destined for a young female! Is that an opportune moment to place before her eyes this sinister figure of her last home?

Yet in face of this indifference to such serious suggestions, it is well known that no females are more particular than the American in respect to trifles of conversation. Mr. Oliffe adds to the many existing illustrations of this peculiarity his own experience.

A traveller (he says) newly landed in the United States will do well to weigh every one of his words before he gives them utterance, when present at one of those charming *réunions* of which the American lady is the soul. He must take care not to use many words that are perfectly authorised in the saloons of the nobility in Paris. Before I could initiate myself to the subtleties of American taste, I committed, at an assembly in New York, what I afterwards found to be an enormous breach of etiquette, by simply announcing—and that in the most innocent manner in the world—that a lady well known to those present *était heureusement accouchée* a short time previously!

Mr. Oliffe tells us, that in the great cities of the eastern portion of the Union seats are never provided for ladies in a ball-room, as they would rumple their dresses if they were to sit down. They are in consequence terribly tired out before the ball is over.

It is not necessary (our traveller tells us) to advance further westward in America than New York to assure oneself of the truth of that which has now become a proverb, in all that concerns the great majority of the population of the United States, that is to say, that "the life of our fellow-creatures is of no importance when the question of dollars is concerned."

There are in this city, so splendid in appearance, thousands of houses that have been run up so fast, in order to economise time, the walls of which have been built so thin in order to economise land for new lots, and, finally, the timber-work of which has been selected by a builder, with the view to profit, with so little regard to durability, that you must not be surprised if every morning, on opening your newspaper, one of the first incidents that catches your eye under the simple heading of *accident*, is, that yesterday, towards sunset, three or four houses (I have myself seen six fall at the same moment one upon another, just like the houses of cards made by children) in St. Catherine or Clinton-streets suddenly fell down, and buried in their ruins two fathers of families, with their wives and children.

The population of New Orleans, Mr. Oliffe tells us, has undergone no increase since 1840. This is a fact that, in as far as that little salubrious, hot, and marshy city is concerned, would lend strength to the arguments of those ethnologists who say, if it were not for the constant tide of emigration flowing into the United States, the population would, after one or two generations, be upon the decrease rather than the increase. Upon this subject of emigration Mr. Oliffe remarks:

It is impossible to contemplate, without shuddering, to what a point the mania of emigration is carried among the lower people of Germany and England, and still more especially of Ireland. Every ship that arrives at New York from Bremen, from London, or from Liverpool, attests, as it discharges its living cargo, that the name of the latter is "Legion," as it is said in the Apocalypse. During my residence at New York I saw ships arrive from Europe having on board eight hundred individuals, and some of them a thousand. If those who are thus carried away by the mania of emigration knew

beforehand to what evils they would expose themselves in thus abandoning their own country, they would most assuredly prefer to endure, even in Ireland, the privations to which they are subjected, than to imitate the senseless conduct of those who preceded them in the New World.

A ready answer is found, however, to this view of the subject, in the fact that it is mainly by the correspondence, the pressing entreaties, and the pictures of success given by emigrants to their friends and relatives at home, that the, to a certain extent wholesome, spirit of emigration is kept up. We must, therefore, take what Mr. Oliffe says upon this subject as the result of only a very limited means of observation; that, however, is bad enough, however small the circle to which the evils he depicts are confined:

Most of these unfortunates (he goes on to say) imagine that on leaving their country, American merchants and agents await their arrival with impatience in order to give them work, and they little fancy that on issuing forth from the mephitic atmosphere which they have breathed between decks during a long and trying passage, they may have to beg a bit of bread from the passers-by in the Broadway, as I have seen many a time.

A little longer, and still greater evils await them; the men, weary of idleness, connect themselves with the *rowdies* and *loafers*, scamps who get their livelihood by discord, robbery, and even murder, and who indulge in the most revolting oaths at the most frivolous causes. As to the unmarried females who can find no occupation, religion alone, if they have any, can prevent them associating themselves with that worthless class who parade the streets at night. And as for mothers of families, they run the risk of seeing their children added to the dregs of that rising generation of New York, which grows up girls as well as boys in the most disgraceful idleness and disreputable practices.

This leads our author on to the consideration of the *gamins* of New York.

The merits of the *gamin* of the "imperial city" may be summed up in a few words; it is that, if necessary, he would pass as master or professor in Paris, and he is almost as accomplished as the *gamin* of London.

If you take the least mischievous of the youths who are in the category, you will find him incessantly engaged in occupations the more curious when you consider the theatre that he is accustomed to choose for his amusements. Thus, in walking along the pavement of a frequented street you will be suddenly informed of his presence by a painful blow on the knee, or calf of the leg, inflicted by the iron peg of his top, which he is busy the whole of the day spinning on the flags. See him how obstinate he is in the months of March and April flying his kite from the roof of a high house, in perfect disregard of the fact that the day before one of his companions fell from his elevated position and was killed on the spot! Another time, on suddenly turning the corner of a quiet street, you find yourself caught between two fires; on the opposed pavements of each side of the street are about twenty *gamins* letting fly a whole cloud of stone, slates, and brickbats. Sunday is the day generally selected for these mischievous combats, as the streets are on those days less frequented than they are in the week time. In one of my solitary walks in one of the suburbs of New York, I fell upon a troop of these young rogues busily engaged in dragging along a box, in which they had nailed up one of their unfortunate companions, and that simply to amuse themselves, and without giving a moment's thought to the pain they might inflict. I need not say that on hearing the heartrending cries of the poor prisoner I hastened to open the box, and most probably saved his life.

It is especially on the day of the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence (4th of July) that the *gamin* of New York has his fill of enjoyment.

From the previous evening to the midnight of the 4th, the police allow him to make free use of fire-arms of every description, and I need not say that the *population gaminière* takes full advantage of the license thus conferred upon him. Turning the corner of one of the principal streets of New York on that day, I saw a group of young scamps firing at a target, without any protection whatever for the passers-by. At nightfall, the same day, crowds of youngsters may be seen in every street occupying the windows of the upper floors, and throwing down large lighted crackers upon the peaceful women and children that may happen to pass by. I have seen youths of twenty to twenty-five years of age indulge in this infamous amusement.

Speaking of the steam-boats, or, as our continental neighbours so grandiloquently designate them, the pyroscaphes, Mr. Oliffe says:

An Englishman or a Frenchman is prone to grumble when, on entering the dressing-room of a morning to wash himself, he only finds one towel common to all the passengers. But the gentleman from beyond seas feels himself still more uncomfortably circumstanced if he has by accident forgotten or misplaced his dressing-case, and, looking upon the long table of the "dressing-room," he finds, *horresco referens*, there is only one tooth-brush for the whole company!

On the other side of the question, Mr. Oliffe defends slavery, on the plea that the blacks are kindly treated. As if robbery could be excused on the ground of the money being well applied. He also defends the penitentiary system, and says, that since Dickens's time a great improvement has taken place, in allowing the prisoners a certain amount of air and exercise. And he sums up in a glowing panegyric upon the "sincerity" of the Americans.

How little (he exclaims) did that celebrated diplomatist know of the better classes in America, who, when asked one day by Napoleon what he thought of the Americans, Sire (replied Prince Talleyrand), *je pense que ce sont de fiers cochons, et des cochons fiers!* (The play is upon the word *fier*, which, in the first sense means great pigs; in the second, pigs that are proud.) If the shade of this famous personage could come from the sojourn of the dead, and visit this admirable country in the present day, he would see that in no part of the world is the distinction of manners carried further than among the gentry of the United States; and that nowhere do friendship and devotion show themselves in so true and so durable a shape. It is at New York, especially, that chosen souls, impressed with these qualities, shine in the stranger's eyes by their acts still more than by their words. Worthy children of an empire city! My own personal experience of them has left such profound impressions on my memory, that each time in future years that my thoughts shall carry me back to the period of my residence in that empire city, I shall find treasured in my mind those charming verses of the Comte de Ségur, French ambassador in Russia in the time of the Empress Catherine II.:

Le souvenir, present céleste,
 Ombre des biens que l'on n'a plus,
Est encore un plaisir qui reste
 Après tous ceux qu'on a perdus.

Our Franco-Irish traveller appears to have been especially delighted with Cuba, that beautiful island, so rich and so fertile, so attractive in its perpetual summer, Queen of the Antilles, Pearl of the American Seas, the finest jewel in the crown of Spain, and which envious Jonathan is preparing to tear unscrupulously from that venerable crown. The immortal navigator, Columbus, used to end his letters to Ferdinand and

Isabella, penned in the shady bowers of this island of his predilection. "Sovereigns, I could stay in this green elysium to the last moment of my life!"

Mr. Oliffe speaks of Havannah appearing on doubling the "Farola" or light-house at the end of the jetty, as a royal city spread before them, like "the deliciously animated picture of some region of enchantment."

Independently of the forests of masts, adorned with flags and streamers, which attest the existence at the bottom of the harbour of a multitude of ships of all nations, the eye is charmed by the appearance of a great number of elegant boats, which, covered with an awning of green or crimson silk, furrow the waters, like the gondolas of Venice, in every direction. I enjoyed this charming spectacle under the most favoured circumstances possible. It was four o'clock in the evening when we quitted the Gulf of Mexico to enter into the port of Havannah, and never did finer day beam upon mortals from beneath the azure vaults of heaven.

In the present suspicious attitude of the States there are no end of formalities to go through on landing—relics of an ancient and bygone system of things, which are sufficiently vexatious to a traveller, and yet of not the slightest avail in preserving the integrity of a country. Still, in the present case, they were excusable enough. The troubles of the custom-house were, however, soon exchanged for the beautiful—Mr. Oliffe declares, intoxicating—perfumes of the city. This aromatised atmosphere, he says, is due in part to emanations from odoriferous spices, for which Havannah is a vast emporium, and also to the "quintessence, to a certain extent *virginale*," of tobacco. The true perfume of this narcotic, he asserts, can nowhere be appreciated as in Havannah. The *bouquet* is so ethereal that it evaporates on removal, no matter what precautions are taken. The cigars smoked in Havannah are to a London cigar what the flowers of Pekoe are to the coarse leaves of Congo. What a paradise for smokers! The monastic system is said to meet all inclinations: for the lively, light employments; for the thoughtless and idle, pleasurable relaxation; for the studious and philosophic, retirement and opportunity; for the bigoted, seclusion, privation, and all sorts of acerbities. Emigration presents still greater advantages. There is room for all kinds of tastes and ambitions: from the stern ices of the north to the luxurious indolence of the tropics; from the black harems of Cairo to the weedy elysiums of Cuba!

It does not seem that the beds of Havannah are very comfortable things for the luxurious smoker.

When (says Mr. Oliffe) the stranger first goes into his bedroom he is in a hurry—as happened to myself—to ring for the *camériere*, and to scold her for not having provided a bed; but the negro or negress only shows her double row of ivory teeth, smiling with surprise when you again ask her for a mattress. The fact is, that the beds in Havannah, not only in the hotels, but also in private houses, have neither mattress, nor sheets, nor counterpane. There is nothing but a pillow and a sort of foot-cover, which are laid out at the opposite ends of a square of very strong stuff that is nailed out horizontally on a wooden frame. This is covered with musquito-nets, that are carefully drawn around the tenant of these strange beds, and which are anything but wholesome, as, in keeping out the astute insects, they also impede the proper circulation of air.

Add to this the chances of an occasional scorpion under what Mr.

Oliffe calls the *couvre-pieds*, and the Havannah sleeping-stretcher—even when made of cedar, with a basis of thick satin or cloth of gold, as is indulged in by wealthy old hidalgos—does not present a very tempting idea.

Of the people—Hispanico-Cuban, as Mr. Oliffe designates the hybrid race—our author speaks favourably:

As to what concerns the Hispanico-Cuban population, it observes the laws, generally speaking, in a satisfactory manner. It is to the energy of General Roncali that the mother country is indebted for this happy state of things. Under some of the captain-generals who preceded him, assassinations in the public streets were not uncommon. It is not that murders are not still committed, for while I was in the town an inoffensive man was killed in open day, in one of the principal streets, by a wretch who mistook him for another person on whom he was desirous of revenging himself.

The Havannese are, like most southern nations, very partial to theatricals and to music. The Opera is consequently well supplied with talent, which, during the hot season, repairs to the chief cities of the United States. Yet although possessing great taste in musical matters, they received the Swedish Philomela, Jenny Lind, but coldly, her gifts either not being appreciated, or her style not being pleasing to their taste. It will be different, probably, when Cuba and its capital form a part and parcel of the ever-increasing States, for on terminating our notice of Mr. Oliffe's work we must not omit mentioning that the society of the "Lone Star," with their half million of money and 25,000 picked men, armed with Jennings's revolving rifle (an improvement upon Colt's, by which twenty-four shots can be fired in a minute), have doomed the Spanish crown-jewel; and without some vigorous effort on the part of the mother country, or the interference of united Europe, the conquest of Cuba will be a first step towards establishing the dominion of the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the New World.

We must next turn to a work of a different calibre—("Atlantic and Transatlantic Sketches, Afloat and Ashore," by Captain Mackinnon, R.N., author of "Steam Warfare in the Parana." 2 vols. Colburn and Co.)—the work of a gentleman—rare visitors, according to the captain, in America, "where 'Brummagem-gentlemen' frequently pass as the genuine article, to the great depreciation of the class in the Yankee mind"—a man of the world, and a successful author. Captain Mackinnon supports, to a certain extent, the views of Dr. Knox and other ethnologists as to the deterioration of the Anglo-Saxon race in America. "No stranger," he says, "landing in New York, can fail to be painfully struck by the pale, wan, slight, and delicate appearance of both men and women."

"In a lecture," he afterwards adds, "recently delivered in New York by Dr. Fitch, it is mentioned, as a striking fact, that in the States only four out of every hundred individuals live to the age of sixty." Again, elsewhere, "the average of human life in the city of New York reaches only to twenty-five years; some years it runs up to thirty;" and, further on, he tells us, "the chief reason of the extreme sensitiveness of the Americans to foreign opinion, particularly that of England, arises from an instinctive dread of the decadence of their race on the continent of America, which will likewise satisfactorily explain the intolerable aversion Americans express, and no doubt entertain, for the negro blood. How

can they possibly feel otherwise, when one great physiological fact is constantly pressing on them, namely, that the Celt and Saxon breeds are undeniably, however slightly, depreciating, whilst the negro flourishes as in an indigenous soil ?"

This is scarcely philosophical. The negro is as much an alien to th[illegible] soil as the Saxon or the Celt. If the American has any ra[illegible] jealous of, it is the Red Man, and his transition in make, fe[illegible] habits, to the indigenous race. If the negro thrives in t[illegible] so may the Celt and Saxon, each in its appropriate cli[illegible] do not shade off into Celts or Saxons, or Celts and S[illegible] but has not every one seen Americans, in physiog[illegible] strikingly resembling the "Black Hawk," the "Little [illegible] the "Surrounder ?"

Captain Mackinnon does not, however, adopt the whole theor[illegible] terioration of races. Indeed, as it stands, it is a mere hypothes[illegible] while we discuss the question, we freely avow ourselves that [illegible] faith in it. The Americans, as a nation, give us many j[illegible] causes for annoyance, and their national swagger and bullying, upon the most trivial occasions, merit the chastisement entailed by the exposure of their foibles. But still they are our brethren; they have founded a mighty and a powerful nation, and we have faith in its progress and destiny. We should, therefore, be in reality much grieved if there was a providential decree against their increase and multiplication. Captain Mackinnon kindly attributes the whole phenomenon to bad habits and disorders of diet! After giving an example of a lady and child brought up at stove heat, the boy feeding on molasses, butter, and pickles, and of children with diseased gums—a failing nine-tenths of the juvenile Americans, he says, labour under—he gives the following illustration of indifference to clothing:

I was enjoying a cigar one Sunday forenoon in the smoking-room of the Union Hotel, of which more anon. A close and distinct view was afforded of the crossing at the head of Broadway, and I beheld a stream of people proceeding through Union-square to Calvary Church, to hear the celebrated Dr. Hawkes. My attention was first attracted by the beauty and elegant proportions of the ladies, and the costly dresses they wore. It is impossible for a man (women would be "at home in it") to describe the exquisite texture of these garments, which were extremely long, and trailing on the ground. Onwards swept the enchanting procession. Not one lady attempted to raise the folds of her drapery from mother earth; but, regardless of mud and wet, they all tripped daintily along, with their little (almost shoeless) feet sullied with liquid mud. I could not help "moralising on this spectacle:" sad it was to reflect that, in all human probability, many of these lovely and fragile hot-house plants were sowing the seeds of fatal maladies. Thick shoes, and English habits, would fortify them against the consequences of exposure to a sudden shower. But to sit in church all bemired and bedraggled, betokens a recklessness of health perfectly astounding.

The following evening, several of these ladies attended the Opera. Again they were arrayed with admirable taste and lavish cost. I was sitting with a party of three, who, complaining of the heat, wished the box-door to be opened. As soon as the performance was over, they did not hesitate to go bareheaded into the open air, although the thermometer was about zero. Their extremities were almost completely exposed during their walk home over frozen snow, having carelessly dispensed with their carriages. How is it possible to expect health and strength, when such liberties are taken with the constitution?

"The extraordinary energy and strength," says Captain Mackinnon, "of the American workmen must not be overlooked. It is an ascertained fact that in ship-building the men average nearly twice the quantity of work per diem as in England. Carpenters, painters, and all other operatives, toil like proportion. The price of labour, therefore, although nominally ...e than that in England, is in reality less for the amount of work. ...author explains this apparent anomaly fancifully enough, by ...the corporeal power degenerates, the mental increases in ... and that it is "spiritual influence" which enables ...e axe-man to get through a large amount of physical ... be some truth in this, but what dependence can be ...anence of toil mind-wrought? How long should we ... to trudge at the plough?

...it is, and no doubt from the very circumstance just mentioned, ... body is "run out" and muscular development deficient,— ...the physical man is deteriorated, the "mind" of Americans is the keenest and most adaptable in the world:

They acquire (says Captain Mackinnon) information of any kind so rapidly, and have such ready dexterity in mechanical employments, that the very slightest efforts put them on a par with Europeans of far greater experience. They do not, however, possess much of the English "stability of character." The consequence is easily foreseen: they have the faults of quick and ardent temperament, and are satisfied to rely upon their almost intuitive perceptions, rarely making themselves, by careful study, thoroughly masters of a subject. Generally speaking, they have a wonderful stock of miscellaneous information; but it is mostly of a superficial character. Not one American out of a hundred applies his mind to sift thoroughly any abstruse subject. If such a man appears on the stage of life, he is sure to take a powerful and original position in any undertaking with which he chooses to grapple.

The American ladies, notwithstanding their premature decay, it is well known, are exceedingly beautiful when young. The captain had an eye to this fact as well as to the "premature decay." "There are two things," he says, "to be seen in New York, so pre-eminently exquisite that no Englishman ought to pass through the country without witnessing them. Let him, then, get admission to one of the "Upper Ten's" balls. Let him, as soon as supper is announced, hie to the supper-room, and there feast his eyes, until they wink again, upon the beautiful American girls. The exertion of dancing has created on their cheeks a gentle bloom, heightened into the most animated loveliness by a bumper of champagne. When his eyes ache with enjoyment, let him attack the next relay of roasted canvas backs, and fill his mouth and feast his eyes alternately. This is true epicurism, which a man can never forget, and of which he is not likely to grow tired."

We strongly recommend Captain Mackinnon's work to our readers. Besides the "Notes upon the United States," which will be found throughout alike instructive and good-tempered, there is an amusing account of Kidd the Pirate, and a series of miscellaneous narratives, including a "Hurricane in Antigua," the "Cruise of the *Flame*," "Reminiscences of the Mediterranean," and "Wild Sports of the Falklands," full of fun, novelty, and curious adventure.

YOUNG TOM HALL'S HEART-ACHES AND HORSES.

Chapter XXXVII.

Our Tom and the major having remounted their cock-horses, and simpered their adieus to Mrs. Hermitage as they rode past the breakfast-room window, she waving her lace-fringed kerchief, and then returning to her aristocratic sorrows in the *Post*, now sought the patient Jonathan Falconer, who was moving his little hounds to and fro and round about the dirty, dockeney, thistly pasture, wondering whenever his master and Co. would come. The field had increased since our friends entered the house, and was now graced with the presence of Mr. Seton, the self-taught veterinary surgeon, mounted on a woe-begone, iron-marked white Rosinante, that looked for all the world as if he kept it to try experiments upon; also by Mr. Dweller, the auctioneer, who having ferreted out Guinea's early career, had the impudence to talk of him—over his cups, of course—as a brother chip—" one of us." Mr. Ginger, the horse-couper, too, was there on a finely-shaped antediluvian brown, that he complimented by calling " the colt." Mr. Drumhead and Mr. Ribgrass, the cattle-jobbers, too, had turned in in their baggy drab overalls and sack-like M'Intoshes, just as if they had been seduced from the road by the sight of the hounds, though in reality they had both started from home with the intention of having a hunt, it being observable that hare-hunting is a good deal pursued on the sly, few people going out, or professing to go out, for a regular day, but pretending to cut in for a game of romps, just as they would for a rubber of whist at a card party. Mr. Vernal, the market-gardener, too, was there; also Mr. Elbows, the architect's apprentice, with a long tin plan-case under his arm; and Mr. Tapper, Mr. Sweater's clerk, had come that way round with a writ in his pocket to serve on Giles Sloper, the farmer. Altogether there were fifteen or sixteen horse, pony, or rat men--an unusually large field for the major—and their united cavalry might be worth fifty or five-and-fifty pounds. The major, with our Tom on his right, now approached them, and having acknowledged Falconer's hoist of the cap, proceeded to pay his respects to the field. The day being fine, and the news having spread that the great Mr. Hall, the banker's son, would be out, half the neighbouring village of Codgerley had come down to have a look at the reality of a name that was so familiar on their dirty five-pound notes, just as one would go to have a look at Mr. Matthew Marshall, of the Bank of England, if he would be kind enough to parade himself at Charing Cross.

Very gratifying to the major must have been the respect our Tom saw him receive, as well from horse as foot. How gracious and condescending old flexible-back was in return. How he sky-scraped and bowed, and bent forward, to the raisings and touchings of hats, the curtseyings and good mornings of the petticoats. No election candidate, primed by subtlest " Gents, one, &c.," ever so thoroughly identified himself with a constituency as did our major with the good people around. He had a word to say to every one, and said it neatly too, instead of blundering, like Colonel Blunt, calling Mrs. Stack Mrs. Hen, or Mr. Broadcast Mr.

Turnipfly, but sent each shot right home to the bull's-eye of appropriation, showing how infinitely superior—in tact at least—the militia are to the regulars. Being a great man for cheap favours, and never forgetting any he had conferred, he had now a favourable opportunity for calling them over, which he proceeded to do as soon as his punt-hat got settled on his head, after replying to the salutes of Seton, and Ginger, and Drumhead, and Ribgrass, and Vernal, and Tapper, and Elbows, and his profane brother Dweller, who, it might be observed, was the most humble and subservient of the whole.

"Well, Mr. Vernal," said the major, resting his whip on his thigh like a field-marshal's baton, "I hope you got the Italian rye-grass seed I sent you safe?"

"Thank you, major, yes, I did," replied Vernal, who had long ago acknowledged the receipt in writing, and expressed his obligations for the quarter of a bushel on three several occasions.

"Glad of it," replied the major, pompously; "hope it will do you a vast of good.' Then turning to Seton, he said, "Well, Seton, how are you?—child keeps better, I hope?" The major had given the child, who had a sore hand, an out-door ticket for the infirmary a year and a half before.

"Nicely, thank ye, major," replied Seton, with another touch of his greasy hat; but, without waiting for an answer, our friend had passed on to Drumhead, who he had once sent word that some stray cattle had got into his field

"How's Mr Drumhead?" asked he. "Hope he's well;" then, without waiting for an answer from him either, he proceeded, "Hope you've had no more trespass—monstrous disagreeable thing trespass—no knowing what complaints stray cattle may have, is there, Seton? By the way," continued he, now addressing Mr. Ribgrass, "you once admired my gooseberries— hall be most happy to give you some cuttings;" and so the major went on through the field, finishing off with the ladies, who he coupled with their cats, kittens, and children.

But it is time we had a look at the hounds. Here they are; two, four, six, eight, nine; nine couple and a half of by no means bad-looking little wrigglers; a happy medium between the old psalm-singing potterer of former days, that a hare seemed really to think were playing with her until all of a sudden they got her by the back, and the flying, dwarf fox-hound hare-bursters of modern times.

"And how do you like moy hounds?" asked the major, pointing them out to Tom, adding, "There's as neat a pack of hounds as any in England —in the world, perhaps—bred with the greatest care and attention—regardless of expense. I'm quite of the great Lord Chesterfield's opinion, that what's worth doing at all, is worth doing well, and I've always said I wouldn't keep hounds if I couldn't keep them well. This is my six-and-twentieth season—six-and-twentieth season," repeated he. "Long time —very long time to keep hounds without a subscription—believe Heartycheer and oi have kept hounds longer without subscriptions than any two men in the kingdom. There's a lot of game 'uns," said he, as the lively little animals began baying and frolicking under Falconer's horse's nose. Move them on a little, Falconer—move them on a little, and let Mr. Hall see them—Mr. Hall understands hunting—no man better. Now,

there," continued the major, "are a pack of what I humbly say hounds ought to be. Only a short pack out to-day—a good many lame ones—obliged to economise at the beginning of the season—but there are hounds here that would do credit to any pack—the great Sir John Dashwood King's himself, who was reckoned the great improver of harriers, introducing the present pushing breed in lieu of the tedious exactness of the old psalm-singing sort. The late old Sondes, of Rockingham Castle, gave Sir John seven hundred guineas for his hounds—a large price—but they were worth it, and so are any well-established pack, such as his or moine," the major wishing any one would offer him half, or a quarter the money, and let him be done with them altogether.

This, to Tom, as good as a Greek lecture, was here interrupted by a fustian-clad poacherified-looking scamp, with a red cotton kerchief twisted carelessly round his scraggy neck, stepping up to our master, with a touch of his foxskin cap, and muttering something, which caused our friend to exclaim, "Oh, ah—you're the man who took Violet to Mr. Bluffield's the day she was kicked," observed Guineafowle, aloud, now diving into the right-hand pocket of his white cords, and fishing something out (a fourpenny piece), which he slipped in an unostentatious sort of way into the ready hand of the applicant, observing, in an under tone to Hall, as he turned his horse away,

"How true Lord Petre's observation to Delmé Radcliffe was, that a master of hounds will never have his hand out of his pocket, and must always have a guinea in."

"It's a vast to give for a job of that sort," observed Tom, who thought a shilling would have been enough.

"Keeps things pleasant," replied Guineafowle, raising his eyebrows, and pouting his lips—"keeps things pleasant," repeated he. "There's no hunting a country with any degree of comfort unless you are liberal with your money: a guinea's badly saved if you're to be talked of as a shabby fellow," added he, with a curl of his nose and a toss of his head.

"He must have plenty of money," thought our Tom, and thereupon the Laura funds rose considerably.

"You remember the story of old Hanbury and the Hertfordshire farmer, don't you?" asked the proposed papa-in-law.

"No," replied Tom.

"Oh, yes—in Radcliffe's 'Noble Science,'" rejoined the major, who thought everybody must be as well read in that work as himself.

Tom stared, and shook his head, never having heard of it.

"I'll tell it you then," said the major, seating himself consequentially in his saddle. "Old Hanbury, you know, was a great brewer in London, and hunted Hertfordshire many years—as many as I've done this country, and more, p'r'aps—with a subscription though; and he used to send the farmers who walked him pups, or received damage from the foxes, presents of porter—'Hanbury's Entire,' as it is called—which kept all things right. However, one year the porter was forgotten, and the worthy master received the following anonymous reminder:

> How can you expect the foxes to thrive,
> When they have no porter to keep them alive?"

A story that was received by our Tom with all the honours.

The great Billy Bedlington now appeared at the field gate, having been round his farm to see all things straight; and the major, knowing that Billy would soon read the riot act if he was kept waiting, pulled out his watch, and observed that it was time to throw off.

"But first," said he, addressing the foot people, who were preparing to strike across the fields for the well-accustomed pasture, "let me entreat of you to be quiet and orderly. No person can be more truly happy to contribute in any shape or way to your gratification or amusement. I'm not one of your stiff-backed aristocrats, who think the world was made for none but themselves; on the contrary, I feel great pleasure in seeing you all out with moy hounds, but you must be aware that mobbing, and shouting, and disorderly conduct, only tends to mar your own sport and diversion, and——"

An oration that was cut short by the mob bustling away, one long unshaved monster exclaiming,

"Ay, ay, 'ard man, we knaw arle that—better gie us a trifle to drink."

The major then giving old Falconer a nod, that worthy whistled his little animals together, and moved towards the gate, followed by the major, with our Tom on his right, to whom he began expatiating on the merits of the horse his huntsman was riding—said huntsman looking as little like the overnight footman as did the horse look like the carriage-horse Tom had seen in company with the one the major was on, drawing the fair cargo in the streets of Fleecyborough.

Billy Bedlington having moved his elephantine horse a little from the gate, to allow the hounds to pass, now took the vacant place on the major's left, and mutual salutations being exchanged, with inquiries how Billy got home, the major proceeded to consult him where they should try first.

"Oh why, I should say Mr. Hermitage's aquatic plants—that he calls turnips—would be as likely a place as any this mornin'," replied Billy.

"The ship (sheep) are in there, sir," observed Falconer, with a touch of his cap.

"Ship are in, are they," repeated Billy; adding, "then go to Rushmede Bottoms."

"Rushmede Bottoms!" exclaimed the major: and forthwith Jonathan Falconer's shoulders began bobbing responsive to the order, and with a "Come along, hounds, come along," he turned down Blobbington-lane, along which there was presently a fine splashing and floundering, and stone-scattering and noise.

"Gee!" cried one sportsman to his horse; "Hee!" cried another; "Hold up!" roared a third; "Rot ye!" exclaimed a fourth, cropping and sticking his solitary spur into his bran-fed beggar's side, "ye're not tired already?"

Then came Mr. Hermitage, astride a wretched fiddle-case-headed, collar-marked, mealy bay, sticking his great legs out as though he meant to catch all the gate-posts in the country.

When the stringing cavalcade reached Rushmede Bottoms, the peculiarities of the chase began to manifest themselves, for instead of being marshalled in a corner, with standing-still orders, till the wild beast got away, each man was invited to exert himself in whipping it out of the gorse-bushes and rushy patches with which the pastures abounded, while

the foot people, now breaking rails and pulling out hedge-stakes, scattered far and wide on similar errands. The major acted more as superintendent-general and *cicerone* to our Tom, in which office he was assisted by Hermitage, the two pointing out to Tom the various points and remarkable features of the country, and expatiating on the marvellous runs they had seen from Skyline Clumps, Heathery Grove, and Loosefish Hill. Just as the major was in the middle of one of his yarns, the hero of the fourpenny-piece held up his fur cap, and the field started convulsively, as if about to encounter a lion.

"Put her away without a view!" exclaimed the major, authoritatively, and as Falconer drew his hounds one way, and the man of the cap went the other, many of the gallant sportsmen sat in nervous trepidation, some of them wishing they hadn't come, others, that it was well over. Our Tom, thanks to Tight's curtailment of his horse's corn, had been a good deal more comfortable than he was on the Silverspring Firs day, with Lord Heartycheer's hounds, but now that the fatal moment for action had arrived, the agonies of his former enjoyment rushed back upon his recollection with horrid vividness, and he would have given something to have been getting off his horse at the end. However, there was no help for it; and with twinkling eyes he watched the knowing poacher's extended staff and stealthy stride as he crouched for Pussy's form. He pokes the place, Tom and field expecting to see her start away like an arrow from the bow. Wrong for once! There's nothing in, and roars of laughter announce the fact.

"What a go!" shouts Drumhead.

"What a sell!" exclaims Dweller.

"Stupid feller!" roars Tom, in considerable relief; adding, "You're a pretty feller to find a hare."

Find or no find, the gentleman in question was one of the best hands in the country, and as any gamekeeper within a circle of ten miles could testify.

This *contretemps*, however, having got all heads up, and the bottoms being pretty well tried, at least all the parts ever used by a hare, our major drew his horn from his saddle, and tweet-tweet-tweeted to some of the wide-ranging beauties at a distance.

The forces being collected, a council of war was now held as to where they should go next, each man advocating a visit to his neighbour's farm. Drumhead was sure they would find immediately at Ribgrass's; Ribgrass assured them there hadn't been such a thing as a hare seen upon his farm since September, and proposed, instead, that they should go to Mr. Dweller's, at Noddington, where they had such capital sport last time. Dweller, who had a nice crop of turnips that he didn't want mashed, to say nothing of a good take of seeds that he didn't think would be improved by the antics of such cavalry as he now saw around him, advised that Mr. Heavycrop's, at Beanlands, would be more likely; but Heavycrop having already intimated that they came *raytheer* too often, and moreover wanted some oat money of Guineafowle, which it wasn't quite convenient for Guinea to pay, our master thought, perhaps, they had better not go—alleging "that it wasn't right as Heavy wasn't out." In truth, the major, though extremely popular according to his own account, hadn't it all his own way as he wished it to be inferred, though, of

course, he took care to conceal the fact as far as he could on an occasion like the present. In this dilemma, Bleaberry Common was suggested, and produced a burst of assent from the farmers present—Tapper, Seton, Elbows, and such like, of course, not caring whose land they went upon. Bleaberry Common was then the word, and forthwith Falconer's cap and shoulders reassumed the place in front of the crowd that they had occupied down Blobbington-lane. Bump, bump—splash, splash—whip, spur, hee, gee, hee—the field followed as before. All were now in high spirits, for going to Bleaberry Common was like all putting into the lucky bag to take their chance, instead of being invidiously singled out for a trampling match, the hare being as likely to select one man's land as another's. So our friends spread themselves industriously over the common, flopping and hissing, and shoo-shooing at everything that came in their way, hoping to start her away from themselves. Still no puss responded to their noises, and Tapper and Vernal had both looked at their watches to see if their time wasn't "hup," and Drumhead feared he "must be goin'," when a terrific yell of a shout, as if some gentleman had suddenly encountered the devil, startled the field, and, looking ahead, a hare was seen going away at a pace that looked as if she would never be caught.

"Hoop! hoop! hoop!—screech! screech!—yell!—tallyho!" mingled with the twang of Jonathan's horn, and the shrill tweet of the major's rent the air; and, as these noises gradually died out, the musical notes of the little hounds rose and swelled on the breeze like the melody of musical glasses. They clustered like a swarm of bees.

"There!" exclaimed the major, pointing them out to our now trembling Tom, as the hounds bustled away with the scent. "There," repeated he, "ar'n't they like a lot of gallant fellows, who, when they engage in an undertaking, determine to share its fatigue and dangers equally amongst them?" A piece of Beckfordism that was lost on Tom, who was fully occupied with his horse.

"Hold hard! and let Mr. Hall take his place!" exclaimed the major to Tapper and Elbows, who were having a trial of speed with their hack-horses, regardless of the hounds. "Hold hard!" repeated he, frowning at them, as he hustled with Tom in before them.

The common being open, and the hare having run the full length of it, our friends had some pleasant plain sailing at starting—a most favourable thing for steadying the nerves for future exploits—and they rode and rode as if raspers and rivers were nothing in their way. As they reached the end, however, and a sod boundary fence, with a line of furze along the top obtruded its ungainly dimensions, there was a good deal of *pas* yielding politeness, and scientific explanation as to why the hare shouldn't cross it, and it was not until old Stormer popped into the enclosure beyond, and proclaimed it with his wonted energy, that our friends became sensible of the awful predicament they were in. There they were, with a fence nearly five feet high before them, with nobody knew what on the far side.

"Don't be in a hurry!" exclaimed the major. "Don't be in a hurry," repeated he, as if quite ready to take it when necessary, only wanting to be convinced that the hare was on, a fact that was soon placed beyond all doubt by the pack scrambling to Stormer's proclamation, and peeling

onward with the scent. "Forrard" went Warbler and Bustler, and Wanton and Frolic, and Ringwood and Clearer, and Fortune and Twister, and Lovely and Countess, and Skilful and Tickler, and Towler and Lilter, —all the merry little minstrels to the veteran's summons.

Jonathan Falconer having expressly stipulated, when he agreed to be huntsman, that he was never to be called upon to leap, and no one seeming inclined to volunteer, our major, though it went sore against the grain, was compelled, in the presence of Tom, to attempt the dread barrier; so, getting his old screw by the head, he run him at it in an irresolute sort of way, exclaiming, as he brandished his whip, "Yooi, over he goes!"

But it was no such thing. The old horse, running his nose against the gorse, wheeled short round, nearly unshipping Guinea, and the coast being now clear, the lately-despised Tapper, cramming his spurs well into his sides, ran his tit at it full tilt, and in an instant Tapper and tit and writ were floundering among the sods.

"That's your sort!" roared Ribgrass, crushing onward, regardless of Tapper's danger, and his big horse, setting his great flat foot upon the writ, sent it for ever out of sight, to the temporary advantage of Sloper.

The major followed "Grass," loudly denouncing Tapper's mischief; and the lately pent-up field being now released, pushed on after the streaming pack. Being now on Mr. Muttonfield's farm, with a line of gates full in view, there was a rare display of spurring, and cropping, and kicking, and spread-eagling, as each man pressed on to his utmost. How they hurried and scuttled along!

At the end of seven minutes and a half, which to some seemed an hour, the hounds come to a momentary check, having slightly overrun the scent, and our friend Blue Cap, the tailless cur to whom we owe an apology for our apparent neglect, now leaves Falconer's horse's heels, and rushing round the hounds as he would round a flock of sheep, sends them flying to our huntsman's halloo, who, holding them on towards the gate where "fur cap" has pricked her, they presently strike the scent, and go away like a pocket full of marbles. But who is so fortunate as to see this second burst, almost as terrible as the first? Our memory supplies, and we think we can name them all. If we look to the left, we shall see Major Guineafowle's punt hat and green arms working away like a shuttle-weaver's, closely followed by Hall, with his brown horse in a white lather; behind whom, and rough-casting Tom with mud as he goes, come Dweller, Elbows, and Drumhead. On the right are Vernal and Hermitage, going at a very "galloping dreary done" sort of pace, while the clatter and pother further off proceeds from Billy Bedlington pounding up Knockington-lane, followed by Seton, Ribgrass, Bolus, Ribs, and Tommy Coulter's young man, on a horse fresh out of the harrows. In the distance, the game Tapper may be seen persevering on foot, leading his back-sinew-sprung horse, and trying to coax one of Messrs. Remnant and Ribbon's genteel young men, who has slightly deviated from his course with patterns of mourning for Lady Snuffles, out of his hack horse in exchange.

And the mention of mourning reminds us that we ought to be winding up with a kill, "no chase," as Nimrod truly says, "being complete without one."

The hare dies within a stone's throw of the Barley-Mow beer-shop, on the Gillinghurst-road—a most convenient spot for our sportsman—the pack pouncing upon her in the middle of a large grass-field, where she had "clapped," as they call it, every hound getting a snatch at her haunch, and some a mouthful of fur. Major Guineafowle, jumping and dancing about with her over his head, would be a subject worthy of Leech himself. Falconer's who-whoop reverberated in the beer-shop, and brought out the landlord, with a lurcher at his heels, and a pipe in his mouth. Every man present is ecstatic with delight. "Give me the scut!" cries one. "Give me a foot!" cries another. At length, all being satisfied in that line, poor puss is disembowelled, and Tapper arrives just in time to have his pasty face besmeared with her blood, to the infinite mirth of the field.

"What superb hounds!" now exclaims Tom Hall, looking them over, quite delighted with his own performance.

"Ar'n't they?" replied the major, eyeing Falconer depositing the hare in the case.

"They talk about my Lord Heartycheer," continued he, shrugging his shoulders, and tossing a sneer on one side—"they talk about my Lord Heartycheer and the great doings of his pack, but for regular continuous sport, I'd back mine against them—and they don't cost half what his do," added he, in a confidential tone, to our Tom.

Amidst most hearty good-byes and adieus, the bulk of the field then sheered off to the beer-shop, and the major and Tom turned their heads towards home, all highly delighted with what they had done.

Chapter XXXVIII.

"Which is my best way to Fleecyborough?" asked Lord Heartycheer of Dicky Dyke, after the usual kennel spell, the first non-hunting day after the Silverspring Firs one. "Which is my best way to Fleecyborough?" repeated he, in his usual lofty-actioned tone.

"That 'pends upon which end of the town your lordship wants to be at," replied Dicky, with a purse of his mouth, and a knowing twinkle of his little blue eyes. "If you want to be at the corn-market end, your lordship must go by Jerico Green and up Spicer-lane; but if you want to be at the cattle-market——"

"The barrack end," interrupted his lordship, knowing it was no use humbugging Dicky.

"The barrack end," replied Dicky, drawing his breath, and sucking his lips; "the barrack end, repeated he, thinking his lordship must steer clear of the Emperor of Morocco's, in Fish-street, and get there as quietly and unobserved as possible. "Why, I should say," continued he, lifting his ideas as he would his hounds, "I should say you must strike across Lingey open fields, keeping Thorneyburn to the right, and skirtin' our cover at Marshlaw; then pass the windmill that stands a little to the left of Mr. Draggletaile's large white house, with a quarry at the back, and that lets you into the high road, when you'll have the barracks right afore ye, without ever goin' into the town or settin' foot on the pavement."

"That'll do," replied his lordship, adopting the idea; adding, "Then

just you see Peter, and tell him the way, so that he may know it in case I forget."

"By all means," assented Dicky, with a touch of his hat, as he opened the kennel-door for his lordship to depart, adding to himself, as he watched him cantering up the avenue home, "Dash my buttons, but you're a game 'un! *Seventy* years of age!—seventy years of age, 'cordin' to the census paper."

Next day but one, a couple of remarkably neat, thorough-bred brown hacks were going the rounds before Heartycheer Castle door, in charge of a very diminutive groom, whose juvenile years caused him to be selected for secret service, and as if to keep up the delusion he was attired in an undress livery, dark coat and waistcoat, cream-coloured leathers, and rose-tinted tops, with a belt round his waist, and a cockade in his hat—a dress that even in London any club bow-window lounger could appropriate to the owner at a glance, and people in the country can never mistake for any but his. However, that was what his lordship called going "incog.," and after the horses had made some half-dozen rounds of the spacious gravel ring, a quick clapping of hands, followed by the word "*Sharp!*" from an uncovered gentleman's gentleman, who suddenly appeared at the door, caused the tiger to bustle up to the steps with the horses, just as a couple of gigantic footmen threw back the portals, as if Daniel Lambert or the Durham ox were about to emerge instead of his slim antiquated lordship. He was got up with uncommon care—gay and various in his colours. A spic-and-span new black hat crowned his silvery white hair; a wildly-tied light-blue gauze Joinville coquetted with his smally-pleated shirt-frill, protruding through his canary-coloured vest, which was buttoned with blood-stone buttons, and traversed with chains and watch appendage gewgaws. He wore a light blue velvet-collared dress-coat, with burnished gold club buttons (an earl's coronet above a flying fox), and his faultless fawn-coloured leathers fell in creaseless easy lines upon his taper feet. His brown paper measure has long occupied the "H." post of honour in Anderson's back shop. His lordship was of the Anglesey school of dressers, and was quite as great as his great original.

Thus caparisoned, with a light gold-mounted riding-whip in his primrose kidded right hand, the gay old gentleman put his patent-leathered toe into the stirrup, and vaulting into the stuffed saddle, ambled away like a lad going to see his first love, followed by the youthful tiger with his tongue in his cheek at the winking and nudging and laughing of the footmen. So his incognito lordship flourished through the country, drawing down the animadversions of some, and the speculations of others, as to "Where the 'shockin' old rascal' was going?" But as they neither scowled nor menaced him as he passed, but, on the contrary, smiled as they touched or took off their hats to him, he flattered himself that he was considered a very respectable dignified nobleman. So he tit-tup-ped away as gay as a lark, thinking that no one knew what he was after.

The world was well-aired ere the tramp of the noble lord's horses on the wood-pavement at the barrack-gates caused the stalwart sentries to stand and stare, and the shirt-sleeved military-trousered soldiers to pause in their brushing and pipeclaying operations. Mattyfat and Gape were hanging listlessly out of a window, smoking and basking in the wintry

sun preparatory to lady-killing in the town; while Stalker and Pippin, and Whopper and Spill, and others, lolled and strolled about the mess-room, talking of their over-night host, his claret, and daughters, in the listless sort of way of idle wine-headachy gentlemen in general.

His lordship, who recollected the "country" as soon as he got within the gates, spurred on at a canter for the colonel's house in the corner, and reining up his steed, beckoned the lad to dismount and make for the bell on the right of the door. Scarce had the quick-footed youth applied his hand to the brass nob, ere Jasper, the gigantic footman, looked down like Jack the Giant-Killer upon him, and at the same instant a rich, clear voice broke out in accompaniment of a piano, putting it quite out of Jasper's power to say that his young mistress wasn't at home. In truth, she was at home—quite at home—having just decked herself out in a beautiful, almost new, drab and pink shot watered silk dress, with very wide sleeves, and Irish point ones underneath, and a high chemisette of the same material, secured with French diamond studs down the front, to receive young Mr. Downeylipe, son of Sir John Downeylipe, Bart., who had just joined the regiment, and on whom she purposed trying the strength of her charms.

Great was her surprise when, as she sate on her music-stool with her dress all becomingly spread out behind her, Jasper creaked up and announced Lord Heartycheer instead of the name of the newly-caught cornet.

"Oh, my lord!" exclaimed she, in a perfect ecstasy of delight, "this is so kind—so unexpected—so——" And thereupon, fearing she was going too far, she applied her fine machinery lace-fringed kerchief to her lips, while the gallant old beau pressed his own lips to the other little hand, as, half kneeling, he humbled himself before her. And old mother Blunt, who commanded the scene from a convenient crack in the wainscoted partition, wondered how so gallant a beginning would end.

"Won't your lordship be seated?" asked Angelena, as the spicy old cock still kept his hold of her hand—"won't you be seated?" repeated she, motioning him towards a cane-bottomed chair, beside which stood another quite convenient.

"How's my friend the colonel?" asked his lordship, conducting Angelena towards the proffered resting-place

"Pa's pretty well, I'm much obliged," replied she, seating herself. "Very well, I may say," added she, arranging her dress, and wondering whether her ma was watching her.

"And Mrs. Blunt?" bowed his lordship, depositing his hat by his own chair.

"Ma's pretty well, too, I thank you," replied the fair lady, passing her little beringed hand down her Madonna-dressed brown hair.

"At home?" asked his lordship, in a tone of indifference.

"No, they're out driving, I'm sorry to say," faltered Angelena, dreading lest the colonel, who was playing skittles behind the riding-school, should make a sudden irruption for some bottled porter.

"Well done you," smiled mamma, thinking how worthy Angelena was of a chance.

"Indeed," simpered the old buck, preparing to make play. "Well, and how's the little mare? None the worse, I hope, for her canter the other day?"

"Oh dear no," replied the fair lady; "all the better."

"And her lovely mistress—I needn't ask how she is after it," continued the old peer, grasping Angelena's arm incontinently as he spoke.

"Oh, her mistress is quite well," simpered the lady, with a slight flourish of her cambric.

"All the better, too, I hope, for the little gallop," suggested the gay old gentleman.

"Indeed, I think I am," replied Angelena gaily; adding, "I always do feel better after a ride."

"That's right!" exclaimed the old man, his eagle eye lighting up with youthful enthusiasm. "'Gad! I think that's the neatest—the very neatest—cleverest—the very cleverest—handsomest—the very handsomest—little creature I ever set eyes on. 'Gad! I've thought, I've dreamt, I've talked of nothing but the beautiful maid and her beautiful mare ever since," continued his lordship, now feeling her arm a little lower down.

"She's a sweet little thing," observed Angelena.

"The maid, I suppose you mean?" observed his lordship, gallantly.

"No, the mare," replied Angelena.

"Both!" exclaimed his lordship—"both! 'Gad! I was telling Mr. Thorndyke I'd give him a *carte blanche* to buy me such a one."

"Indeed," mused Angelena, thinking her papa would accommodate him. Then she recollected he had sold the mare to Tom Hall. By a curious coincidence, his lordship's rapid thoughts now wandered to that gentleman; and as Angelena was thinking whether she could not get off the Hall bargain, he exclaimed,

"And how's your young friend, Mister—Mister—Mister—the plump, brawny youth, as Somerville would say, who came out hunting with you, you know?"

"Oh, Mister Hall—Tom Hall—my father's friend. Upon my word, to tell you the truth," said she, raising her eyebrows, and speaking in a confidential, energetic tone—"to tell you the truth, I've never seen him from that day to this."

"Indeed!" replied his lordship, raising his old white ones in return, with an accompaniment of the shoulders—"indeed! I thought he'd been your intended."

"*Intended!*" shrieked Angelena—"intended! Oh, Heavens, no! He's just as much my intended as you are."

"Humph!" smiled his lordship, wondering whether that was artlessness or design.

"Well, but he's a useful young man—a useful young man, and should be encouraged—should be encouraged," observed his lordship. "These young men are very convenient at times—very convenient at times," added he, with a knowing leer.

"I do make a convenience of him," replied Angelena, *sotto voce;* "he's a good-natured goose."

"He seems so," said his lordship—"he seems so; not much of a horseman—I should say, not much of a horseman."

"Horseman!" exclaimed Angelena. "I shouldn't like to be his horse, I know."

"Nor I," replied his lordship, "nor I; he fell off, *ab-solutely* fell off—

made a regular voluntary," added he, with a slap of his fawn-coloured knee, as if such a thing as falling off was perfectly unheard of.

"Just the sort of man to do it," laughed Angelena.

"Just," assented his lordship, gaily; "just," repeated he. He then sat silent for a second or two, eyeing Angelena intently—her hair, her eyes, her teeth, her nose, her complexion, her hand, her foot, her figure. "That's a lovely dress!" exclaimed he, taking hold of the stiff shot silk; "very lovely dress."

"Glad you like it," smiled Angelena.

"Charmed with it—perfectly charmed with it!" reiterated his lordship; adding, in an under tone, "either with it or the wearer."

"Oh, you flatter, my lord," simpered the fair flirt.

"Not a bit of it! Last man in the world to do anything of the sort!" exclaimed his lordship, throwing out his hands; "but I've an eye for beauty notwithstanding, and yours, I must say, is of the transcendent order. But let me see," continued he—"let me see," repeated he, pinching and eyeing the dress more intently; "it's two colours—two colours, I declare; 'gad it's two colours if not three," added he, now turning it to the light.

"It's what they call a shot silk," observed Angelena.

"Shot silk, is it?" repeated his lordship—"shot silk; well, I must say, it's very pretty—very pretty, indeed, but your elegant, sylph-like figure would set off anything," added he, relinquishing his hold, as he recollected that he ought to be getting to his point.

"Well, now, my darling, when will you come out with us again?" asked his lordship, hurriedly, as a stentorian voice halloaed out, after a heavy thump at the back door, "PORTER—TWO BOTTLES!" which his lordship knew could proceed from none but the ex-corpulent captain, now our corpulent colonel.

"Out again?" shuddered Angelena, biting her lips, dreading lest her parent should come in and spoil the finest chance she ever had in her life. "Out again?" repeated she, as the flurry of petticoats from the other side of the wainscoted partition was followed by a gentle but protracted "H-u-s-s-sh!" from the top of the stairs.

She now pictured to herself her mamma with her finger on her lip, and her astonished papa beating a hasty retreat.

"Yes—out with us again?" repeated his lordship, pretending not to notice the interruption.

"Oh, I *should* so like it!" sighed Angelena, clasping her hands, and turning her bright eyes up to the dirty ceiling.

"Well, then, say the word," replied his lordship, hastily, dreading an interruption to their *tête-à-tête*.

"I fear—I'm afraid—I——" faltered Angelena.

"Fear nothing!" exclaimed the gallant old lord, drawing his chair close up to his fair friend's, and placing one of her little hands between his, as if going to have a game at hot hand with her—"fear nothing!" repeated he, pressing her hand most affectionately, adding, "I'll take care of you, my little angel!"

"Well," mused Angelena, without making any attempt to withdraw her hand, "I should certainly like it uncommonly—the only difficulty would be about a horse," recollecting that Tom Hall would most likely

be claiming Lily of the Valley, which she now thought her papa had made a mistake in selling him.

"Oh, a horse shall be no difficulty—none whatever," replied his lordship, throwing out his right hand; "our people shall arrange all that—only say the word, and it shall be managed as nice as can be."

"You're very kind, my lord—very."

"Not at all—not at all," repudiated the now impetuous old peer.

"Indeed, but you are," replied Angelena, looking most lovingly at him.

"The compliment's the other way, my darling—the compliment's the other way," rejoined the old man, rising, and giving her such a smack of a kiss as sent old mother Blunt spinning round the other side of the partition, singing to herself—

"Its a very fine thing to be mother-in-law
To a very magnificent four-balled bashaw."

"Oh, my lord!—oh, you naughty man!—fie for shame! fie!" ejaculated Angelena. "I must really have my maid in to protect me," added she, pretending great alarm as she adjusted her pink gauze ribbons.

"It's given you quite a colour," observed his lordship, eyeing her now blood-mantling complexion.

"Well it might, I think," snapped Angelena, with a toss of her head, as she stroked down her bright hair.

"You should thank me instead of being angry, my pretty dear," replied he, not at all deceived by her pretended tiff.

"Thank you for nothing," retorted Angelena, re-arranging her manacles, and looking down on her French diamond chemisette studs, one of which was hanging out.

"Let me put it right for you, my love!" exclaimed the lord, passing his flat hand inside the chemisette as adroitly as a ladies-maid. Having adjusted the stud, he resumed his seat by her side.

"Well, now, about the hunt," continued he, anxious to get matters finally settled. "When shall it be?"

"Hunt, indeed! I'm not sure that I'll go, after such rudeness," replied Angelena, pettedly.

"Pooh! pooh! it'll do you a deal of good. Just look in the glass, and see what a fine complexion it's made you," retorted the peer.

"*Nonsense*," pouted Angelena. "I don't want complexions made that way. What would my ma say, do you think?"

"That her daughter is a very prudish young lady," replied the peer, again taking her unreluctant hand.

"But what would my *pa* say, do you think?" continued she, archly.

"Oh, pooh! pas have no business with these matters—only for the ladies," answered he.

"But they make business sometimes," replied the young lady.

"Not yours, I should hope," rejoined the gay old Lothario.

"Don't know that," whispered the young lady, with a sly twinkle of her bright eye.

"Let us hope the best," exclaimed the old peer, cheerily, who had every confidence in woman's wit.

"Well," sighed Angelena, with downcast eyes, "I suppose we must."

"Say the word, then; when shall it be?" resumed his lordship, again returning to the charge, for he was all for taking them when they were in the humour.

"Be!" said Angelena; "be!" repeated she, still dwelling on the sweet word.

"Yes, *be*," repeated his lordship, boldly.

"Whenever your lordship likes," whispered the lady, resignedly.

"That's right!—that's a darling!—that's a love of a girl!" exclaimed he, now encircling her slim waist with his arm. "Well, now," continued he, looking musingly up at the ceiling, though he still kept squeezing and drawing her towards him; "let me see—Monday, Honeyball Hill—Tuesday, Rakelaw Gate—Thursday, Summerhail Tower—Saturday, Blunderfield—four good places—good as any we have. Rakelaw Gate's p'r'aps the best for a lady; but then it's a long way from here. Honeyball Hill there's always such a crowd at—nasty Beale and Brassey, and head-and-shoulders Brown, and all that set. I'll tell you what," continued he, as if the idea had suddenly struck him, though in reality he had been pondering upon it all the way as he came—"I'll tell you what—how would it do to have a quiet 'bye' to ourselves?—meet, say, at home—there's a litter of foxes that have scarce been disturbed in Roughley Brake, just at the back of the castle; we could then throw off and finish as we liked, without the bother and *surveillance* of a field."

"Well," mused Angelena, considering whether the opportunities of privacy would compensate for the loss of the distinction of having his gay lordship for a *cavalier servante* before the country.

"I really think that would be the best way," resumed his energetic lordship—"I really think that would be the best way. You come quietly over, you know, with Mr. Horn."

"Mr. Hall, you mean," observed Angelena.

"Ah, Hall, that's the name. I was thinking of Horns. Not an unlikely man to wear them, I should say—he, he, he!" giggled his lordship, shrugging his old shoulders, as if half shocked at what he had said.

"Mr. Hall's not at home," observed Angelena, with a prudish toss of her head.

"Not at home, isn't he," repeated his lordship, briskly. "Well, never mind; get somebody else. I'll tell you who," added he, "in a minute. There's my young friend Jug—Jonathan Jug—you know him, I dare say; of course you do—he's in your pa's regiment, in fact. Well, Jonathan's the very man for us—nice, prudent, sensible, good-natured little fellow. I promised his pa to call upon him. 'Gad! I'll go and do it directly; and then you and he can arrange to ride over together, and I'll have horses and luncheon and everything ready, and we'll have a nice, quiet hunt to ourselves, undisturbed by Brown or any of those horrors."

So saying, his lordship, raising the fair lady up from her seat with himself, gave her a series of most impressive salutes, and, laying down a couple of cards for papa and mamma, backed, courtier-like, out of the little room, and tripping gaily down stairs, mounted his hack, to canter across the barrack-yard to card the proposed cat's-paw.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

It would be a vain effort, and one as presumptuous as vain, to attempt—within the limits of a single page—to offer a fitting tribute to the memory of the illustrious man whose death has cast a shadow over the whole length and breadth of the British Empire.

Our melancholy task must, therefore, for the present, be limited to the expression of our share in the universal grief: next month endeavour, however imperfectly, to record some of the most st events of a career which has had no parallel in our annals since England became a nation.

Under whatever aspect we contemplate the Duke of Wellington's character, we still find cause for the profoundest admiration of the qualities which exalted him above all other men.

As a military commander he was unequalled, even by his great rival, Napoleon, in whom the conquering element predominated; while Wellington was at once the sword and shield of the country that demanded his services.

As a statesman he occupied a place in the highest rank; from the unerring sagacity of his views, his practical wisdom, and the prompt application of the best energies of his unclouded mind, to accomplish every measure which he held to be necessary for the public good.

As a loyal servant of the crown, the fidelity of the Duke of Wellington will render his name a proverb: for obedience he will serve as a model; for unswerving truth and honesty, for indifference to unmerited censure, and steady perseverance in the course which judgment and conscience alike told him was right, the Duke of Wellington will furnish a bright example to all who may hereafter be entrusted with the conduct of a nation's affairs.

As a man, too, he will live in the hearts of his countrymen as long as honour, modesty, integrity, simplicity, and singleness of purpose, have claims upon the estimation of mankind.

The whole realm of England weeps for the loss of her hero; but when we mingle our tears over the grave of the mighty dead, this consolation will remain—that the Duke of Wellington had achieved the great end of his existence, and left nothing wanting to his fame.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The death of the Duke of Wellington recals the passage in the Cyropedia of Xenophon, where the hero is described as laying aside his attire at the point where neither fame, nor experience, nor comprehensive views of things, nor courage, nor fortune in advanced age, can give immunity from the common doom. We now contemplate the ruins of what was lately so goodly; we cling to the memory of the decrepit wrecks of what was long familiar to us, consecrated by cherished recollections, and glorious in our national annals. "They who saw the broken heaps of Pompey's theatre," says one of our old writers, "and the old face of beauteous Philænium, could not but admire the disordered glories of such a magnificent structure, venerable in the dust;"—just such is the feeling inspired by the recollection of the great soldier who has just rejoined his parent earth.

The world is fain to gather all it can in relation to departed greatness—greatness of talent—none else survives the funeral anthem. Thus materials are sometimes collected for the biography of those who have occupied a large share of public attention, or received the merited gratitude of contemporaries—such materials cannot be too voluminous. Hence, if those who chanced to come in contact with the Duke of Wellington have preserved anything in relation to him, however trivial, and would throw it into a common stock, they might aid some future biographer in illustrating his character. I say "future," because no contemporary of that great man, either of the past or present generation—and the Duke belonged to both—can be expected to do justice to his subject. The most distinguished will ever be the most overlauded or reproached by those who inevitably partake in the predispositions and antipathies of the passing hour. Wellington courted none, but worked out his objects under an heroic reserve, the promptings of a matchless prudence, and the soundest judgment possessed by any man of his age. Hence it seemed exceedingly difficult to understand him. Thus his previous habits appeared to militate against any change in opinion as he grew in years, while, on the contrary, he exhibited a singular adaptation of mind to the advancements in political science, and kept pace with the required changes accordingly. Remaining fresh, and even youthful in hope to the last, he met the mutations of policy required by time and an enlarged popular intellect, in a manner one of superior perspicacity could alone have done. When he commenced his career he little supposed that the most prolonged of human existences would see the triumph of toleration which he effected, or that the support of a system of Free-trade—the commercial heresy of his youth—would have been one of the principles of his old age, and he himself be mainly instrumental in carrying out. But I digress.

The first time I ever saw the Duke of Wellington was at a critical

moment in his splendid career of public service, just after the battle of Vimiera: it was at Plymouth. I was awoke one morning by the landlord of a neighbouring hotel sending up to my room, requesting to see me. He told me that Sir Arthur Wellesley had arrived at his house in the night from Portugal, and was extremely anxious to peruse the newspapers of the latest date; that he (the landlord) had no paper but of the day previous; that the mail had just passed, and he was aware that if any one in the town had a London paper it was myself. In those days the mail occupied two nights and a day to reach Plymouth, and as sorting the letters took a considerable time, I paid the guard of the mail to bring them down, and deliver them passing. I sent a paper over to Sir Arthur at once, and promised a second should follow it in a few minutes. I dressed, and took over the other myself. The great man was then in his fortieth year, and appeared to be as old: his arduous services in India had perhaps contributed to this. He was dressed in a blue coat, knit pantaloons, and Hessian half-boots. He was then of a compact and slender rather than broad frame. There were one or two persons, probably officers, with him, but I do not remember who they were, if I heard at the time, which I do not know that I did: the conqueror of Vimiera alone engaged my attention. The breakfast things were upon the table. I expressed my pleasure at being able to oblige him, and regretted that I had only two papers to offer him He thanked me, and said, "We only want to know what people are saying, not having seen a paper for some time—we shall leave immediately." By that I imagined he intended to intimate that they should proceed before the post-office was open, and had therefore got the landlord to apply to me when he told him I had them. He thanked me. I bowed, and retired. On his departure he left strict orders about the papers being immediately delivered to me.

It was thus evident the Duke was a reader of the papers in those days, as he always was most attentively in his subsequent years. The Cintra Convention made a great noise, and Sir Arthur Wellesley's objections to it were well known before his arrival in his own country. It was the general topic of conversation in the garrison at Plymouth, where the joke ran that General Burrard had superseded Sir Arthur Wellesley on the field of battle, and that he had written home after due inspection of what he did not half as well understand; that as his commander he *approved* of Sir Arthur's *disposition* of the *English* forces on the field; while Burrard himself, superseded the next day by Sir Hew Dalrymple, and in turn robbed by him of the command as he had robbed Sir Arthur, he equally flattered that he (Sir Hew) perfectly *approved* of Sir Burrard's *disposition* of the *French* forces in letting them go off bag and baggage.

Six years afterwards I saw Sir Arthur as Duke of Wellington, and not at all changed. It was after his arduous Spanish campaigns, when the Emperor Alexander and the late King of Prussia were with him. That he had not altered in personal appearance I recollect, because I had imagined he must have been changed by his hardships in Spain.

The next time I saw the Duke was in Paris, a little time after the battle of Waterloo. The army of occupation was falling back from Paris on the north, and I passed through it: the head-quarters were fixed, I believe, at Cambray. I was in France until 1818, and being two years of

the time in Paris, I saw the Duke during his residence there, nearly up to the period when the allied armies quitted France. Except in short visits to the army, or to England, the Duke lived in Paris entirely. I saw him almost every day, meeting him continually on horseback, riding leisurely along the Boulevards, through the streets, or in the Champs Elysées. On those occasions he had no other attendant than a very youthful groom. I have met him when he stopped his horse to speak to my companion, addressing him familiarly by his Christian name "Bob." Except an occasional "God-dem" from some lower class Frenchman, spoken often in the same tone to any English passenger, I never heard of the Duke's meeting an insult in his daily rides about—at least none that caused any public remark or complaint. I have still his inflexible figure when on horseback before my eyes, almost savouring of the drill; his, on the whole, fresh, healthy complexion, and active make, notwithstanding his services in the burning climates of the south. He had the appearance of being taller than he really was; latterly he had seemed to shorten, and grow broad. His countenance was always striking, the upper part, above the mouth, being exceedingly fine; this organ was not so good; it exhibited the teeth, a defect of which nature in his last years relieved him by their loss. No portrait represents the Duke's mouth with accuracy as it was in middle life; not even Lawrence's are faithful delineations of that organ. I imagine the Duke, continually shifting the expression when he sat to an artist, prevented the natural, careless outline from being closely followed. At Plymouth, I remember, I was much impressed with his appearance, though his celebrity might have made the effect on my mind greater. Sir John Moore was a finer and a handsomer man. He sat his horse better. But the Sir Arthur Wellesley of that day looked made for greater exploits, his countenance being stamped after one of "Plutarch's men." Moore, in my eyes, exceeded him in the graces, with far less sternness of manner, more amenity, and, I should fancy, less decision of character.

In referring to Paris, it may be proper to mention the report of two attempts made upon the Duke's life during the period of his residence there. I believed neither to have been real at the time. I had opportunities of knowing more than most of my countrymen at that moment. If any one intended to take the Duke's life in good earnest, the opportunity continually presented itself. Daily the Duke might be found in his rides sufficiently insulated from others for such a purpose. The movements of the great soldier were public enough. No one in earnest vengeance would have chosen the moment when he was enterin residence, where there was a regular guard, and in his carriag The Duke rode himself at one *fête* of Longchamps. I saw his ca there at two, but that was filled with ladies both years. I believe in the *fête* of 1816 he was out of Paris, in the north. The attacks were plots of the police at a moment when the old emigrants were all-powerful at court, and continually playing them off for one purpose or another. The Duke received the French generals and marshals at his residence indiscriminately. The old party hated all who had belonged to the Napoleon dynasty. A common professional feeling, and the talent of the men, naturally led to the Duke's intercourse with them there, as in England with Soult afterwards. Louis XVIII. was dependent upon them for the

fidelity of the troops, and they also most of them took office under the restored sovereign. The old emigrant party would have been jeered at by the army. Many distinguished individuals of ability, not military, who belonged to the overturned government, were particularly noticed by the Duke, who, ranking so high as a man of talent himself, would naturally give the preference to those of a similar class rather than to the old talentless, priest-ridden emigrants. Marshal Suchet, the last time I ever saw him, told me he was then going to call upon my great compatriot. Bonaparte, on his access to power, recalled the emigrants, and the larger part obeyed the call, but some, who were wedded to the old Bourbon race, remained until fortune favoured the king, and returned with him. They wanted back the old anti-revolutionary system to the letter. They were placed in situations of influence, and were the pests of Louis's reign. All the world knew in those days of the Duke of Wellington's letter to the king, in which he told his majesty that his enemies were within his own palace; or words to that effect. The Duke was too much in a state of intercourse with those of his own profession, and others, not of the Bourbon dynasty, to please these old gentlemen, some of whom might be met at seven in the morning going to mass, in white silk stockings, black breeches, huge buckles in their shoes, and a nosegay in their button-hole. Any attack made upon the Duke they calculated no one would attribute to them; it would all be charged upon the Bonapartists, or on those who had served the Empire, and render them distasteful. This kind of action would, it was thought, disgust the Duke with his friends and visitors not of the old *régime*. The individual charged with shooting at the Duke was tried and acquitted. Had the man been in earnest, acting upon his own impulse, he would have chosen a better time and place. This he might have done with a facility that would have ensured success.

The Duke had a French guard at his residence, which rendered any attack near his own house more hazardous. I believe, from what I saw, that the returned emigrants hated the English at heart much more than the Bonapartists, because they found the Duke would have nothing to do with the population of France, from the sovereign to the poorest subject, much less aid to place such miserable incompetent individuals at the head of affairs. "We hate your government," said the Bonapartist; "you have beaten us—it is the fortune of war—but we have no hatred to individual Englishmen, and we are happy to see you." The old emigrant party hated us altogether, adding an implacable religious antipathy to ingratitude, of which antipathy the Bonapartists had none. *Apropos* of the French guard: there was a cover for the officer laid every day at the Duke's table. The restoration of Louis XVIII. was accompanied, as far as possible, with the absurdities of the old time, from the court being under that influence, and a monarch, even poor old gormandising Louis, was a *Dieu mortel* in their eyes, or all others were to esteem him so. The late King of Prussia visited Paris in 1817, *incog.*, as the Count de Ruppin. The Duke of Wellington invited the king-count to dinner. Louis XVIII. invited himself to meet him. Covers were laid for six only. A sort of *avant courier* of old Louis proceeded to the Duke's to examine whether all was *en regle*. On being told that six covers were laid, if I recollect rightly, the Duke de Richlieu and Sir Charles Stuart,

with the two kings and the Duke, made up five of the party. "Who," the officious official asked—"who is the sixth cover for? I must announce it to his most Christian Majesty." He was told it was for the officer of the guard, a French captain. He at once declared that the king could not dine that way with a subject in such a station; it was contrary to all rule—all etiquette. The Duke of Wellington was appealed to, who replied, he could not alter the rule of his house, and have his table changed; that he was a soldier himself. The official went back to the Tuileries, and made his report. They then attempted to prevent the king from going, but old Louis cared nothing about the matter, he said, and shocked some of his old courtiers in no slight degree—the relics of the race who thought France was ruined for ever when Necker came to court with strings in place of buckles in his shoes. On the present occasion, it may be added that no one was more surprised than the officer of the guard himself to be seated at table so unexpectedly with two crowned heads.

The friends of the Bourbon family who had returned under the decree of Napoleon, and those whose ultraism kept them with the princes in exile, were equally elated, having been in hopes that the return of Napoleon from Elba, and his utter defeat, would be the means of effacing for ever the influence and power of those who had served under the Empire, and of restoring things to the same state they were in before the Revolution. They forbade the name of Napoleon to be spoken in the public schools, and erased his cypher from the public works, while his face was impressed on every coin. They were utterly blind to the signs of the times, and the death of the old habits, feelings, and, for the most part, of the generation that had existed under them. This fallacious idea the Duke had to combat in those who surrounded the king, an easy man, whose love of good eating was the most distinguished of his qualities. Duels took place almost every day between the party of the Bourbons and those who had belonged to the Empire; nor did it matter if the last had sincerely entered the service of the restored monarch. There was a young man, said to have been otherwise amiable, the son of an emigrant, who was sore upon the possession, by purchase, of some of the property of his family (sequestrated under the Revolution) by Major du Fay, an officer who had served under the Empire, and was considered the best accountant in the army. St. Moreys insulted the major, and they went out, when the former was killed. Du Fay mentioned the circumstance to me the next day, and was anxious to ascertain what the Duke thought of his conduct, for the Duke knew the character and ability of the major in military administration. The Duke passed it over, and made no difference in his reception of him—another complaint whispered ag[ainst] this great man by the ultra party.

I may here mention that Du Fay fell in 1830, defending the barracks in the Rue Babylone, at the head of the Swiss Guards. His body was brutally treated by the mob, his head being cut open with an axe, and found lying in a pool of blood in the street. He had fallen by a musket-shot, and his mutilation afterwards must, therefore, have been gratuitous.

I once saw the Duke of Wellington and Count de Ruppin on horseback, dressed in plain clothes, at the first review of French troops at which the Bourbon family were present after the peace of 1815. There

were about 25,000 men of all arms on the ground. The Duke and his companion did not once approach the *calèche* in which Louis XVIII. and the Duchess d'Angoulême were seated, nor did I observe the slightest recognition on either side. The Duke and King of Prussia appeared to regard the quick firing of a brigade of guns near which I was, with a certain degree of admiration. They both left the ground before the review was over. The Duke's horse was a little restive at the firing. I thought he did not sit as easy as became an accomplished horseman, but perhaps his exceeding stiffness of appearance when on horseback, particularly so out of uniform, made me imagine what might only have been grounded in fancy. The present representation of him in the print-shops, on horseback, on his birthday in 1842, gives much the same personal outline as he exhibited in Paris in 1817.

At that time there was assuredly a better feeling, arising from a military education and a higher sense of honour in those who had served in the old French armies, than has subsequently appeared, influencing the population. The Duke's levees were crowded with officers of the time of the Empire, many of whom he had met in battle, and this had engendered mutual respect. Suchet was the only marshal of France whom I knew beyond sight, and the last time I ever saw him he said he was on his way to call upon the Duke. He was the more noted of Napoleon's marshals, to whom the Duke had never been opposed in combat, and professed a high admiration of him. Suchet's features were very fine, but his person was thick-set, and in plain clothes not at all striking. The Duke of Wellington was not deeply versed in those idiomatic or vernacular niceties of the French language, which everywhere require an habitual intercourse with a native to manage. The consequence was, that he sometimes committed lapses, which, perfectly excusable in a foreigner in a language marked by such conversational niceties as the French, were not less odd for coming from so great a man. It sometimes happened, too, that the Duke persisted in his mistake until it was necessary to explain it to him. Some of these had the run of the *salons* in consequence.

The spectacle of such a distinguished man riding through the streets of the capital he had subdued, in perfect peace, was a singular incident; but it is due to his memory to state that his conduct in 1814 was not forgotten by the population of that time. Wreck and devastation had marked the progress of the other allies, but the Duke's army, from the Pyrenees to its point of embarkation, where he had so disciplined it "that he could have done anything with it," to use his own words, had scrupulously paid for everything they wanted of the inhabitants. A woman who kept an inn at Blangy, told me that she had had forty English dragoons on her premises for three months, and she should not mind having them again, they behaved so well, and paid for everything. "How did the Russians and Prussians behave?". She replied, the Russians took only what they wanted; but the Prussians wantonly destroyed what they had no need of, and left the poor people and villagers in great misery. The contrast displayed by the Duke was a passport, besides his victories, to a certain degree of respect from a less equivocal cause.

During the Peninsular war, the Duke had a Portuguese secretary continually at his side, whose services, after 1814, were no longer required. He used to rhodomontade at table, and the Duke would often check him in his blunt way, with "No more of your d—— nonsense, De S——." I

was told at my lodgings in Paris, one evening, that an individual unknown had twice asked for me, and at length left his card, "Hotel de Boston." I returned the call, and found, *au première*, the aforesaid secretary, who made an appointment for the next day at eleven o'clock, having something of moment to consult me upon. De S—— was a stout-set man, hardly of the middle height, dressed in a green coat, and the usual pantaloons and half boots of the time. His swarthy countenance indicated a southern parentage, with no extraordinary intelligence imprinted on its expression. I found on the following morning a *recherché* French breakfast, of which I partook: and that over, De S—— began his business. The *Times* had supported the cause of Spain in the disputes about Monte Video with Portugal. De S—— wanted me to answer the *Times* from authentic documents which he would supply from the Portuguese government. I consented, and sent over several letters to the *Morning Chronicle* upon the subject, for the insertions of which he charged the Chevalier A—— C——, the Portuguese agent in London, to pay. He paid twenty guineas for each. Perry, the proprietor, knew how to take care of the "siller," as well as any of his countrymen. When we had arranged this matter, De S—— produced a bundle of papers written in Portuguese. "Here," said he, "is a history, public and private, of the Duke of Wellington during his campaigns from Lisbon to Paris. I always lived with him, and I have a wish to publish it." I looked once over the packet, which was bulky, but what with the writing and a language not familiar to me, I could make out but little. Still I saw enough to convince me that if what I saw were true, no man was a hero to his *valet de chambre*. To publish such a work on the part of one who had been in the Duke's confidence to a certain extent, was truly Portuguese in character, and I thought of what Spanish writers have sometimes said of their neighbours. The motive, too, was bad. The Duke would not interfere in behalf of his old secretary with the government at Lisbon, which had been guilty of an illegal act towards him, in consequence of a proceeding in Paris not morally creditable to the ex-secretary. The proceeding was one that did not concern the Portuguese government at all, and happened far beyond its jurisdiction. I naturally felt anxious that such a work should not appear in Paris, through the desire of an unworthy dissatisfaction in one who ought to have evinced a better feeling; much more, too, would be made of a similar work than it merited in the capital of France at such a moment. I therefore asked if the Duke knew of the manuscript being in existence. De S—— replied in the negative. I then advised him to let the Duke know indirectly that such a history was in existence, and that perhaps he would then do something in his (De S——'s) behalf. That I would by no means advise his publishing such a work in France, for the police would expel him from Paris, and where could he go with his property under sequestration at Lisbon. That the Duke might be a cool friend, but he would be a formidable enemy, especially as such a publication would look like a breach of private confidence. People would only believe half of it. I believe De S—— took my advice, for I never heard further of the manuscript.

The cause of this dilemma into which the ex-secretary had got was not to his praise, though he justified himself by quoting no less an example than the Emperor Alexander of Russia. It related to a species

of love-intrigue involving some singular circumstances. The Duke of Wellington would not mix himself up with the diplomatists of France, Spain, and Portugal about a grievance that was not of a public nature, when his old secretary had brought it all upon himself.

I have mentioned the Duke's rigidness in refusing to be dictated to frivolously about his dinner guests, even by a monarch. In like manner he would not do an unjust act to please his own sovereign. George IV. said to him one day, "Arthur, the —— regiment is vacant, gazette Lord ——."

"Impossible, and please your majesty; there are officers who have served the country for many years whose turn comes first."

"Never mind, Arthur, gazette Lord ——."

The Duke came up to town, and gazetted Sir Ronald Fergusson. He was then all-powerful in the cabinet as well as in the army, and the king, whose character the Duke well understood, was obliged to take the matter with as good a grace as he was able.

An officer in the army, still alive, expressing his wonder that the Duke should lend his papers to such a radical as the present Sir William Napier, to assist him in composing his admirable history of the "Peninsular War," he replied, "And what if he is a radical; he will tell the truth, and that is all I care about." The Duke had a great contempt for Southey's history of the Spanish war, and said to a friend that it was just as good a history of any other war as it was of that in Spain.

The eccentric Colonel Jones, of the Guards, who was on duty during the trial of Queen Caroline, gave her counsel, at their request, the intelligence of a particular witness being among others shut up in Cotten Garden, which he ascertained by personal inquiry, no one refusing entrance to a commanding officer of the Guards. Lord Sidmouth, whose agents were on the alert, ascertained the fact, and asked the Duke whether Jones should not be dismissed the service without appeal. "He did nothing unmilitary," replied the Duke; "you should lock up your witnesses." A few days afterwards, Jones took up an address to the queen at Brandenburgh House, in his full uniform, as colonel of the Guards. His lordship made another attempt to get Jones's commission taken from him, but succeeded no better. "By G——, he had as good a right to carry up an address from his fellow-subjects as you or I, my lord; a soldier is a subject. If he had gone sneaking up in plain clothes, I might agree to it."

That Jones's political opinions should not subject him to injustice on the part of a minister of the Duke's own party, was no doubt a feeling strengthened by the injustice the Duke himself had sustained from such quarters. It was impossible for a straightforward man like the Duke to join in miserable cabinet intrigues. His despatches paint the annoyance he suffered from the unprincipled tactics of those with whom he had to deal in the cabinet of Portugal, more particularly with the Patriarch and his clique, and the Souzas, not to refer to his vexations at some of the dealings with him at home. While he knew how to keep his own secrets, his conduct with others was open. He was conscious of innate strength, because he acted upon the common-sense principles of right and wrong. He borrowed nothing from the arts of eloquence; strong and sententious, his rhetoric gained its end the shortest way, backed by his natural force of character.

During three hours that I was once in his company, while he was watching some experiments in steam artillery, I saw that he regarded only results, and had no curiosity about details. Here he differed from his great antagonist, Napoleon, who would master every detail if possible. Sir Robert Peel, and several officers from Woolwich, about a dozen in all, had assembled on the occasion. His observations were very limited. "Well, cavalry could not approach that," said the Duke, referring solely to the noise. "Nor infantry either," some one said. "Why not?" "The intense heat of the steam only flashes out when it is twenty or thirty yards from the gun—at its exit it is cold."

This singular fact the Duke did not notice, though a phenomenon strange to all present except the engineer. His observations were confined solely to the effect. When he saw fifty balls discharged successively, and hitting the same spot exactly, he said, "Ay, that will do." The gun being moved laterally, and perforating boards placed end to end horizontally, with holes not a foot apart from one extremity to the other, so that it would take down a company of soldiers, he only remarked, "Ay, that is effective, if it can be used in the field." He took little further notice of the experiments in any other sense, conversing with Sir Robert Peel all the time upon indifferent subjects; and when asked if he did not wish to see how the effect was brought about, and the steam generated, he replied, "No, no; those gentlemen," pointing to the officers of artillery and engineers who were present—"those gentlemen will look after that." Nor did he evince the slightest curiosity on the matter. I therefore formed an opinion from this incident that the Duke's mind was seldom directed to objects not required to enable him to fulfil his own part of a public duty. He did not wander from the immediate object of pursuit, nor was he curious about causes. He confined his efforts within strict limits. His mind was more capable of high concentration than of great expansion—of energetic movements on the field rather than of the scientific details of a siege, which last he could not so readily feel the necessity of; hence, perhaps, the fact of his losing more men in his Peninsular sieges than in his battles. He was curious about nothing that led him aside from the main end, or burdened his mind with aught foreign to divert his attention from it. He blended the useful and powerful together, and moved the mass. He was perfect master, too, of the effect of moral considerations in war, in which his countrymen are generally so deficient. He was not imaginative, but practical. His reserve and decision were conjoined with unequalled professional sagacity in the employment sometimes of very scanty means. He hated indirect replies to questions, because it led him to uncertainties. His occasional slowness of operation was only a masterly prudence; his inaction, a patience that was watching its opportunity; while the secrecy of his plans was the key to his successes, acting with materials the peculiar application of which he understood better than any other man. How he brought his troops suddenly into action at a given point, when the corps themselves were unaware of their position, was a wonder in the Peninsular army. To their astonishment heights were [illegible] with his troops at the opportune moment, that had come nobody knew from whence.

He always duly appreciated talent, of which two instances may suffice. Riding down the lines in Spain one day, and in need of an engineer

officer, he suddenly addressed the officers of the regiments near him, with an inquiry if any one of them could draw. For some time he got a negative reply. At last a modest young infantry officer stepped out, and said he could draw a little. The Duke made him mount a dragoon horse, and being provided with pencil and paper, he was told to go in a certain direction and make a sketch of what he saw, and of the profile of the country, and bring it to head-quarters. The officer obeyed, and succeeded so well that the Duke made him acting engineer on the spot, and he was pushed up in the army by his interest until he became a distinguished field officer.

The late Sir Thomas Tomlins was another instance of the Duke's attention to men of ability who served him. When he was secretary for Ireland he wanted a bill drawn, and asked for a professional person who could do it without that confusion of words by which legal men rendered such drafts unintelligible to all but themselves. Mr. Tomlins was recommended to him for the purpose, being at that time a parliamentary draftsman. "Can you draw an Act of Parliament that a plain man can understand? By God, I never can discover the meaning of their words—they have no meanings. Can you draw a bill that will hold water?" Mr. Tomlins said he would try. "I understand English," said the Duke, "but I cannot understand the bills as they are now drawn, using ten words where one will do." Mr. Tomlins succeeded in pleasing him, the Duke being satisfied with the draft he presented. Other lawyers crammed words into them until they were past his understanding, the Duke said, swearing hardly at their mystifications, as was his custom on many occasions. He recommended Mr. Tomlins to the Treasury, and got him appointed draftsman there, with a very fine income. Nor was this all, for being at Wanstead soon after Mr. Tilney Long Pole Wellesley was married, and George IV. being there also, the Duke recommended Mr. Tomlins to the king for knighthood, and he was knighted. On this occasion the king handsomely told Sir Thomas that had he not known of his professional merits he should have knighted him upon the recommendation of the Duke of Wellington alone, as he was fully sensible it would not have been given unless it was well deserved.

The Spanish general Alava was a great friend of the Duke of Wellington's, and while resident here had the misfortune to break his leg, on which occasion the Duke visited him almost every day. General Alava was a near relative of Manuel de Goristoza, the distinguished Spanish writer, who, exiled by Ferdinand VII., afterwards entered the service of Mexico, and concluded the first treaties made by that country with England and France. He also used to call upon the general, and there to meet the Duke of Wellington. General Alava introduced him as his relative, adding that he was *un fou pour la libertie*. The Duke smiled at the observation. "If M. de Goristoza is extravagant in his love of liberty, he is best here, at present." He then inquired after several distinguished men whom he had known in the country, and finding they were exiled, observed that he thought Spain had paid enough in trouble already not to seek more.

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

THE blow has fallen!—that deep stunning blow
  Which smites all hearts, as if but *one* pulse beat
In myriads of human bosoms. Lo!
  The mightiest spirit on the earth to meet
Its mightier Judge has gone! That matchless mind
  Which soared o'er all, unscathed by lapse of years,
And seemed, like Time, the monarch of mankind,
  Is quenched in this—to shine in higher spheres.

The faithful guardian of his country's weal—
  The champion of her honour and her cause—
The noblest of her hero-sons,—the leal,
  The stanch defender of her throne and laws,
Britannia's glory, and her loftiest pride,—
  He, to whose world-revered, illustrious name
In doing homage every nation vied,
  As, on the echoing trumpet-blasts of fame
To the wide earth's remotest bounds 'twas borne—
  Even *he* insatiate Death has made its prey,
And once exulting Albion now must mourn
  Her honoured warrior-statesman passed away!

The world seems less of *him* bereft!
  How deep soe'er a people's wail,
  Yet eloquence itself must fail
To tell the blank that he has left.

In lordly and in regal hall—
  In every homestead through the land—
  Seems spread, as by some spectral hand,
The shadow of a funeral pall.

Wherever British foot hath trod—
  And can one name the distant spot
  Where Britain's wandering sons have not
Raised altars to the Christians' God?

'Midst India's plains—its palmy groves—
  Its storied scenes—where erst began
  That glorious race the hero ran—
To where the swarthy Tartar roves;—

O'er far Australia's coral strands,
Where England's victor-flag unfurled
Waves proudly o'er a new-found world;
To burning Afric's golden sands;—

From where the calm Pacific flows—
From the Atlantic's sunny isles,
Where an unchanging summer smiles—
To regions of eternal snows;—

That chastening gloom shall widely spread
And, mingling sad regret with praise,
Full many a tearful voice shall raise
A requiem to the honoured dead!

'Twere vain—and worse than vain—to speculate
Upon the solemn mysteries of that state
Which God hath willed to shroud from mortal eyes,
Till, in loud thunders through the fading skies
The Archangel's trump shall sound; at whose dread call
The shivering Earth's fast hills and rocks shall fall,
And *this* creation, tottering to a close,
Become once more the chaos whence it rose!

Yet, in yon viewless realms—vast and sublime—
Beyond the reach of Fancy, as of Time—
If the two mightiest once on earth may meet,
How will each spirit its great rival greet?
Napoleon! Wellington! Oh! although *here*
Their names as watchwords of their age appear,
There, they will sink to nothingness beside
The Cherubim and Seraphim who glide
In light and glory all celestial—*they*
Have never worn the garb of human clay!

How fares that spirit in the shadowy land,
Where all—the greatest on this orb must stand
In trembling awe before the Eternal's throne?
Oh! there, may Christ have claimed him for His own,
And, 'midst His mercy and His power to save,
Have bid him rise victorious from the grave!

LITERARY LEAFLETS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. II.—A "Splendid" Writer.

The vaulting ambition of "fine" diction too often overleaps itself, and falls o' the other side. *Professus grandia turget.* Modern critics retain Horace's distrust of the *purpureus pannus, latè qui splendeat.* "Brilliant speakers and writers," says Archdeacon Hare, "should remember that coach-wheels are better than Catherine-wheels to travel on."* Tickling the fancy may be an amusing operation—occasionally; but tickling of any kind soon wears out the energies, and be the tickler never so accomplished and unwearying, the *ticklee* will speedily sicken of his attentions. Painted roses, and violets with a superadded artificial perfume, are not "the thing." My Lord Noodle, indeed, may admire, in flowing lyrics,

> Mighty Mr. Sol,
> So tilted out, so glorious,
> Glittering like a beau in a new birthday embroidery;†

but weaker eyes are fain to put up with a lesser light than that demanded by the sun-gazers of Noodledom. Mr. Lockhart figuratively remarks, in reference to *bravura* displays of conversational prowess, that in passing from a gas-lit hall into a room with wax-candles, the guests sometimes complain that they have left splendour for gloom; but let them try by what sort of a light it is most satisfactory to read, write, or embroider, or consider at leisure under which of the two, either men or women look their best.‡ Which things are an allegory. In the long run, no "splendid" writer will find his *panni* respected (except in Rag-fair), be they never so *purpurei.* Profusion of epithets does not always betoken opulence of thought;—for though an epithet is an addition, an addition (as a witty author observes) may easily be an encumbrance, as even a dog finds out, when a kettle is tied to his tail. "Stuff a man into a feather bed, and he will not move so lightly or nimbly. Yet many writers cram their thoughts into what might not inappropriately be called a feather bed of words."§ This is one of the splendid sins of splendid writers. And all bookworms have a deep interest in inserting into any revision of the liturgy, should it come to pass, a litanical deprecation (*libera nos!*) of *illud genus omne.*

If dissenters and Scotchmen—to speak generally—or if certain sections of them—to speak more accurately—are to be credited, British literature is at this present enriched with a "splendid" writer, in the person of Mr. George Gilfillan, of Dundee. "Waverley" enjoys no monopoly of the Gifted Gilfillan. Again and again have we perused glowing panegyrics, obstreperous eulogies, hyperbolic laudations of this gentleman's literary performances. How could bookworm resist appeals calculated to stir him, as with the sound of a trumpet—though it be a penny one, and that cracked? And how, having read what he was

* "Guesses at Truth." Second Series.
† Fielding's "Tom Thumb."
‡ "Life of Scott." Chap. lxli.
§ J. C. Hare.

summoned to read, could he, inveterate scribbler as well as insatiable bookworm, resist the *cacoëthes scribendi* to which the original sin of this paper is imputable?

Mr. Gilfillan is quite aware of the fallacy of overdoing the splendid, at least in the pages of others. Sensibly he condemns that kind of writing which consists in a succession of hops, steps, and jumps, as being in general productive of a feeling of tedium. "It teases and fatigues the mind of the reader. It is like crying perpetually upon a hearer, who is attending with all his might, to attend more carefully. It at once wearies and provokes, insults the reader, and betrays a fear of conscious weakness on the part of the author."* Can we laud, as a heaven-born judge, the "Daniel come to judgment" who ignores the heaven-descended Γνωθι σεαυτον; or worship as an impeccable sovereign the David who needs a monitor to whisper, "Thou art the man"—*de te fabula narratur?* Jean Paul, at the opening of a chapter in one of his novels,† entreats his readers to be indulgent for once, if they find in it an inordinate supply of metaphors and impassioned sentences; some such prefatory apology might be stereotyped for Mr. Gilfillan's use in his *opera* or *opuscula omnia*. For few of them but bristle

—— with terms unsquared,
Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles.‡

Southey compares exuberance of ornament to the style of French engravers, who take off the attention from the subject of their prints by the flowers and trappings of the foreground. "You think," he writes to Ebenezer Elliott, "you can never embroider your drapery too much; and that the more gold and jewels you can fasten on it the richer its effect must be. The consequence is, that there is a total want of what painters call breadth and keeping, and therefore the effect is lost.§ A cornucopœia of imagery often contains ill-assorted fruitage and flowers, and suggests by its heedless outpourings not a few yawns and smiles. To practise the one step from the sublime to the ridiculous is hazardous—yet too soon meets with success; for here too *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.* By Pope's doctrine, it is only the cloud-compelling Queen of Dulness whom such performances delight:

Here motley images her fancy strike,
Figures unpair'd and similes unlike;
She sees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;
How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race.‖

And one of Mr. Gilfillan's transatlantic critics is fain to avow, that such a perpetual straining after the introduction of prettinesses and gorgeous imagery and inflated metaphors—such an inundation of rhapsodical phrases and transcendental fancies, as characterise that author, had never before occurred to his (the critic's) literary experience. "What a desperate passion for flowers one must have who will not only cull roses, and pinks,

Second Gallery of "Literary Portraits." † "The Invisible Lodge."
"Troilus and Cressida." Act I. § "Life of Southey. A.D. 1809 and 1819."
"Dunciad." Book i., l. 65-70.

and other blossoms, but will put into the same bouquet the dandelion, the flaunting poppy, and even the nightshade and stramony."* In fact, Mr. Gilfillan's diction may not inaptly be described in words of his own, originally applied to a fellow-countryman and oratorical divine, as a "strange, amorphous, Babylonish dialect, imitative, yet original, rank with a prodigious growth of intertangled beauties and blemishes, enclosing amid vast tracts of jungle little bits of clearest loveliness, and throwing out sudden volcanic bursts of real fire amid jets of mere smoke and hot water."† From our adoption of the "saving clauses" and "redeeming points" in this description, it will be seen that we do not tax our author with the exclusive production of sheer bombast.

Some of his reviewers *do*. They can see in his florid complexion nothing but morbid ill-bloodedness. Whereas we are happy to descry and to acknowledge in his flourishes, a not unfrequent felicity, however spoilt in the setting. He gives you his truth, it has been said, precisely as he gets it;—"it comes before you as pearls, which have succession, but which have been strung together you scarcely know how."‡ That he has some degree of imaginative power, and an over-teeming fancy, must be evident to all his readers; nor are we inclined to deny him "views not destitute of vigor, and certainly replete with point and vivacity, so that, for the moment, of some happy paragraph we could almost say, "*Ubi bene, nemo melius.*" But, on the other hand, he is radically deficient in logical calmness, in steadiness of intellectual vision, in comprehension of view, in tact and taste, and in self-knowledge and self-restraint. The reputation of both Robert Hall and John Foster was singularly advanced by the *esprit de corps* of "denominational" and party influence; and, in like manner, the exalted honours to which Mr. George Gilfillan is, in some quarters, presumed to have attained, are due to a cognate cause. Indiscriminate and unconditional eulogists he has—*tant pis pour lui;* but they consist either of authorlings, criticasters, and poetasters, who have been praised by him in print, and who gratefully act up to their light of conscience on the "Caw me caw thee" principle; or of Caledonian *noncons*, proud of such a high-flying theologian, such a rhetorical critic, and such a "splendid" writer. Thus—one "Alastor," who has done deeds of dreadful note in prose and verse, affirms that the two "Galleries of Literary Portaits" (whose painter, by-the-way, had patted "Alastor" benignantly on the back) form a "waving forest of grand imagery;" and goes on to say, "no praise of mine could touch the pale of that awful Sinai, whose grand imagery hangs over and folds around it, even as that dread mountain when it shook with the thunder and lightnings of the immediate Godhead; I allude to those grand outpourings of a majestic soul to the eternal, whose crystal floods are gathered within his last great work, 'The Bards of the Bible'"—which *magnum opus*, we are subsequently assured, "is an altar raised to the great I AM, piled with golden thoughts and flame-like utterances . . . . and over all gradually spreads the night-like majesty of Bible-wisdom, till its religious firmament is sanded with the brilliant stars of revelation, to which Gilfillan's soul is as the tele-

* *North American Review*, July, 1851.
† First Gallery of Literary Portraits, p. 226.
‡ *British Quarterly Review*, No. xxi.

scope, bringing whole hidden galaxies to view."* How these "splendid" writers appreciate one another!

Again, a critic of a more sober school, writing in a short-lived journal, of whose contributors Mr. Gilfillan *magna pars fuit*, declares that to such a mind as *his* "all things are possible"—that he is at once the liberal clergyman, the candid critic, the true poet, the laborious student, the graceful essayist, the keen censor, the mature philosopher, the speculative enthusiast, the trained theologian—and concludes with the assertion, "For such a mind we feel convinced there is no place of rest. For such a mind it is not a matter of choice or ambition, but of inevitable necessity, to ascend in due course that chair of which we have already spoken†—to become the 'common measure' of rising genius—*the central truth in the intellect of our time*."‡ O ye accepted worthies of contemporary literature—ye master-minds of living authorship—take at once this "notice to quit," and forthwith pale your ineffectual fires before this burning and shining light! Your vocation is gone. Your mission is fulfilled. And he that is least in the kingdom of this new prophet, is greater than you. The days of the *Quarterly*, Mr. Lockhart, are numbered;—the reign of *Maga*, O Sheriff of Orkney, is accomplished;—henceforth be dumb, and keep still silence, ye singing-men and singing-women, ye Brownings and Tennysons—and barter your histories at the butter-shops, ye Macaulays and Grotes—and light your pipes with your philosophy, ye Hamiltons and Whewells; for lo! at your doors, though ye know it not, is the Coming Man, in the form of a dissenting minister, who is prepared, in broad Scotch, to ask "at" you all sorts of posing questions, if you don't by-and-by get out of his way. He, the central Sun, being risen, what occasion is there for *you* to twinkle, twinkle, little stars?

But is Mr. Gilfillan responsible for the *latria* worship of his idolators? Nay; on the contrary, he is surely sagacious enough to be somewhat vexed by the absurd prostration and mummery of their *cultus*. But he is tolerably complacent, too; and it is the unwarrantable degree of his self-esteem which emboldens us to this freedom of speech. Little likely is it his spirits should be dashed by ought *we* can indite. "Not a whit, not a whit." He may pair with Monsieur Trissotin himself in

> Cette intrépidité de bonne opinion,
> Cet indolent état de confiance extrême,
> Qui le rend en tout temps si content de soi-même,

* "Excelsior; or, the Realms of Poesie."

† The "chair" in question is for him, the Coming Man, who shall "sit as Moderator in the sublime assembly of this age," and who, according to the authority from whom we quote, "must tame us by the purged pre-eminence of fasting, and watching, and prayer, and knowledge, and patience," and "must stand before us as the virgin before the lion (!)—and must ride us as the ship the sea"—and must be at once "the critic, the theologian, and the philosopher, with the soul of a saint, and the smile of a friend, and the face of a man. This man—this angel in plain clothes (!)—this νικη απτερος—who shall recognise the children of light by the freemasonry of kin, is the literary want of our times." And that Mr. George Gilfillan, continues the oracle from which we quote, "possesses such powers, properties, and aptitudes for this office, as have been combined by no other modern author, is a conviction from which, we think, the impartial reader cannot escape."—*Palladium*, vol. i., pp. 30, 32, 35.

‡ "Palladium," vol. i., p. 36.

Qui fait qu'à son mérite incessamment il rit,
Qu'il se sait si bon gré de tout ce qu'il écrit.*

Furthermore, he is himself forward to justify critical censure, when there is a call for it; meeting the remark of Lord Cockburn's reviewer in the *Eclectic*, that it would not be graceful to point out the blemishes of the "Life of Jeffrey," by this elegant reply: "That is, you walk along Prince's-street, you see a gentleman whose coat has been torn, and, saying to yourself it would not be graceful to apprise him of such a vulgar accident, you pass forward, and allow the poor fellow to go on amid a general grin till he reaches the North Bridge." Upon this hint, we speak—albeit hopeless of persuading Mr. George Gilfillan that *his* black coat has an unseemly rent in it, and is in fact a coat of *too* many colours. To him it is a Joseph's coat, for he has dreamed Joseph's dreams, and seen his brethren bowing down to him, and is entirely persuaded that the ὀναρ ἐστι Διος.

But who *is* Mr. Gilfillan, now interjects a hitherto patient and much-enduring reader; who *is* he, and what has he written to deserve all this fuss? His *début*, then, was in the part of a painter of "Literary Portraits"—of which he has thrown open to the public two "Galleries"—many of the heads being finished off with no little cleverness and originality, but nearly all marred by grotesque touches and queer "effects." The intensely complacent air of the artist gives him, all the while, the look of a charlatan; and we seem to hear him commenting on his labours in the language of Mascarille, "Les portraits sont difficiles, et demandent un esprit profond: vous en verrez de ma manière qui ne vous déplairont pas."† More recently, he has produced what *he* calls a "prose poem," under the title of the "The Bards of the Bible," and which is a tesselated mass of almost beauties and downright absurdities. Sometimes he gives you a paragraph of daring and dashing eloquence; but it either limps off with a lame and impotent conclusion, or is succeeded by some monstrous amalgam of crude conceit and exaggerated diction. Speaking for ourselves, we find little in this book that is calculated to deepen our reverence for the sacred oracles of which it treats:

Ακουε τἀνδρος τοῦδε, καὶ σκοπει κλυων
Τα σεμν' ιν' ἡκει τοῦ θεοῦ μαντευματα.‡

To the periodical press of the day, Mr. Gilfillan is also a liberal contributor; his name and style being familiar to the readers of the *British Quarterly Review*, the *Eclectic*, the *Critic*, *Hogg's Instructor*, &c. He has also given notice that he is at present engaged on a history of the Scotch Covenanters; and has occasionally thrown out a hint of his design to perpetrate a novel in Longfellow's style, or an allegory in his own.

He is here presented as a mature specimen of the "splendid" writer—a class especially in demand among half-educated and fanatical dabblers in literature, who crave stimulants and excitement in the pulpit and the

* Molière: "Les Femmes Savantes."

† "Les Précieuses Ridicules." And *our* Mascarille, too, has, here and there, his Madelon to exclaim, "Je vous avoue que je suis furieusement pour les portraits: je ne vois rien de si galant que cela." (Scene X.)

‡ "Œdip. Tyran." 951-2.

review, just as urgently as another class requires them in the melodrama and the romance. Mr. Gilfillan has talent that might be put to better uses. His fertile fancy, his often subtle insight, his singular range of language and wealth of illustration, might, if presided over by a correct taste and clear-sighted judgment, produce works of deep and enduring value. But as it is, he wilfully outrages good feeling and good sense by wayward sallies of bombast. He loves to start an arbitrary analogy, and make it run all lengths, mad as a March hare; or he calls from the vasty deep of his chaotic fancy an imaginary antithesis, makes it his hobby for a page or two, mounts it with the *furore* of a wild huntsman, and rides it to death,

> Over hill, over dale, thorough bush, thorough briar,
> Over park, over pale, thorough flood, thorough fire.*

Such passages are frequently composed—as it has been observed of the *splendidi panni* of a celebrated French author—under the guidance of the ear, the truths glanced at being lost in a torrent of jargon and verbiage: the intellect "pauses not, to take cognisance of the value of the thought, and of the very partial and limited extent to which it is either correct or applicable." Links of affinity are forged wholesale, and bound together in hot haste and most admired disorder. A trope is used as crutch to a lame argument, and a halting reason is borne off triumphantly by a suite of similes. A simile of Mr. Savage Landor's fabric may serve to prop up our own arguments and reasons against such writers in general:—"They carry stem and stern too high out of the water, and are more attentive to the bustling and bellying of the streamers than to the soundness of the mast, the compactness of the deck, or the capacity and cleanliness of the hold."† And a bad sign of the times it is, when such literature is in request among young, thoughtful, and inquiring minds. Of such—and this is no worthless compliment—we believe Mr. Gilfillan's audience mainly to consist. That the young amongst them will weary of his magnificence as they grow older, and the thoughtful as they compare notes, and the inquiring as they search below the surface, we are sufficiently convinced; but, meanwhile, serious injury is inflicted on the due adjustment and harmonious development of their faculties, intellectual and imaginative, by the diet of "forced-meat" piquancies, and over-spiced *cuisine* and honeyed sweetnesses, to which they habituate themselves in such a gorgeously decorated *salle-à-manger*. The climate and living of India do not improve the digestion or brace the constitution of its denizens. As little will the torrid splendours and "nest of spiceries" of the Gilfillan type of authorship invigorate the mental powers of any who are attracted thither by the report of gold mines and "diggings" extraordinary. "Blessed," as saith the Eastern proverb, "is he that expecteth nothing, for *he* shall not be disappointed."

Of the torrid splendours and Indian temperature of Mr. Gilfillan's style, profuse illustrations might be given. His passion for the sanguineous in all its shades is all-absorbing, and indulges itself *ad libitum*. A schoolboy, colouring his first attempt at a map, is not more lavish of marine blue in painting the ocean, and bays, and lakes, than is this literary portrait-painter of red in all its mixtures—the glowing crimson

* "Midsummer Night's Dream," ii., 1.
† "Pericles and Aspasia," § cxxxiv.

—the flagrant vermilion—the flaunting scarlet. Anti-Romanist as he is, he could not *help* painting the Church as a scarlet lady. Glance with us, reader, in desultory fashion, over some* of his ruddy sketches, and judge for yourself his fondness for this hectic pigment—his fiery zeal for "rubric" and red letters—his relish for lightning, sheet or forked, it matters not.

The "Hellas" of Shelley, he tells us, is a "wild, prophetic impromptu, half white foam, and half red fire." The same poet's "Ode to Naples" travels "on storm wings of shadowy fire." Lord Brougham's eye "shines like a sunken pit of fire suddenly disclosed,—his arms vibrate like sharp tongues of flame in the blast." Before the view of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," "some great mountain of past crime for ever rears its forked and blood-red peaks." Pollok's "Course of Time" contains lines "memorable, as if written in red characters"—(according to which doctrine, Mr. Gilfillan's books will be *very* memorable, indeed); and his "descriptions of Hell show a man who had rolled the red idea in the furnace of his mind, till it was rounded into fearful distinctness of shape and symmetry." "The red source of Byron's genius, shut in death, sullenly opens at his (Pollok's) spell, and, dipping his pencil in it, the painter hastily limns him in burning colours." Thrice dear are such lines in Aird and others as describe Galilæan demoniacs who already "dwell 'mid horned flames and blasphemy in the red range of hell," and gibbering ghosts, with "fire-curled, cinder-crusted tongues." One of Aird's prose works is "red with fiery and convulsive life," and precious fragments are quoted about "sounding rains of fire that come ever on," and Ambition "lashed with a bigger and redder billow," and Avarice with "its awful lava of fierce, but unregenerating, fire;" while the same poet's "Devil's Dream" provides its delighted expositor with an interminable series of "red sheets of fire," "flakes of flame," "red bewildered maps" of sky-scenery, lakes like a "red and angry plate," "fiery coasts," "salted fires," "crested waves of grizzly gleam," &c. &c. Southey has a "flaming genius"—though a few pages later we are informed, "his genius emits a deep, steady, permanent glow—*never* those sharp tongues of flame, &c." Robert Hall's "Discourse on War" is pronounced "beautiful, but faint—done in water-colours, when he should have dipped his pencil in blood." Godwin "had not the huge one-glaring orb of a Cyclops, letting in a flood of rushing and furious splendour." "No devouring fire of purpose has hitherto been seen to glare in Sir Bulwer Lytton's eye." But the baronet's Pompeii novel "glows like a cinder from Vesuvius," and depicts "most gorgeously the feelings

* This mode of treating Mr. Gilfillan's writings is objectionable to his admirers, naturally enough. "Nothing is more easy," says one of them, "than to pick out a few such *maculæ*, and parade them, as affording a fair specimen of his style." (*Palladium*, vol. ii.) "His very faults," says another, "on which some minor critics show themselves so large, are often faults which the said critics could not commit." (*Brit. Quart. Review*, vol. xi.) However, it is tranquillising to reflect on the inevitable innocuousness of aught we can do in this direction; for we are assured, from the same quarter, that "such cheap and petulant criticism will ultimately do harm only to those who are mean enough to indulge in it. Mr. Gilfillan has taken too high a place in public estimation to be touched by such ill-fledged arrows." Happy man be his dole!

The "elegant extracts" which adorn the text, *ut suprà*, are culled from the flower-show of his writings in general—including his uncollected contributions to *Tait*, the *Instructor*, the *Critic*, &c.

of that fiery drunkard." Byron's "very contempt is molten; his tears of laughter, as well as of misery, fall in *burning* showers." Carlyle's conversation "is a river of lava, red, right onward, and irresistible." Over Macaulay, writing in the War-office the Roman Lyrics, "the Genius of Battle might be figured bending, and shedding from her wings a ruddy light upon his rapidly and furiously-filling page." To Tennyson, poetry "is not a morning flush in the sky of youth," but "it is a consuming and imperishable fire"—"it is fact on fire." John Sterling's genius "dances on a brilliant and shapeless fire-mist." Under Wordsworth's "steadfast look," Windermere "has kindled into a new lustre—like a red western heaven glorifying its waters." Of Alison's Sermons, "few burning embers cling to our memories or our hearts." (Evidently Mr. Gilfillan has no horror of heart-burn.) The historian who wishes to be read, and to "send down a shrill from his red-margined page into the future," must write worthily of revolutionists. Marat was a scarecrow, "with inflamed noddle, and small, keen, bloodshot eyes." Danton's "blasphemies were sublime as those heard in the trance of Sicilian seer, belched up from fallen giants through the smoke of Ætna, or like those which made the 'burning marl' and the 'fiery gulph' quake and recoil in fear,"—and Danton "did not dabble in blood," but only made "one fierce and rapid irruption into the neighbourhood of the '*Red Sea*,' and returned sick and shuddering therefrom." The Hebrew prophet's "dark eye swam . . . . with the light of the divine afflatus,"—he was "a meteor kindled at the eye, and blown on the breath, of the Eternal"—and the "fury of God glared in his eye." David, "firmly, with his blood-red hand, grasps the Book of the Law of God." The stone-tables provided by Moses, "received and cooled the red-dropping syllables of the fiery Law."

Almost equal is our author's attachment to such words as "shriek," "scream," "sob," "gasp," and all their kith and kin. Shelley discusses a point in Plato, under the twilight trees, "with far-heard shrieking voice"—and runs to his friend Hogg at Oxford, "shrieking out with clasped hands, and streaming eyes, 'I am expelled!'"—and is habitually fast and fervid in conversation, "shrieking out his winged words." Coleridge's verse combines "the softness of the breeze—the shriek of the rising gale." The author of "Satan," "rushes up, at first, with screams of ambitious agony." Lord Brougham's voice is "now exalted to a harrowing shriek, and now sunk to a rasping and terrible whisper." Towards the close of his career, Byron's "wild shrieking earnestness subsided into Epicurean derision." The same noble lord was a Laocoon, "covered from head to foot with snakes of supernal vengeance, bearing their burden with deep agonised silence, starting and shrieking upon the application of a thorn, which the hand of some puny passing malignant had thrust into his foot." King Lear "shrieks up questions to the heavens, which make the gloomy curtains of night to shiver."

As specimens of Mr. Gilfillan's lawless taste, in ambitious passages, take the following. Hamlet is said to "dance on his wild erratic way to his uncle's death," and that uncle to "hiccup aphorisms." "The great dramatist has used Hamlet as Turpin did Black Bess—he has drenched him with the wine of demi-derangement, and thus accomplished his perilous ride." "Strauss is a great blockhead—the last stench of the infidel spirit." In his Astronomical Discourses, Dr. Chalmers "now drifts across the red light of Mars . . . . now bespeaks the wild comet,

and now rushes in to spike the guns of that battery against the Bible, which the bold hands of sceptical speculators have planted upon the stars." Pollok's "description of the resurrection, though vivid and vigorous, is as coarse as though done by a *resurrection*-man." To be oratorical in praise when you stand before some masterpiece of genius, "were nearly as absurd as to cheer the thunder or encore the earthquake." Allan Cunningham's mind wanders untamed, "like a giant of the infant world, striding with large uneven steps . . . . laying his lubber length on the dry, bald, burning rock, and snorting out from his deep chest terrific slumber;" —and his "Michael Scott" "can be likened to nothing in earth, sea, or air, but the caldron of a Canidia or a Hecate, with which sparkles interpiercing a thick smoke, through which you see, or seem to see, amid a tremendous 'bubble and squeak,'—a hell-broth in the act of cookery, which a Cerberus might, with sputtering noise, reject." Ebenezer Elliott's "savage power has taught him to wield the hammer and the pen with little difference in degree of animal exertion and mental fury. We can never divest our minds as we read him of the image of a grim son of the furnace, black as Erebus, riving, tearing, and smiting at his reluctant words." Aird's vision of the high hills seen reeling in sympathy with the breaking waves of the burning lake, is "a circumstance reminding us of Hogarth's houses in Gin Alley. A sigh is bestowed on the unhappy "laureate who must sweat poetry out of every birth, baptism, burial, and battle." Poetry itself is "a splendid ulcer." Men have frequently but injudiciously classed Byron and Shelley together, as two dissolute and disorderly blackguards, because the two found themselves together one stormy night in the streets, having both been thrust out by the strong arm from their homes. "One had been kicking up a row and kissing the serving-maids; the other had been trying to reform the family, but in so awkward a fashion, that in his haste he had put out all the lustres, and nearly blown up the establishment." As to Mr. Macaulay's theology, it seems "we might ask with much more propriety *at* him the question which a reviewer asked *at* Carlyle, 'Can you tell us, quite in confidence, your private opinion as to the place where wicked people go?" Punsters are a feeble folk; for, "what poor creatures you meet continually, from whom puns come as easily as perspiration." (Talk about "odorous" comparisons!) "Carlyle's invective sometimes seems the foul spittle of some angry god. It is a wild, lashing rain from *above*, like Isaiah in his wrath"* In reference to Byron's letters as illustrating his poems, it is interesting, says Mr. Gilfillan, "while these great cataracts are heaving on, to mark this attendant spray-sweat of their agony." (Prince Hal was not richer, surely, in the "most unsavory similes.") Dr. Croly's is a "galloping" style—at a "generous, break-neck pace"—"it is no vulgar intoxication—it is a debauch of nectar; it is not a Newmarket, but a Nemean race." Certain religious *littérateurs* of the day are satirised as "hanging around the majestic form of Christianity a dirty finery, picked up from the cast-off clothes of second-rate poets, and sinking the mother-tongue of Heaven

* Commend us to Mr. Gilfillan for making the metaphoric gruel thick and slab. What an exquisite synthesis this—of "foul spittle," "wild lashing rain," and the wrath of Isaiah! What does our fervid divine think of the *Ars Poetica* criticism,

"Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
Delphinum silvis appingit, fluctibus aprum?"

into the sickly whine of a mendicant, as though Isaiah had become an old Jew clothesman." A Mr. Anderson, of Glasgow, of pulpit-prowess, "so paints perdition, that you seem to hear the roar of its sleepless fires, and the tossing of the victims on the unmade beds of despair." Michael Angelo, "pious as he was, would have broken up the true cross for pencils, and studied chiaroscuro at Calvary." "The idea of *Doctor* Milton is ludicrous. As well speak almost of Dr. Isaiah, Professor Melchisedec, or——Ezekiel, Esq." "We can well fancy Adam Black, or John Murray, saying to Milton, 'Splendid poem, sir—great genius in it; but it won't sell, we fear—far too long—too many learned words in it—odd episode that on Sin and Death. If you could rub it down into a tragedy, and secure Macreadyfor Satan, and Helen Faucett for Eve, it might take; or, if you could write a few songs on the third French Revolution, or something in the style of Dombey and Son. Good morning, Mr. Milton.'" Swedenborg's intellect "kept him cool amid the most fiery and horrible details of damnation; he was a mere meter to the gas of the everlasting fire." Æschylus was the laureate of that fallen house, "the Stuarts of the skies—till a dying cockney-boy, with power projected from eternity, with hectic heat and unearthly beauty, sang Hyperion." Shelley "was a hectic hero; a Titan in a deep decline." In *his* "Prometheus," the "thought is often drowned in a diarrhœa of words;" and the "last act is to us a mere dance of darkness." St. Peter is the "Oliver Goldsmith of the New Testament." And, to conclude,—what thinks the worthy peripatetic *custos* in the Nineveh room of the British Museum, of the following *éloge* of his department:—"You could talk under the dome of the Crystal Palace—the Ninevehtic remains, which seemed the *fragments of the blast of the breath* of God's nostrils, made you silent. . . . What could you do but *gasp for breath*, and *cling convulsively to your seat*," &c., &c., &c.

But enough. It is a solace to know how impervious Mr. Gilfillan is to the criticisms of "puny, passing malignants," to which category he will doubtless consign us—and how sublimely impenetrable he must be to their disposition to hint a fault and hesitate dislike. Yet he does now and then evince a susceptibility to be "riled" a little; and this fact creates in us some apprehension lest even our obscurity should be assailed by a pitiless storm of the "fragments of the blast of the breath" of his vengeance. Mr. Macaulay has already incurred his personal displeasure, from some incapacity on the historian's part to appreciate his brilliancy. The *North American Review* criticised his "Bards on the Bible" in a manner "which did vex him;" and he waxes irate about "that stupidest of all 'Old Granny's' effusions. . . . She has lost all her teeth, poor body; and her tongue is not very clean. I fear the worst for her." And because the *Athenæum* saw reason to speak slightly of Mr. Gilfillan, he denounces that journal as containing only "dry and sapless critiques . . . where ill-temper, spite, and *mean jealousy* are mistaken for honesty and truth; and the clique connected with which are, as a whole, destitute alike of insight, heart, and enthusiasm." Probably, *we* are fathoms and fathoms below Mr. Gilfillan's contempt; but if he *should* call us bad names, and meditate the ruin of the Magazine, we shall soothe ourselves with remembering the good company with which his anathema associates us.

Meanwhile, we have "nothing exaggerated," and are certain we have "set down nought in malice.

ESBEN.*

FROM THE DANISH OF S. S. BLICHER.

By Mrs. Bushby.

The greatest sorrow that this world can give,
Is, far away from those one loves—to live.

Sometimes, when I have wandered away—away over the wild and apparently endless moors, where I could see nothing but the brown heath below, and the blue skies above me; when I have roamed on far from men, from their busy haunts, and the signs and tokens of their active worldly labours, which, after all, are but molehills, that Time, or some restless and turbulent Tamerlane, shall again level to the ground; when I have strayed, light of heart and proudly free as a Bedouin, whom no fixed domicile, no narrow circumscribed fields chain to one spot, but who, as its owner, occupies *all he beholds;* who does not indeed dwell, but pitches his tent where he will; if then my keen searching glances along the horizon have discovered a house, how often—God forgive me! has not the passing thought arisen in my mind—for it was no settled desire—to wish that the human habitation was annihilated. There, must dwell trouble and sorrow; there, must exist disputes about *mine* and *thine!* Ah! the happy desert is both thine and mine, is every one's, is no one's. A lover of the woods would have contented himself with wishing a whole colony of trees planted there; I have wished that the heath could have remained as it was a thousand years ago, uncultivated by human hands, untrodden by human feet! Yet this wish was not always satisfactory to myself, for when fatigued, overheated, suffering from hunger and thirst, I have endeavoured to turn my thoughts with longing to an Arab's tent and rude hospitality, I have caught myself thanking heaven that a house thatched with broom—at not a mile's distance—promised me shelter and refreshment.

It so happened that some years ago, one calm warm September day, I found myself on the same heath that, in my Arabian dreams, I called mine. Not a breath of wind crept among the purple heather; the air was sultry and heavy, the distant hills that bounded the view seemed to float like clouds around the immense plain, and assumed the appearances of houses, towns, castles, men, and animals; but all was vague in outline, and ever shifting, as the images seen in dreams. A cottage would expand into a church, and that again into a pyramid; here, suddenly uprose one spire; there, as suddenly sank another; a man turned into a horse, and that again into an elephant; here, glided a little boat, and there, a ship with every sail spread. Long did my delighted eyes gaze on these fantastic figures—a panorama that only the mariner or the wanderer of the desert has ever the pleasure of beholding—when, becoming a prey to hunger and to thirst, I began to look for a real house among the many false ones in my sight. I longed most earnestly to exchange all my beautiful fairy palaces for one single peasant's cottage.

* The title of this tale in the original is "Hosekrämmeren" ("The Hosier"). The translator has changed it to that of "Esben," the name of its hero.

My wishes were granted; I descried at length a *real* tenement, without spires or towers, whose outline became sharper and more defined the nearer I approached, and which, flanked by stacks of peat, looked larger than it really was.

The inhabitants were unknown to me. Their clothing was poor; their furniture of the plainest description; but I knew that the dwellers on the heath often hid their precious metal in some secret depository, and that a tattered garb sometimes concealed a well-lined pocket-book. When, on going in, I observed a recess filled with stockings, I shrewdly guessed that I had introduced myself into the abode of a wealthy hosier (in a parenthesis be it said, that I never knew a poor one).

An elderly, grey-haired, but still vigorous man, advanced to meet me, and with a cordial "welcome" offered me his hand. "May I be permitted to ask," he added, "where my guest comes from?" One must not take umbrage at so blunt and unmannerly a question. The rustic of the heath is almost as hospitable as the Scotch lairds, though rather more inquisitive; but, after all, one cannot blame him that he seeks to know whom he entertains. When I had enlightened him as to who I was and whence I came, he called his wife, who without loss of time set before me the best the house contained, kindly inviting me to partake of it; an invitation which I was not slow in accepting.

I was in the midst of my repast, and also in the midst of a political conversation with mine host, when a young and uncommonly beautiful girl came in, whom I should indubitably have pronounced to have been a young lady in disguise, who had made her escape from cruel parents or hateful guardians, had not her red hands and country dialect convinced me that there was no *travestissement* in the case. She curtsied with a pleasant smile, looked under the table, went hastily out, and soon returned to the room with a dish of bread and milk, which she placed on the ground, saying, "Your dog will probably also want something to eat."

I thanked her for her kind consideration; but my gratitude was nothing compared to that of the great dog, whose greed had soon caused the dish to be emptied, and who then thanked the fair donor after his own fashion, by jumping roughly upon her; and when she, in some alarm, threw her arms up in the air, Chasseur mistook her meaning, sprung up higher, and brought the shrieking girl to the ground. I called the dog off, of course, and endeavoured to convince the damsel of his good intentions. I should not have drawn the reader's attention to so trivial a matter, but to introduce a remark, namely, that everything is becoming to beauty; for every motion and every look of this rural fair one had a natural grace and charm, which the well-tutored coquette might in vain try to assume.

When she had left the room, I asked the good people if she was their daughter. They answered in the affirmative, adding that she was their only child.

"You will not have her long with you," I remarked.

"God help us! what do you mean?" asked the father; but a sort of self-satisfied smile showed me that he full well understood my meaning.

"I think," I replied, "that she is likely to have a great many wooers."

"Oh!" muttered he, "wooers are in plenty; but unless they are worth something, what is the use of talking of them. To come a wooing

with a watch and silver-mounted pipe is nothing to the purpose—great cry and little wool—and faith!" he exclaimed, setting both his elbows on the table, and stooping to look out at the low windows, "here comes one of them, a fellow who has just raised his head above the heather—one of these pedlars who travel about with a pair or two of stockings in their wallet as samples, forsooth. The cur-dog, he wants to play the sweetheart to my daughter, with his two miserable oxen, and his cow and a half! Yes, there he is, skulking along, the pauper!"

The object of these execrations, and the person on whom were bent looks as lowering as if he had been a thief, was now approaching the house, but was still far enough off for me to ask my host who he was, and to be told that he was the son of his nearest neighbour, who, however, lived at the distance of more than a mile; that his father possessed only a small farm, upon the security of which he owed the hosier 200 dollars; that the son, who had for some years hawked about woollen goods, had lately presumed to propose for the beautiful Cecilia, but had received a flat refusal.

Whilst I was listening to this little history, Cecilia herself came in; and her anxious and sorrowful looks, which wandered, by turns, between her father and the traveller without, enabled me to guess that she did not coincide in the old man's view of affairs. As soon as the young man entered by one door, she disappeared by another, not however without casting on him a hurried, but kind and speaking glance. My host turned towards the new comer, grasped the table with both his hands, as if he found some support needful, and acknowledged the young man's "God's peace be here," and "Good day," with a dry "Welcome." The uninvited guest stood for a few moments while he cast his eyes slowly round the room, took a tobacco-pouch from one pocket and a tobacco-pipe from another, knocked it on the stove by his side and filled it again. All this was done leisurely, and in a kind of measured manner, while my host remained motionless, in the attitude he had assumed.

The stranger was a very handsome youth, a worthy son of our northern clime, where, though men are slow of growth, their frames become lofty and strong. He had light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, ruddy cheeks, and a chin on whose downy smoothness the razor had not yet played, although its owner had numbered his twentieth year. His dress was not that of a common peasant, it was the costume generally adopted by tradesmen, but was much superior in its texture and its smartness to that of the rich hosier himself. He wore a frock coat, white trousers, a striped red vest, and a cotton cravat; he looked, at least, no unworthy suitor to the lovely Cecilia. His pleasant, open countenance pleased me: it was expressive of that enduring patience and power of unswerving perseverance, which form such prominent features in the Cimbric national character.

A long time elapsed before either of them would break silence; at length my host was the first to open his mouth, which he did by asking slowly, and in a cold and indifferent tone and manner, "Whither bound to-day, Esben?"

The other answered, without at all hurrying himself, while he lighted his pipe leisurely, and took a long whiff, "No farther to-day, but to-morrow I am off to Holstein."

Thereupon there occurred another long pause, during which Esben looked at all the chairs one after another, took one, and finally sat down. At that moment the mother and daughter entered, and the young man nodded to them with such an unaltered and tranquil air, that I should have thought he was quite indifferent to the beautiful Cecilia, had I not known that love, in a breast such as his, might be not the less strong that it lay concealed; that it is not the blaze, which flashes and sparkles, but the steady fire that burns and warms the longest.

Cecilia, with a sigh, placed herself at the farthest end of the table, and began immediately to knit; her mother condescended to say, "Welcome, Esben!" as she settled herself at her spinning-wheel.

"Are you going on account of business?" drawled out the hosier at length.

"If any offers," replied the visitor. "One can but try what may be done in the south. My errand here is, to beg that you will not be in too great a hurry to get Cecil married, but will wait till I come back, and we can see what my luck has been."

Cecilia coloured, but continued to look stedfastly at her work. The mother stopped her spinning-wheel with one hand, laid the other on her lap, and looked hard at the speaker; but the father said, as he turned with a wink to me, "'While the grass grows'—you know the rest of the proverb. How can you ask that Cecil shall wait for you? You may stay very long away, perhaps, even—you may never come back."

"It is your own fault, Michel Kræensen!" replied Esben, with some impetuosity. "But listen to what I say; if you compel Cecil to marry any one else, you will do grievous wrong both to her and to me."

So saying, he arose, held out his hand to both the old people, and bade them a short and stiff farewell. To their daughter he said, but in a more tender and somewhat faltering voice, "Farewell, Cecil! and thanks for all your kindness. Think of me sometimes, unless you are obliged to—— God be with you, and with you all! Farewell!"

He turned towards the door, thrust his tobacco-pouch and pipe into his pocket, seized his hat, and went forth without casting one look behind. The old man smiled triumphantly, his wife sighed aloud an "Ah, dear!" as she set her spinning-wheel in motion again, but large tears rapidly coursed each other over Cecilia's now pale cheeks.

I had the greatest possible inclination to invite a discussion of the principle which actuated these parents in regard to their child's marriage. I could have reminded them, that wealth does not suffice to ensure happiness in married life; that the heart must also have its share; that prudence counsels to think more of integrity, industry, and a good disposition, than of mere riches. I could have remonstrated with the father (for the mother seemed at least neutral) on his harshness to his only daughter. But I knew the nature of the lower orders too well to waste useless words on such subjects; I knew that *money* takes precedence of everything else in that class; but—is it otherwise with other classes? I knew, moreover, the dogged firmness of the peasantry, approaching almost to obstinacy, especially when any controversy with one in a superior rank of life was in question, and that the less they felt themselves able to argue, the more stiff-necked they became in adhering to their own notions. There came yet another reflection to prevent me, unbidden,

from thrusting my finger into the pie. It was this:—Are not riches, after all, the most real and solid of all the good things of this earth? Is not money a sufficient substitute for every other sublunary advantage and blessing; the unexceptionable passport for securing meat and drink, clothes and household comforts, respect and friendship, nay, a pretty large share of love itself? Is it not fortune which furnishes the greatest number of enjoyments, and bestows the greatest independence—which supplies almost every want? Is not poverty the rock upon which not only friendship, but love itself, often splits? "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window," is a proverb quoted by all classes. Alas! it is much to be wished that only Love and Hymen should meet together, but they too often insist on having Plutus to accompany them.

After such a review of the world, as it is—but, perhaps a more rational review than many would wish or expect from a writer of novels—they will easily believe that I did not meddle in Esben's and Cecilia's romance, especially as I thought it not unlikely that, on the part of the former, this might have been merely an eligible speculation, founded less on the daughter's beauty and affection than on the father's commercial credit and well-filled purse. And though I could not admit that *true love* is only a poetic fiction, yet I could not deny that it is more frequently found in books than in reality.

When the beautiful Cecilia had left the room, apparently to give vent to her feelings in a passion of tears, I ventured to remark that it was a pity the young man was not better off, adding that he seemed to be a fine fellow, and fond of the girl.

"What if he came back," I asked, "with some hundred dollars' worth of bank-notes?"

"If they were his own," said old Michel, with a significant wink, "well—that would be another affair."

I soon after took my departure, and went forth again into the deserted heath, free as it was from human beings and their cares. At a good distance on one side I perceived Esben, and the smoke issuing from his pipe. "Thus," thought I, "he is consoling himself in his sorrow and his love; but the unhappy Cecilia!" I cast a lingering look back on the rich hosier's domicile, and said to myself, "Had that house not stood *there*—there would have been so many less tears in this sad world!"

Six years had passed away before I happened again to be on that part of the heath; it was a calm September day, like the one on which I had formerly been there. Chance led me to the hosier's habitation; and as I recognised old Michel Kræensen's lonely dwelling, I recalled to memory the pretty Cecilia and her lover. With the remembrance came a curiosity, or rather a longing to know what had been the conclusion of this pastoral poem—this heath-drama.

As usual with me in similar cases, I felt much inclined to anticipate the probable history. I made my own conclusions, and settled in my own mind how everything had turned out, guided by destiny to a happy *dénouement*. Alas! how often were not my conclusions widely different from the real course of events! And such was the case here; I pictured to myself Esben and Cecilia as man and wife—she, with an infant in her arms—the grandfather with one or two little prattlers on his knee—and

the young hosier himself a thriving and happy partner in the still flourishing concern; but, it was far otherwise.

Before I had crossed the threshold I heard a female's sweet voice singing what, at first, I took for a lullaby, or cradle-song, though the tone was so melancholy that my raised expectations at once fell considerably. I stood a moment and listened; the words of the song were mourning over hopeless love. They were simple, yet full of truth and sorrow, but my memory only retains the two lines which formed the refrain:

The greatest sorrow that this world can give,
Is, far away from those one loves—to live.

With dark forebodings I pushed open the door. A stout, strong-looking, middle-aged woman, of the labouring class, who was carding wool, was the first on whom my eye fell; but it was not she who sang. The songstress had her back turned to me, she sat rocking herself rapidly backwards and forwards, and kept moving her hands as if she were spinning. The first-named arose and bade me welcome, but I hastened forwards to see the face of her companion. It was Cecilia—pale, but still beautiful. She looked up at me—ah! then I read insanity in the vacant, though shining eyes, in the inexpressive smile, in the whole mindless countenance! I also observed that she had no spinning-wheel before her, but that *that* which she was so busily turning must have been made of the same material as Macbeth's dagger.

She suddenly stopped both her song and her airy wheel, and asked me hurriedly and eagerly, "Are you from Holstein? Did you see Esben? Is he coming soon?"

I perceived her state, and thinking it best to humour her, I answered without hesitation,

"Yes; he will not be very long of coming now. I bring his kind remembrances to you."

"Then I must away to meet him!" she exclaimed, in a joyful tone of voice, and springing up from her straw chair, she rushed towards the door.

"Wait a moment, Cecil!" cried the other woman, throwing aside her work, "and let me go with you." She winked to me, and put her finger to her head, to inform me in dumb show, that her companion was wrong *there.*

"Mother," she exclaimed aloud, knocking hastily at the kitchen-door; "there is some one here—come, will you, for we are going out!" She then ran after the wanderer, who was already beyond the little court-yard.

The old woman came in. I did not recognise her, but guessed, rightly enough, that she was the unfortunate girl's mother. Years and sorrow had made sad havoc on her appearance. She did not seem to remember me either, but after a civil "Welcome—pray, sit down," she asked the usual question, "May I be permitted to know where you are from, good sir?"

I told her; and also reminded her that I had been her guest some years ago.

"Good Lord!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "is it you? Pray, take a seat at the table while I get some refreshment for you."

Though I was very eager to hear all the particulars of what had caused poor Cecilia's sad situation, yet a presentiment that some great calamity had happened, and a feeling of respect for the old woman's grief, restrained me from at once asking what I wished, yet dreaded to hear.

"Is your husband not at home?" was my first inquiry.

"My husband!" she exclaimed. "Our Lord has taken him long since—alas! It is now three years, come Michaelmas next, that I have been a widow. But, pray eat something—it is homely fare—but don't spare it."

"Many thanks," said I. "But tell me about yourselves. So your poor husband is gone—that must have been a sad loss—a sad grief to you."

"Ah, yes!" she replied, with tears in her eyes; "but that was not the only one. Did you see my daughter?"

"Yes," I answered; "she seemed to me a little strange."

"She is quite deranged," she exclaimed, bursting into tears. "She has to be watched constantly, and I am obliged to keep a woman to look after her. To be sure she spins a little—but she has scarcely time to do anything, for she has to be after poor Cecil at every hour of the day, when her thoughts fall upon Esben."

"Where is Esben?" I asked.

"In God's kingdom," she answered, solemnly. "So you did not ask her about him? Oh, Lord, have mercy on us! He came to a dreadful end, nobody ever heard of such a frightful thing. But pray make yourself at home—you can eat and drink while you are listening. Aye, aye, sad things have happened since you were here. And times are also very hard—business is extremely dull, and we have to employ strangers now to carry it on."

When I saw that her regret for past comforts mingled with her sorrow for present evils, and that neither were too great to prevent her relating her misfortunes, I took courage and asked her about them. She gave me a history, which, with the permission of my readers, I will repeat in the narrator's own simple and homely style. After having drawn a chair to the table, and taken up her knitting, she began:

"Kjeld Esbensen and ourselves have been neighbours since my first arrival here. Kjeld's Esben and our Cecil became good friends before any one knew anything about it. My husband was not pleased, nor I neither, for Esben had nothing, and his father but little. We always thought that the girl would have had more pride or more prudence than to dream of throwing herself away on such a raw lad. It is true he travelled about with a little pack, and made a few shillings; but how far would these go? He came as a suitor to Cecilia, but her father said *no*, which was not surprising, and thereupon Esben set off to Holstein. We observed that Cecil lost her spirits, but we did not think much of that—'She is sure to forget him,' said my good man, 'when the right one comes.'

"It was not long before Mads Egelund—I don't know if you ever saw him—he lives a few miles from this—he came and offered himself with an unencumbered property, and three thousand dollars a-year. That was something worth having. Michel immediately said *yes;* but Cecil, God help her! said *no*. So her father was very angry, and

led her a sad life. I always thought he was too hard upon her, but the worthy man would take no advice; he knew what was best, and he, and the father of Mads, went to the clergyman to publish the banns. All went well for two Sundays, but on the third one, when he said, 'If any of you know cause or just impediment why these two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony, ye are to declare it,' Cecil rose abruptly and cried out, 'I do; the banns for Esben and myself have been published three times in Paradise.'

"I tried to hush her, but it was too late; every soul in church had heard her, and had turned to stare at our seat. We were put to dreadful shame and mortification! I did not then imagine she was out of her mind; but when the clergyman had left the pulpit, she began again, and raved about Esben and Paradise, her wedding and her wedding-dress, till we were obliged to take her out of church. My good Michel scolded her well, and declared that it was all a trick; but, God help us! there was no trick in it. It was all sad reality—she was insane then, and she is insane now."

Here the speaker let the stocking she was knitting drop on her lap; took the woollen clue from her left shoulder, turned it round and round, and looked at it in all directions, but it was evident that her thoughts were not with it. After seeming to forget everything around her for a few minutes she took up her knitting-needles, and, along with her work, resumed her sad tale.

"All her talk was about her being dead, and having got to Paradise, where she was to be married to Esben, as soon as he also was dead; and she remained in this state day and night. My good Michel, of blessed memory, then perceived how it was with her. 'It is God's doing,' said he, 'and none can read His will.' But he took it to heart for all that; and as to me, many were the hours that I lay awake in my bed and wept, while everybody else was sleeping. Sometimes I could not help saying, that it would have been better if the young people had married. 'That may still come about,' said my husband. But that never was to be.

"For the first two months or so she was very ungovernable, and we tried severity with her; afterwards she became quiet, spoke little, but sighed and wept a great deal. She could not be induced to occupy herself in any way, for she always said, 'In Heaven every day is a holiday.'

"Full half-a-year passed in this way, and it was more than double that time since Esben had gone to the south, yet none of us had heard anything of him, either for good or for evil. However, one day, when we were sitting here—my good man, Cecil and myself—who should walk in but Esben! He had just arrived, had not yet even been to his own home, and had no idea what had happened, until he cast his eyes upon the girl, and then he could not fail to see that all was not right there.

"'You have tarried long,' said she; 'everything has been ready for the bridal a year and a day. But, tell me, are you living or dead?'

"'Good Heavens, Cecil!' cried he, 'you can surely see that I am living.'

"'That is a pity,' said she, 'for then you cannot enter the gates of Paradise. Strive to die as soon as possible, for Mads Egelund is watching to see if he can't come first.'

" 'This is a sad condition,' said he. 'Oh, Michel! Michel! you have done terrible wrong to us. I am now worth my five thousand dollars, too; and my mother's brother in Holstein has lately died unmarried—I am to be his heir.'

" 'What's that you say?' exclaimed my husband. 'It is a pity we did not know all this some time ago. But have patience; the girl will recover now.'

"Esben shook his head, but went up to my daughter, and taking her hand, said,

" 'Cecil, speak sensibly now—we are both living; and if you will only be reasonable, your parents will give their consent to our marriage.'

"But she snatched her hand from him, and putting both her arms behind her back, she shrieked,

" 'Away from me! What have I to do with you? You are a mortal man, and I am one of God's angels.'

"Thereupon he turned away, and began to weep bitterly.

" 'God forgive you, Michel Krænsen!' at last he said; 'God forgive you for the evil you have done to us two miserable beings!'

" 'Nay, take comfort,' said my good man, 'all may yet go well. Sleep here to-night, and let us see how she behaves in the morning.'

"It was towards evening, and a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning came on, the most fearful I ever witnessed in my life—one might have thought the last day was at hand. So Esben consented to stay with us, and by-and-by, when the storm had abated, we all went to bed; but through the wall I could hear Esben sighing, and almost sobbing. I fancied, too, that I heard him praying to our Heavenly Father: at length, I fell asleep.

"It might have been an hour or two past midnight when I awoke. All was still around. The storm was over, and the clear moonlight shone in calmly at the windows. I lay reflecting on the calamity that had befallen us—little did I think of that which I am now going to relate. It struck me, after a time, that Cecil was very quiet. Her little room was close to ours; I listened, but could not, as usual, hear her breathe; Esben, too, seemed to be extremely still. I felt a sort of foreboding that all was not right; therefore, leaving my bed, I crept softly to Cecilia's. I looked in—I felt for her—but *there* she was not. I then became very uneasy, hurried to the kitchen, struck a light, and went to the room which Esben occupied. Oh, horror of horrors! what did I behold there! She was sitting on Esben's bed, and had laid her head upon his breast, but when I came closer I saw that he was as white as a corpse, and that the lower part of his face, and the sheets, were red with blood. I screamed, and sank to the ground, but Cecil beckoned to me with one hand, while she patted his cheek with the other.

" 'Hush, hush!' she exclaimed, half aloud, 'my dearest love is now sleeping the sweet sleep. As soon as you have buried his body, angels will carry his soul to Paradise, and there we shall hold our bridal, amidst joy and glory.'

"Alas! alas! merciful Father pardon her! She had cut his throat—the bloody knife lay upon the floor beside the bed!"

Here the unfortunate widow hid her face with both her hands, and wept bitterly, while horror and distress filled my heart.

After a pause, she continued :—"As you may believe, there were sad lamentations and great wretchedness both at our house and at Esben's; but what is done cannot be undone. When the dead body was carried to the parents, they thought at first that it had been brought from Holstein —and, oh, what a crying and a screeching there was! It was enough to bring the house down about their ears. No wonder, too, for Esben was a fine young man, well to do—and just when he had come into a fine property and so much money, that he must die in the flower of his youth, and by the hand of her he loved. My worthy Michel could never get over *that;* he never held up his head again. In the course of a short time he became seriously ill, and then our Lord took him from me.

"The self-same day that he was buried, Cecilia fell into a deep sleep, and slept for many, many hours on a stretch. When she awoke, her reason had returned. I was sitting by her bed, and praying that the Almighty would release her, when suddenly, as she lay there, she heaved a deep, deep sigh, and casting her eyes on me, said, 'Are *you* there? Where have I been? It seems to me that I have had a most extraordinary dream. I fancied I was in heaven, and Esben was there with me. Speak, mother; tell me, for God's sake, where is Esben? Have you heard nothing from him since he went to Holstein?' I hardly knew what I could answer, but I said, 'No, we have no news from him.' She sighed. 'Where is my father?' she then asked. 'All is well with your father,' I replied; 'God has taken him to himself.' She began to weep. 'Ah, mother, let me see him!' she entreated. 'That is impossible, my child,' I said, 'for he is in his grave.' 'God preserve me!' she exclaimed. 'How long, then, have I slept?' By this exclamation I perceived that she had no idea of the state that she had been in. 'Why did you not wake me, mother?' she asked; 'had you nothing for me to do? Oh! how sweetly I have been sleeping, and what delightful dreams I have had. Esben came every evening and visited me; but it was rather odd that he had on a shining white dress, and a red necklace round his neck.'"

At this part of her story the old woman fell into deep thought, and it was not until after she had heaved many heavy sighs, that she continued her narration.

"My unfortunate child had recovered her reason, but God only knows if it was better for her. She was generally cheerful, but never got into high spirits; she spoke little, except when she was spoken to; worked very diligently, and was neither positively ill nor positively well in health. The news of her restoration to her senses spread rapidly in the neighbourhood, and, about three months after, came Mads Egelund a second time as her suitor. But she would have nothing to say to him whatsoever. When he was at length convinced that she could not endure him, he became much enraged, and did sad mischief. I, and all our neighbours, and every one who came here, agreed that we should never drop the slightest hint to Cecilia that she herself, during her insanity, had murdered the unfortunate Esben, and she imagined that he was either married, or had died in the south.

"One day that Mads was here, and was urging her vehemently to say 'Yes' to him, and that she declared she would rather die than marry him, he said plainly out, that he was, after all, too good for one who had cut

the throat of her first lover; and thereupon he maliciously poured forth all that had happened. I was in the kitchen, and only caught part of what he was saying. I instantly left what I was about, rushed in, and cried to him, 'Mads, Mads! for God's sake, what is that you are saying?' But it was too late; there she sate, as white as a plastered wall, and her eyes stood fixed in her head.

"'What am I saying?' retorted Mads; 'I am saying nothing but the truth. It is better for her to know *that*, than to treat her like a fool, and let her be waiting for a dead man the whole of her life.'

"He left us; but her reason had fled again, never more to return in this mortal life. You see yourself in what state she is; at all hours, when she is not sleeping, she is singing that song, which she herself composed when Esben went to Holstein, and she fancies that she is spinning linen for her house when married. But she is quiet enough, Heaven be praised! and does not attempt to harm the meanest creature that lives; however, we dare not lose sight of her for a moment. May God take pity upon us, and soon call us both away!"

As she uttered these last words, the unfortunate girl entered with her keeper.

"No," said she, "to-day he is not to be seen—but we shall surely have him to-morrow. I must make haste, or I shall not have finished this linen." She placed herself hurriedly upon her low straw chair, and with her hands and feet in rapid, yet mimic action, she recommenced her mournful ditty.

These words, so often repeated,

The greatest sorrow that this world can give,
Is, far away from those one loves—to live,

always drew forth a heavy sigh; and as she sang them, her pale, but still lovely face, would sink on her breast, her hands and feet would become languidly still, but directly she would rouse herself up to her labour, commence another verse, and set the invisible wheel going again.

In deep thought, I wandered forth from the widow's house. My soul was as dark as the colour of the heath I trod on; my whole mind was occupied with Cecilia and her dreadful fate. In every airy phantom, far and near, that flitted before my eyes, I fancied I beheld the unfortunate maniac as she sat and seemed to spin, and rocked herself, and threw up and down her hands with untiring motion. In the wild birds' plaintive whistle—in the lonely heath lark's mournful song, I heard only that one sorrowful truth—the words, alas! deeply felt by thousands of saddened hearts—

The greatest sorrow that this world can give,
Is, far away from those one loves—to live.

BALLOONING IN LATER YEARS.

Nearer to Heaven than when I saw you last
By the altitude of a Chopine.
SHAKSPEARE.

In our last paper we discussed the various attempts made by man to soar into the clouds, and which ultimately led to the discovery of the aërostatic machine. We have seen that four men, in their ardent thirst for knowledge, intrepidly traversed the air with two different ascending forces, fire and hydrogen gas. We may now leave the first entirely out of sight in consequence of its recognised danger either to the balloon itself, or the place where it descended. The aërial voyager, ever occupied with his fire, seemed to suffer the punishment of the Vestal Virgin, the management of his stove occupied all his time, and it was almost impossible for him to devote himself to any observations or careful experiments. And more grievous still, the further we advance from the date of the discovery, and that incapable men were substituted for the first operators who were so full of zeal and science, we find dreadful accidents and misfortunes of every variety resulting from the use of fire in aërostation. The time, however, is rapidly approaching when the question of fire-balloons will be solved. Mr. Hampton, an old and experienced aëronaut, has been at great expense in completing an immense Montgolfier, called the Arctic, which he purposes inflating with all the precautions science and prudence recommend to him. His original design was that this balloon should be employed in the search for Sir John Franklin, and the *modus operandi* appears both simple and satisfactory. The balloon is first filled by means of a large stove, and, when perfectly inflated, is attached to a gallery, on which a smaller stove is fixed. This stove will be surrounded with water to prevent the funnel becoming red-hot, and thus endangering the balloon, and provided with a damper to regulate the heat ascending into the machine. Mr. Hampton is very sanguine of success, and our readers will probably have an opportunity of judging for themselves in the course of the coming winter.

This digression has led us to anticipate the proper order of our history of aërostation. From the commencement of the year 1784, the sky of Europe was literally crowded with balloons. At Lyons, Joseph Montgolfier, Pilastre de Rozier, the Prince de Ligne, the Counts de la Porte d'Anglefort, De Laurencin, and Dampierre de Fontaine, ascended in a magnificen tfire-balloon, "Le Flesselle," which was 120 feet in diameter. Soon after, the Chevalier Dom Paul Andriani rose at Milan in a Montgolfier, with Charles and Augustine Gerli; then came Blanchard with his brilliant success at the Champ de Mars.

We next find recorded, in the same year, the celebrated experiments made by Guyton Morveau at Dijon; the ascents of Bremond and Maret at Marseilles; of Madame Thible, accompanied by M. Flemand, at Lyons, the first woman who had the energy, the courage, we had almost said the audacity, to brave the air. The balloon was a Montgolfier. We regret that the narrow limits of our sketch prevent us detailing this ascent, and citing some of the ovations, the numerous and legitimate honours paid to this woman, whose name is not again quoted in the annals of aërostation.

In the same year an immense gas-balloon, christened "Le Suffren," ascended at Nantes, piloted by Constard de Massy and the Reverend Father Mouchet, an Oratorian; Pilastre de Rozier, and a chemist named Proust, ascended from Versailles, in the Marie Antoinette, and reached the earth at Chantilly, thirteen leagues from the starting point. They gained an altitude of 4000 metres, the highest ever attained by a Montgolfier.

At St. Cloud the brothers Robert and the Duc de Chartres, father of the late Louis Philippe, ascended in a hydrogen gas balloon of an oblong form, with an interior receptacle to regulate the ascent or descent, and which was to be filled with common air by means of bellows attached to it by tubes, wherever they wished to descend, it being reasonably supposed that an addition of common air would increase the weight, as its diminution, on the other hand, lightens the balloon. This expedient, however, was not successful. The cords by which the interior machine was suspended gave way, and it fell down in such a position as completely to close the aperture communicating between the large balloon and the car. The hydrogen expanded, and the machine eventually burst in two places, but the aëronauts fortunately landed without injury, in spite of the rapidity of the descent caused by this accident.

Vincent Lunardi, an *attaché* of the Italian Embassy, first illustrated Montgolfier's discovery in England by a brilliant ascent in a gas-balloon. Sadler, the first English aëronaut, ascended at Oxford; and Blanchard, accompanied by Professor Sheldon of the Royal Academy, made experiments in steering balloons by means of the Archimedean screw, which he repeated with Dr. Jefferies, an American.

We have now arrived at 1785, a year of mourning and glory for aërostation. Blanchard and Dr. Jefferies traversed the sea from Dover to Calais, though not without some danger. When about half way across, they found themselves descending, and though they threw out the whole of their ballast, and some books they had with them, they could not overcome the gravitating power of the balloon. They next threw overboard their apparatus, cords, grapnel, and bottles. An empty bottle seemed to emit smoke as it descended, and when it struck the water the shock was sensibly felt by the aëronauts. Still their machine continued to descend, and they began parting with their clothing, but having now nearly reached the French coast, the balloon again rose, and reached a considerable height. They passed over the high lands between Cape Blanc and Calais, and landed near the edge of the forest of Guiennes. Louis Seize made M. Blanchard a present of 12,000 livres as a token of appreciation of the aëronaut's perseverance and skill in the lately discovered science.

Dr. Potain next crossed the St. George's Channel from Dublin to England. He had made some improvements on Blanchard's screw, and used it on this occasion with some success. Several hundred ascents had now been made, and not a single fatal accident had occurred; but we are now compelled to record one which proved most disastrous to its proprietors, and when we fairly regard it could hardly have terminated otherwise. Pilastre de Rozier and M. Romain were anxious to reach England by crossing the Channel, and thus return Blanchard and Jefferies' visit. For the purpose of avoiding the difficulty in keeping the balloon up, they constructed a compound machine. This was arranged by suspending a

fire balloon beneath the hydrogen one, and was intended to regulate the rising and falling of the whole machine. The hydrogen balloon was of a globular shape, forty feet in diameter; the other about ten feet. After various delays, caused by adverse winds, they set out from Boulogne on the 15th of June, 1785. Scarce a quarter of an hour had elapsed, when, at the height of about 3000 feet, the whole apparatus was seen to be on fire. Its scattered fragments, with the unfortunate bodies of the aëronauts, fell to the ground near the sea-shore, about four miles from Boulogne. They were killed on the spot. A monument was afterwards raised to their memory on the place where they fell, at a small distance from the column erected on the same shore in attestation of Blanchard's success.

Not daunted by this catastrophe, MM. Alban and Vallette constructed in their sulphuric acid manufactory at Javelles, their magnificent balloon "le Comte d'Artois;" and Monsieur le Comte d'Artois himself, the future Charles Dix, rose in this machine several times, in company with numerous persons belonging to the court.

On the outbreak of the French Revolution, military aërostation, of which we shall shortly speak, was discovered by Guyton Morveau, Prior de la Côte d'Or. About the same date, Testu Brissy made his curious experiment of an ascent on horseback. Beneath his large and magnificent balloon he mounted a steed, which was not fastened in any way to the platform. During this ascent, Testu Brissy was enabled to prove the certainty of a fact he had previously announced, that the blood of larger animals extravasated in their veins, and escaped through the nose and ears, at an elevation where he felt no personal inconvenience. This appears to us a very sufficient answer to M. Poitevin's assertion, that his ponies were rather pleased than otherwise at being carried into the clouds. We have never entertained but one opinion as to the brutality of the practice, and find ourselves confirmed in our idea by a statement made to us by Mr. Hampton.

This gentleman, whose name is so honourably connected with the improvements made in practical aërostation, informed us, that he was in the habit of experimentalising with a monkey, which he used to let down from the balloon in a parachute. Whenever the poor animal saw the machine in the process of inflation, it would evince the utmost terror, refusing to eat, and making the most violent exertions to escape. On rising in the air, it gave way to pitiable cries, and when it reached the earth in the parachute, was perfectly helpless, and would actually cry on the shoulder of the boy who was entrusted with the charge of taking the animal home. We need, however, be under no apprehension that the metropolitan sky will again be made the arena for mythological displays, and M. Poitevin will be compelled to re-seek his native shores, if he wish to show the docility and affection of his unfortunate animals.

In the years 1803-4, two aërostatic experiments were made, so far remarkable, that they date the epoch when science began to apply the beautiful and powerful machine Montgolfier had endowed it with. Robertson and Hoest made an ascent at Hamburgh, on the 18th of July, intended for scientific researches, and of which a statement was forwarded to the Royal Academy at St. Petersburg. The aëronauts remained five hours and a half in the air, and descended twenty-five leagues from the starting point. M. Robertson was professor of the central

college of the department of the Ourthe, a distinguished member of many learned bodies, and one of the founders of the Galvanic Society at Paris. A friend, and in some measure regarding himself as a pupil, of Alexander Volta, the experiments he made in this ascent were principally confined to electricity and galvanism. M. Robertson was enabled, by means of a dipping needle and several other instruments, to determine a very marked diminution of intensity in the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism, at an elevation of 4200 metres. In the following year at Paris, MM. Biot and Gay Lussac undertook to repeat the Hamburgh experiments. M. Gay Lussac soon after made a second balloon ascent alone. He reached the enormous altitude of 22,912 feet above Paris, or 23,040 feet above the level of the sea, and obtained the most successful results, especially as regards the analysis of the atmosphere in the higher regions.

Soon afterwards festive aërostation was established, of which several aëronauts have made a regular profession, and which has led to the concomitant evils of night and firework ascents, and paved the way for the desecration of a noble science, by the perpetration of such atrocities as the *trapéze.* On this subject we may be permitted to quote a page from poor Poole's most amusing "Crotchets in the Air."

"I was one of the thousands who saw (and I *heard* it too) the destruction of Madame Blanchard. On the evening of the 6th July, 1819, she ascended in a balloon from the Tivoli Gardens at Paris. At a certain elevation she was to discharge some fireworks, which were attached to her car. From my own windows I saw the ascent. For a few minutes the balloon was concealed by clouds. Presently it re-appeared, and then was seen a momentary sheet of flame. There was a dreadful pause. In a few seconds, the poor creature, enveloped and entangled in the netting of her machine, fell with a frightful crash upon the slanting roof of a house in the Rue de Provence (not one hundred yards from where I was standing), and thence into the street—and Madame Blanchard was taken up a shattered corpse. It was supposed that the rockets, which ought to have been made to point *downwards*, were improperly managed, and thus the catastrophe was accounted for. So much for firework ascents."

As a more innocent amusement, we will here mention the very curious ascent of a "*ballon perdu*," as the French so epigrammatically call them, sent up by Garnerin on the occasion of the coronation of the Emperor Napoleon. The balloon was launched into the air at eleven in the evening, and furnished the spectators with the magnificent spectacle of a crown illuminated with 3000 variegated lamps. No one, however, could have anticipated the course taken by the balloon, and the sensation the experiment would cause.

At the dawn of the next day the inhabitants of Rome saw a radiant globe on the horizon, advancing toward them, and apparently about to descend in the city. It floated over the domes of St. Peter and the Vatican, which were then mourning for the descendant of St. Peter, then sunk, and rose again, after leaving a portion of its trappings on its course through the Campagna, and finally fell a victim to the waters of Lake Bracciano.

They then discovered what this celestial messenger purported. It was drawn from the lake, and the following inscription traced in letters of gold on its huge circumference was read, and soon diffused through all Italy :

Paris, 25 Frimaire, an XII., couronnement de l'Empereur Napoleon par S.S. Pie VII.

Although the fact of the wind blowing in that direction was mere accident, still there seemed something providential in this balloon being wafted in a single night from Paris to Rome, when the Pope was an unwilling visitor at the former city, and Napoleon had already determined on planting the crown of Italy on his own head. An immaterial circumstance, however, served to give the incident a high importance and a political meaning in Napoleon's eyes.

The balloon, in passing through the suburbs of Rome, had been entangled in the tomb of Nero, but at length liberated itself, leaving a portion of the crown on a corner of the venerable monument. The Italian papers related the affair quite innocently; others, however, added some malicious reflections very disagreeable to the emperor. At length the matter reached Napoleon's ears, and was spoken of at one of his levees. The Emperor was highly displeased, and insisted that there should be no further mention of Garnerin's balloon.

Napoleon had formerly applauded the courage of Coutelle, captain of the military aëronauts; he had appreciated the importance which might be derived from the service in the cause of engineering; he had permitted balloons to be sent up in Egypt, not disdaining this method of proving to the Arab the superiority of European arts over the clumsy appliances of his antiquated and degenerate country; but the man of destiny perceived an omen in the festive crown which shattered against Nero's tomb on the day after his own imperial coronation. From this hour dated his repulsion, his antipathy to aërostation. The military Aërostatic School at Meudon was abandoned, and the expenses and establishments for this purpose entirely wasted. Who knows whether we may not trace from this fortuitous circumstance the motive for the bad reception the Emperor some time after gave Fulton at the camp of Boulogne, when he offered him the first fruits of the application of steam to navigation—such great events from trifling causes spring! Be this as it may, Garnerin was no longer employed by the French government; his place was occupied by Madame Blanchard, who was entrusted with all the ascents which afterwards took place at public *fêtes*. The Coronation-Balloon was suspended in the Vatican till 1814, accompanied by an inscription relating its voyage and miraculous descent—though with no mention of the tomb.

The foregoing episode has led us from the subject we intended next to treat of, namely, military aërostation; this we will now proceed to examine from the very interesting report drawn up by Colonel Coutelle, *chef d'aërostiers* to the armies of the Sambre and Meuse.

The committee of public safety, at the commencement of the revolutionary wars, convened an assembly of scientific men, including Mongé, Bertholet, Guyton de Morveau, Fourcroy, and Carnot. Guyton proposed the use of balloons, as a fertile means of *reconnoissance*. This proposition was accepted by the government on the condition of sulphuric acid not being employed, as sulphur was required for making gunpowder; the commission, therefore, decided on making use of aqueous decomposition. The celebrated chemist, Lavoisier, made the first experiments. For this purpose six iron cylinders were fixed in a simple kind of furnace, the ends projecting, and covered with a lid. Two sets of metal tubes were also inserted into these lids, one serving for conveying the water in, and the

other for carrying off the gas generated from the water. The cylinders being charged with iron filings, and brought to a red heat, water was immediately converted into steam, whose expanded particles were decomposed by the oxygen uniting with the red-hot metal to form oxyde of iron, while the hydrogen was thus freed and forced by its own pressure through the other tube, and thence through lime-water, where it deposited any carbonic acid gas which might adhere to it, and thus became perfectly pure and ready for the balloon.

The first experiment made at Meudon was perfectly successful. Colonel Coutelle ascended to the height of the retaining ropes, and was enabled to distinguish with a telescope all the bendings of the river, and established a perfect method of signalling with the commission. He had some small bags of sand in the car, to which a blue light was attached; he fastened the letters or notes he wrote to the bag, and then dropped them over the side. In a few days, the colonel received his commission as captain commandant of the aëronauts attached to the artillery, and formed a company of thirty-two men, with which he set off to join the army at Mauburge.

M. Conté, the eminent artist, speedily constructed balloons, specially appointed for the different divisions of the French army: the Entreprenant, for the army of the North; the Celeste, for that of the Sambre et Meuse; the Hercule, for the army of the Rhine and Moselle; and the Intrepide, for the memorable expedition to Egypt. We may here incidentally remark, that it was in the latter machine Gay Lussac made his celebrated experiments.

In June, 1794, Colonel Coutelle ascended in the war balloon, Entreprenant, to reconnoitre the hostile army before the battle of Fleurus, accompanied by a general officer. They rose to the height of several thousand feet by means of their windlass machinery, so arranged that they could become stationary at any altitude. They mounted twice in the course of the day, and remained each time about four hours in the air. During the second aërial reconnoissance, they were noticed by the enemy, and caused great consternation in their lines. They were fired at several times, but soon rose to a height at which they defied the enemy's musketry. They descended safely, and by the signals communicated to General Jourdain, enabled him to gain a speedy and decisive victory over the Austrian forces. Colonel Coutelle was also employed at the sieges of Mannheim, Mayence, and Ehrenbreitstein. In all these instances, the balloon was found to be of great service, but especially in the last, where the immense height of the fortress rendered it impossible, by any other means, to reconnoitre the internal parts. An attack of illness compelled Colonel Coutelle to resign the command to Lieutenant L'Homond, whose balloon was destroyed by the enemy's fire in crossing the Rhine.

In the conclusion of his very interesting narrative, Colonel Coutelle explains the method of signalling he employed, and which was invented by Conté, director of the Aërostatic School at Meudon. The signals consisted of pieces of coloured cloth attached to the balcony of the car, and served to indicate the various manœuvres for rising or falling, moving to the right or left, &c. If, on the other hand, the general issued orders to lower the machine, the aëronauts were warned by signals extended on the ground.

During the late Mexican war, it was considered necessary by the war department of the American Government that the formidable fortress of St. Juan de Ulloa should be destroyed. Mr. Wise, an American aëronaut, proposed the following plan, which, in the interests of humanity, was not accepted. We have chosen to refer to it, as it may throw some light on Captain Warner and his long range.

Mr. Wise proposed that a balloon of twilled muslin should be constructed, of about 100 feet in diameter, which, if properly varnished, will retain its buoyancy for many days or weeks. It would be capable, when inflated, of raising over 30,000 pounds. It could be filled in a day, or loss time, if necessary, either on land or on board of a man-of-war at sea, as circumstances might require. The car to be laden with percussion bombs and torpedoes to the weight of 18,000 pounds, which would leave 2000 for ballast and men. Thus it would easily be placed in a position for deadly action in a very short time. The cable by which it would be manœuvred might be at least five miles long, so that the balloon, at a mile of elevation, would have the vessel or land position, which acts as its retaining point, out of the reach of the castle guns, and under the cover of the American batteries. The man-of-war balloon, at an elevation of a mile, would be out of danger of the enemy's guns, since they could not be made to bear on an object immediately above them. The position of the balloon, as to height and distance from the retaining point, could be maintained by keeping a proper eye to its ballasting. As it would become lightened by the discharge of the shells and torpedoes, an adequate quantity of gas would also be discharged. With an aërial warship hanging a mile above the fort, and supplied with 1000 percussioned bomb-shells, Mr. Wise offered to take the castle of Vera Cruz without the loss of a single life on the American side, and at a comparatively trifling expense. As we said before, the experiment was not made, and, we trust, never will be.

We cannot do better than conclude this paper with a short account of parachutes, more especially as Madame Poitevin has lately astonished London by her extraordinary escapes both in life and limb.

The parachute commonly in use is nothing more or less than a huge umbrella, presenting a surface of sufficient dimensions to experience from the air a resistance equal to the weight of descent, in moving through the fluid at a velocity not exceeding that of the shock which a person can sustain without danger of injury. Consequently, in the East, where the umbrella has been from the earliest ages in familiar use, it appears to have been occasionally employed by vaulters to enable them to jump safely from great heights. Father Loubere, in his curious account of Siam, relates, that a person famous in that country for his dexterity, used to divert the king and court by the extraordinary leaps he took, having two umbrellas, with long slender handles, fastened to his girdle. Not many years ago, the umbrella was employed for a similar purpose in Europe. In the campaign of 1793, General Bournonville, who was sent with four commissioners by the National Convention to the camp of the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, was detained a prisoner with his companions, and confined in the fortress of Ollmütz. In this situation, he made a desperate attempt to regain his liberty. Having procured an umbrella, he leaped from a window forty feet high; but being a very heavy man, it did not prove sufficient to let him down in safety. He struck against an

opposite wall, fell into the ditch, and broke his leg, and, worse than all, was carried back to his prison.

Blanchard was the first person who constructed a parachute to act as a safety-guard to the aëronaut in case of any accident. During an excursion he made from Lisle, in 1785, during which he traversed, without halting, a distance of 300 miles, he let down a parachute with a basket fastened to it, containing a dog, which he let fall from a great height, and which reached the ground in safety. The first descent was, however, made by Jacques Garnerin, on the 22nd October, 1797, in the park of Monçeau. Delalande, the astronomer, gives us an account of the experiment.

Garnerin visited London during the short peace of 1802, and made two ascents with his balloon, in the second of which he let himself fall, at an amazing elevation, with a parachute. After cutting himself away, he floated over Marylebone and Somers Town, and fell in a field near St. Pancras Old Church. The oscillation was so great that he was thrown out, and was nearly killed. The next person who tried the dangerous experiment was Eliza Garnerin, his niece, who descended several times in safety. Her parachute had a large orifice in the top, in order to check the oscillation, and appears to have been successful.

We next come to poor Cocking, who ended his days in a manner unworthy his talents, through a number of lamentable mistakes. His parachute was constructed on the opposite principle, of a wedge-like form, and was intended to cleave through the air instead of offering a resistance to it. It has not yet been proved that the principle was wrong, but the defect lay in the weakness of the materials employed in the formation of the parachute.

On July 29th, 1837, Mr. Cocking ascended in his new parachute, beneath the great Nassau balloon. In the car were Messrs. Green and Spencer. We are told on good authority, that the parachute had been injured before the ascent took place, and nearly every one connected with the experiment expected it would terminate fatally. Be this as it may, Mr. Cocking was suffered to free himself from the balloon, the parachute collapsed, and fell, at a frightful rate, into a field near Lea, where poor Cocking was found with a frightful wound on his right temple. He never spoke, but died almost immediately. It is much to be regretted that the descent was ever allowed to take place, and still more so, that Mr. Green lent his name to the exhibition. It seems strange that an experienced aëronaut should run such a frightful risk of bursting his balloon, through the immense ascending power it would necessarily gain by being freed from a weight of 500 pounds, and the result proved that Mr. Green did not act with his wonted caution. Immediately the parachute was cut away the balloon ascended with frightful velocity, and had it not been that the aëronauts applied their mouths to the air-bags, previously provided, they must have been suffocated by the escaping gas. When the reaction took place, the balloon had lost all its buoyancy, and fell, rather than descended, on the earth.

Mr. Green had it in his power to avert the sad catastrophe. Convinced that the experiment would be dangerous, if not fatal, his duty would have been to let off gas as rapidly as possible, and try to regain the earth; and though Cocking was resolutely bent on trying his parachute, it would have been an easy task to persuade him there was something wrong, and defer the experiment till the parachute had been

put in thorough repair, and a wooden hoop substituted for the tin one, to which Cocking owed his death. Mr. Green, however, seems to have acted with extraordinary apathy in the whole affair, and such conduct does more injury to the cause of aërostation, than all the snarling attacks of the anti-ballooners.

It becomes now our pleasing duty to record three parachute descents made successively by Mr. Hampton without injury. Undeterred by the awful fate of his predecessor, this gentleman determined on making a parachute descent which should prove the correctness of the theory, and the Montpellier Gardens at Cheltenham were selected as the scene of the exploit. Owing to the censure which was bestowed on Messrs. Gye and Hughes for permitting Mr. Cocking's ascent, the proprietor of the gardens at Cheltenham would not allow the experiment to be made, and Mr. Hampton was obliged to have recourse to stratagem. As he was permitted to display his parachute in the way he intended to use it, the idea flashed across his mind that he could carry out his long-nursed wishes. He suddenly cut the rope which kept him down, and went off to the astonishment of the spectators; the last cheering sound that reached him being, "He will be killed to a dead certainty." After attaining an altitude of nearly two miles, he determined to cut the rope that held him. He paused for a second or two, as he remembered it would soon be life or death with him, but at length drew his knife across the rope. The first feelings he experienced were both unpleasant and alarming; his eyes and the top of his head seemed to be forced upwards; but this passed off in a few seconds, and his feelings subsequently were pleasant rather than disagreeable. So steady and slow was the descent that the parachute appeared to be stationary; Mr. Hampton remembered that a bag of ballast was fastened beneath the car, he stooped over and upset the sand; he also noted the time he was descending by his watch. The earth appeared coming up to him rapidly; the parachute indicated his approach by a slight oscillation, and he presently struck the ground in the centre of a field, and was first welcomed by a sheep which stared at him with astonishment.

Mr. Hampton repeated the experiment twice again in London, though on both occasions with considerable danger to himself, the first time falling on a tree in Kensington Gardens, the second on a house, which threw him out of the basket. This is an additional proof of the danger of these descents in the vicinity of a town; and though Madame Poitevin has hitherto escaped with the fright, she should not forget that the pitcher goes once too often to the well.

Monsieur Poitevin's plan of expanding the parachute by suddenly discharging the gas, is certainly ingenious, and he appears to be a skilful aëronaut; but the very fact of his exposing his wife to imminent peril should prevent Englishmen from countenancing such an exhibition.

We have now completed our task; we have traced the history of aërostation from the earliest times to the present day, and the only result to be arrived at is, one of unfeigned regret at the low position the science of aërostation now assumes. Let us hope we may yet see the day when it will be applied to purely scientific and experimental purposes. Professional aëronauts may fancy our remarks are harsh and uncalled-for; let them believe that we are actuated by a sincere love of the science, and let them remember, that through their own conduct they have brought ballooning to what it is—leaving entirely out of sight what it should be.

THE EVE OF ALL-SOULS.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

III.

THE DEATH IN CHILDBIRTH—IN MEMORY OF MRS. PUREY CUST.

Wo! when the mother's eyelids close,
As wake the babe's on earth;
Ah! piteous is the death of those
Who die in giving birth.
Wo! when love perishes in bloom,
When the dear joy possess'd,
And cherished hope, in one dark tomb
Low in cold earth are press'd.

Amid the spirit hosts that night,
With languid grace She went,
And fondly o'er her burden light,
The gentle mother bent.
She never saw the little face
For long months loved unseen,
Though one grave in the burial-place
Swells o'er them fresh and green;
She never knew the little child
Who haunted all her sleep,
Whose tender image rose and smiled
O'er ponderings fond and deep.
But now she bore it in her shroud—
God gave the babe in death,
The youngest spirit of that crowd,
Breather of one brief breath!

Solemn and still before my sight
Oft comes that darkened room,
Fantastic gleams of red fire light
Shot flickering through its gloom.
The muffled steps, the smothered sighs,
The sad signs quickly sent,
The hopeless gaze of streaming eyes
On her in silence bent.
The unmoved cradle, empty chair,
The little robes outspread,
A hundred proofs of loving care
Lay round that dying bed.
They dare not hope, who saw the hue
That o'er her young face rose,
The waxen whiteness, chilly blue,
The awe of that repose,
The darkness of those drooping eyes,

Whence the still teardrops stole—
Last tribute to life's miseries,
Paid by the parting soul!
Bright o'er the ruffled pillows strayed
Those waves of golden brown—
All loosened now from band and braid
Their silken length fell down.
Then softly words of conquering grace
Rose o'er Life's shadowy bound,
They bent low o'er her quiet Face
To catch the murmur'd sound.
On Thee! Thine agony and cross!
On Thee! O Christ, she leant;
Hers was the gain, and ours the loss—
Thro' the dark waves she went;
And, ah! the little new-born soul,
That fluttered on before,
Called to her, o'er the water's roll,
Watched for her on the shore.

My cousin! round thy darken'd bed
They wept, but ceased to pray;
Beneath the infant's downy head
The mother's cold breast lay.
They smoothed the still folds of thy shroud,
The long last look they gave,
That wild spring-day of gleam and cloud,
They laid thee in thy grave.
But thou hast left in all the hearts
That knew and loved thee well
A tender grief that ne'er departs,
A low life-lasting knell.
And oft recurring sounds and things
Recal thy mournful tale;
Thee to my thrilling memory brings
The south wind's dying wail,
The vision of white drooping flowers,
Intensely pale and sweet,
The gentle sound in garden bowers
Of children's parting feet,
The whisp'ring of the ivy leaves
Against the crumbling wall—
Sweet syllables in twilight eves,
That passing souls let fall.



THE UNKNOWN PICTURE.

And the sun is bright, and the valleys are green,
And the clouds look fair in the sky,
Because I see wherever I go
The Light of a Saviour's eye!
CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSHEND.

Genius of the master painter,
It is thine to seize and trace
Thought and passion's true reflection,
Flashing, glimmering o'er the face.

By the spell that lives within thee,
It is thine to comprehend
Secrets of expression gathered
As the lines and colours blend.

Chronicling the fleet impression,
Taking prisoner glance and smile,
Something of the parted spirit
Thou redeem'st from death awhile,

Peopling with the vanished faces,
And the forms we view no more,
Walls that darken with the twilight,
Where the mid-day glories pour.

Thus I knew a gracious lady,
Pictured in life's calm decline,
She with speaking eyes and trusting
Earnestly looked down in mine.

None could tell her name or fortunes;
All who knew her youth and age
Long had past, and of her story
Death had sealed the final page.

Grey and shining folds around her
Fell, with wondrous skill portrayed,
Until fancy heard the rustling
Of that robe of light and shade.

Coif and scarf the lady carried,
Woven in Malines of yore;
So within a summer garden
Sat she, and I knew no more;

Till that night when, 'mid the spirits,
Lo! I met her face to face,
And she knew, and stayed before me,
Speaking with a reverent grace:

"Calm and still, like summer moonlight,
So my life around me shone;
And my pleasure wore, and sorrow,
Evermore that chastened tone.

"Young was I, and early wedded
Unto one my father chose;
O'er the love I meekly bore him
Ne'er another's image rose.

"Beauteous was my home, and lonely—
Planted in the meadow's green;
Through the gleaming birch and lime trees
Far the grey old hall was seen.

"Lying nigh my latticed window,
With my new-born babe beside,
Oft I've watched the lengthening shadows
Of the summer's eventide.

"Sweetly from the flow'ring bean-fields,
And the apple's blushing bloom,
O'er the lilac's nodding blossom
Stole the south breeze to my room.

"Sweeping through the juicy herbage
With a sharp and measured sound,
Went the scythes the mowers whetted
In the deep-green meadows round.

"There I heard the landrail crying,
Threading through the quaking grass,
And the yellow bees, at sunset,
From the purple clover pass.

"Then I felt my heart beat quicker,
Rising up to God in prayer;
And, like beads, I told my blessings
To the still, soft evening air.

"Yes! with prayer I sought to guard them,
As I felt the tear-mist rise,
From a thankful happy spirit,
O'er the windows of mine eyes!

"But no year is always summer,
Sad and dark were days of mine;
O'er the cold and wintry landscape
Oft I've heard the night-winds pine.

"Chilly mornings greyly rising,
Stealing down the barren hills,
Found me watching, meekly bearing
Doubt and fear and human ills.

"With release from weary weakness,
With relief from wearing pain,
Ever death appeared before me,
When my heart said hope was vain.

"I could bless the God who sent him,
  Clothed in mercy's beauteous guise,
As I closed with quiet weeping,
  As I kissed the loved one's eyes.

"One by one I saw my children
  Enter this world's care and strife;
Daughters fair—to other households,
  Sons—to act their parts in life.

"Time, with gentle hand relaxing
  Ev'ry human love and tie,
Calling up the vigorous saplings
  As the ag'd trees droop and die;

"Catching up the light departing
  From the faint hearts of the old,
Enterprise and hope renewing
  Twenty, ah! a hundredfold;

"Quiet grew more sweet than pleasure,
  Stilly went the days and came,
Love of God and love of nature—
  These alone live aye the same.

"When the maple branches flaunted,
  Gaily in their shroud of red,
As I sat one autumn evening,
  Ere the glancing swallow fled,

"Wrapped in vague and gentle musings,
  Lulled by sounds and odours sweet,
Listening to the lisping utt'rance
  Of the grandchild at my feet,

"As he read, with joyful wonder,
  From that allegory grand,
Of the faithful Pilgrim's progress
  To his spirit's fatherland;

"So the great King's summons found me,
  And my soul rose up and fled,
While the child in fear to wake me,
  Gently closed the book he read."

WOODTHORPE.

A REMINISCENCE OF A PHYSICIAN.

By Kelly Kennyon.

Part III.

In a few moments the colonel and Godfrey were knocking at the ensign's door. "Come in," cried the latter, conjecturing who claimed admittance. Sommerton proceeded, being followed by Captain Spenser, who at the first was unperceived.

"We really wondered what had become of you two young gentlemen," said the colonel, very good humouredly, and at the same time in a familiar and patronising manner placed his hand on the ensign's shoulder, and continued, "but here you are, sipping the infusion of Hong Kong, instead of the juice of the grape. Well, well, my dear lads, 'tis a good exchange, and happy will it prove if you always retain the same choice. I sincerely hope you may, and be assured, on the earnestness of an old soldier, who in his time has too frequently witnessed the sad effects of inebriety, that great is the remorse you will be spared, and much, very much, the comfort and happiness gained by so wise a decision."

The ensign's room differed considerably from the apartments usually occupied by young officers; that is, that certain articles there present and not present, constituted such difference. On a side table were copies of several of the best historical writings, various books on military science, a box of mathematical instruments, together with some ingeniously executed models for the improvement of implements of war. Spread out on the table by which he was sitting were a number of drawings, sketches, and plans, that evinced much artistic skill, and gave indisputable proof that the hand of the draughtsman had been directed by no slight degree of natural taste. Amongst these, were representations of fosses, copies of fortifications, sections of breastworks, plans for pontooning, diagramatic figures, showing the relative proportions of lines and battalions, with similar productions, all worked out with mathematical accuracy. The colonel's eye for some moments was directed in abstracted gaze upon one of the drawings before him.

"Pray, sir, from what work did you copy this?" said he, at the same time raising his eye-glass, as if to examine it with greater accuracy.

"That sketch, colonel," replied the ensign, "is not a copy, but an imaginary one, in which I have attempted to prove advantages derived from position, and how well-selected situations may often supply the place of greater bodies of men. The opposing armies are denoted by the colours, red and blue, and the elongated lines show the junction of two regiments. Here you perceive a regiment of cavalry making a charge on a square of the enemy. In the other corner of the chart two regiments are exposed to a continuous fire, in ambush, from this, the copsewood, whilst in front they are under a smart cannonade, and thus are compelled to effect a partial retreat. This mimic representation of trees is intended for a forest skirting along the base of a range of lofty hills; this serpentine mark is a deep river bounding the plain, the flags

point the fordable parts; these are portions over which, for greater safety, have been taken the baggage and other valuables, and where are also the camp-followers. But what I wish most to prove is, the good policy of the *red* always keeping the forest in his rear, and that no manœuvres can allure him from the rise of ground on which his centre is stoutly placed."

"Excellent, indeed!" admiringly exclaimed Sommerton. "Go on, sir, with your professional studies, and be assured, sooner or later, you will reap your reward. Talent and industry may for awhile remain hid, but at length they have the power of development. And what is this drawing?" continued he, taking up another.

"It is a fortress during a siege. Here is the circumventing fosse; that, the shield under which the miners are working, constructed somewhat after the plan of the one employed by Alexander the Great, at his invasion of Tyre and Sydon. Above, the enemy is showering down his missiles; these are the guns, pouring destruction amongst the besiegers; and here——"

"Well done—very well done!" as, with more than wonted energy of expression, the colonel expressed his unqualified approbation. "I would that every officer in the service had your talents and determination. Captain," continued he, turning to Godfrey, "the star of England's greatness will never set so long as sons like this defend her rights!"

Old Godfrey nodded in acquiescence, said so, and thought so too, and then paid a high eulogium upon the drawings.

"Come, Spenser, coffee is ready," said Sommerton, as he again yoked himself to the captain's arm, and drew him off towards his own suite of apartments. "We will leave these two young gentlemen here, as they seem very comfortable in each other's society; and, Alfred, when you have done looking at so much that interests you, and are tired of military conversation, both of you come to my rooms, and we will have a grilled bone at—let me see, 'tis half-past eight—yes, at ten o'clock; what say you both? Will you do me the pleasure?"

"We shall be most happy, colonel. At ten o'clock we will be wit

Whilst the elder gentlemen were proceeding along the corrido

frey declared the ensign to be a young man of great promise.

merton persisted in the same opinion, and entered his protest that never did two finer lads enter the service.

Arriving at the colonel's room, no slight degree of comfort was apparent, considering it was within the dull confines of a garrison, and that no Lares presided over domestic affairs. A bright fire was burning in the grate, the crockery was arranged for the Turkish beverage, whilst the wax candles, the handsome plate, and other etceteras, imparted an aristocratic air not to be mistaken, yet without any of that ostentatious pomp inseparable from plebeian vulgarity. In one corner

were two or three packing boxes of goodly size, covered wit

made doubly strong by broad plates of iron, and at either

ponderous handle, denoting that utility and strength were th

desired. Behind the door hung a blue military cloak, a fo

and a handsome crimson sash; over the mantelpiece was a rack, on which were placed a couple of swords, and a brace of pistols in their holsters; on the walls were suspended some half-dozen engravings, pre-

serving the lineaments of Turenne, the great Condé, Marlborough, and the gallant Lord Clive. There were also sketches of certain American and Indian fortresses, which the soldier-artist had left to be gazed upon by the subsequent occupiers of the room. In a recess were, as near as might be guessed, three or four dozen volumes, chiefly consisting of histories, and works on military science. Amongst these might be noticed those of Polybius, Cæsar, Folard, and Vauban. This small library Sommerton invariably carried with him from one garrison to another. The justifiableness of war was a subject on which he had bestowed much attention. Nothing afforded him more pleasure than to enter upon his favourite topic. He defended the doctrine that war was one of those evils which, for some wise purpose, Providence had decreed should through all time exist in the world. Whenever he chanced to converse with any one who would discuss the question, a long and tiresome lecture was sure to result, in which he gave evidence that he had not superficially reasoned on the matter. The furniture was plain, substantial, and selected for durability rather than appearance. There was, however, a lack of those little niceties which a lady's presence can alone supply, as it would be beneath the dignity of the manly warrior to descend to the consideration of such trifling minutiæ; there was, therefore, an air of bachelorism, making it truly appear a soldier's home, and that seemed to say the occupant might be here to-day and gone to-morrow. But Sommerton was as comfortable as if at Mivart's or in Grosvenor-square. It matters little how we fare, so long as happiness is our lot. Bauble splendours give not content; glittering tinsels may please weakness and vanity, but cannot confer the luxury of peace; nor can the purple and gold of Dives bring to their possessor the happiness of an approved conscience and a tranquil mind. Colonel Sommerton had more important and sterner things to reflect upon than fine furniture or elegant equipage; upon him were imposed responsible duties; he was not unfrequently appealed to by those high in power; he thought but of battle-fields, and conquests; his dearest hopes were placed upon the character, the destiny of his brave soldiers; his country he loved with all the pure patriotism of Algernon Sidney or William Pitt; he regarded those great and glorious deeds which British arms had—in recent times more especially—achieved as unsurpassed in the histories of nations. It was his settled opinion that Providence had selected this great country as the happy and distinguished means of disseminating—first, through the edge of the sword, and then by the gentle modes of enlightenment and the spirit of liberty—the blessings of civilisation and the consolations of religion throughout the ends of the earth. He was one of those men whose minds seem constituted of heterogeneous principles and opposing elements, and in which appear positive contradictions of character. But men's minds are deeply tinged by the influence of those circumstances to which they are exposed. What some call inherent tendencies and natural inclinations, are often rather the results of impressions continually forced upon them by the intercourse of life, and the good or bad acquirements which custom and chance produce. The colonel's powers of reflection were by nature great, his conceptions were original, and sprang from a deep vein of rich and matured thought. In mental, as in bodily qualifications, he soared above the level of the general throng, yet he often by excesses sank below the common standard,

and plunged into follies that were at variance with a refined taste and a properly constituted mind. He was one of those who to-night would carouse and revel with the volatile and gay, and on the morrow be the man of sternness and reflective melancholy. Yes! there were the lines of care writ upon that ample brow; but none could tell how long, or why those sorrows had been there.

> Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern,
> Mask hearts where grief hath little left to learn;
> And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,
> 'Mid smiles that least befit who wear them most.

Pleasantly did the two friends chat over their coffee, now reverting to some past pleasure, then talking over a departed friend, and at intervals returning to "foughten fields." It was a meeting of unspeakable delight to both—years, long, obliterating years, had glided away since they parted; age had left its wintry traces on each brow, and, strange to think, they were once more together!

"It is really astonishing how time flies, Spenser! Why, lo! when young, a year seemed double the length it does now. The further we advance towards the mortal goal, the quicker our progression."

"True—true—very true," returned Godfrey, as he thoughtfully replaced his cup on the table, and then looked wistfully at the fire, according to his wont. "It does, indeed," continued he; "we are both waxing towards the sere and yellow leaf!"

"Many, indeed, are the cares and anxieties that beset our path as we hurry on through the brief span of existence! My day, like that of many others, has been a stormy one; yet, I trust, when the sun of life shall set, when the whirlwinds and tempests of passion and disappointments are hushed, the twilight of age will be calm and serene; nor shall the thinking spirit be dismayed at the contemplation of death's dreary night, but cheered and illumed by the brightening hopes of a long and lasting morrow that shall not pass away! Godfrey, these are reflections that must at times be awakened, even in the breast of an old soldier; and when the snow-fall of Time is, as over us, shedding its whiteness, such considerations present themselves with a redoubled force. For years it has been my own wish to fall in the field, and may this hand's last grasp hold that sword which I have never raised but in the defence of my country, my king, and my God!"

These words were expressed with more than wonted energy of expression, so much so, as to somewhat startle old Godfrey, who was not at the moment altogether prepared for such an outburst of patriotic declaration. Sommerton was just comfortable, after the few glasses of wine he had taken; his tongue was loosened, and, like poor Yorick, he felt the man was roused within him. On such occasions he would at times speak with eloquence. The recollection of past circumstances, when reverting to bygone years, always awakened feelings of sensitiveness, if not of pain; and whenever he did refer to earlier days, it was obvious the reflections were of a sorrowful nature, as they left a transitory tinge of melancholy not to be mistaken.

Godfrey, in a brief manner, replied to the effect that it was most glorious for an old soldier to wind up his earthly career on the sod; nevertheless he internally regarded glory as a very fine thing in its way, and

a very nice thing to talk about, but for his part he had no itching desire to be cut and hewed and buried in a trench. He had a prejudice in favour of living on till nature, and not a whiskered hussar, stopped for ever the pulses of vitality.

"Spenser, where were we stationed when you sold out? Was it not at Gibraltar?"

"It was," returned Godfrey. "My father died; I was his only child, and circumstances indispensably demanded my presence in England. I disposed of my commission, but with the settled determination of returning to the service. After my return I fell in love—married. I then had a good fortune, and my wife would not hear of my rejoining the army; consequently, I settled on my patrimonial estate, spending three months in the year in town; the remainder was monotonously passed in the country. I am now father of seven daughters and one boy—Alfred, whom you know—with whom remains the honours and perpetuation of my house. In early life I lived *fast*, nor will the careful retrenchment of recent years, though ever so strictly observed, so far retrieve the follies of early life, as to rid my inheritance of incumbrance. But lo! many an old family has been in the same position—gentlemen of blood and spirit will fall into these inconsistencies. Sir William Wildoats' estate has not been free for three generations, and the world says Lord Lavish's father had dipped so deeply into his property, as to suggest to the present heir the propriety of making a good match, which he did by marrying the only child of a London merchant; and thus a plebeian prop has saved an old house. You see, colonel, in the service gentlemen acquire rather expensive habits—at least it was too correct with regard to my own case, and, you see, when I went up to town, my club friends made those annual visits costly. However, it is no use repining now. Policy and prudence must follow."

"Well, you have given me a sketch of your own history, captain, since we parted at the Rock; now, if you will not deem me tedious, I will hurry over mine. The grilled bone won't be ready yet, and as you will not have any more time, I will tell you a few particulars relative to the hitherto fortunes of Tom Sommerton. In the life of most soldiers there is something of interest, and certainly it must be greater when the tale is told to an old friend."

"I shall with much attention, I am sure, listen to your story."

Colonel Sommerton commenced as follows:

THE COLONEL'S HISTORY.

Not many months after you had left our regiment, my health, which had for some time previous been indifferent, became decidedly impaired. I availed myself of the best professional advice at Gibraltar, but with little if any benefit. The physicians at length unanimously agreed, it was advisable for me to return for the advantage of my native air. My furlough was signed, and I obtained leave for eighteen months. Those who have been for years abroad, and known the restraint and irksomeness of a soldier's life, can alone duly appreciate the delight of revisiting their mother country; to receive the congratulations of old friends; to grasp the cordial hand of honest welcome, and to be once more amongst those united by the ties of friendship and affection! Under such anticipations,

With such feelings, I hastily made the arrangements for my departure. Twenty-four hours after my certificate was signed, my goods and chattels were stowed into those very boxes (pointing to the capacious chests before noticed), and I was in readiness for the voyage. An English home-bound merchantman chanced to be lying at anchor in the bay, and at daylight she unfurled her sails for the British shores. My berth being taken, I embarked on the previous night, and found myself the only passenger. Not feeling well from the harass of packing and other matters, I retired early, and soon fell asleep, dreaming of merry England, and the happy eighteen months I was about to spend.

Soundly did I slumber, and was greatly refreshed by the night's rest. At daybreak I was awakened to consciousness by the clatter of feet on deck—the clashing of chains—the coiling of ropes—the nautical "Heave a-hoy," together with all the customary vociferations and expletives so common when getting out to sea. I was snug and comfortable in my berth, and it was indeed a glorious change to rear myself into the semi-erect position, and peep through the little port-hole window, formed by one immensely thick square of glass, upon the ocean-waters, varied only by the swelling waves, whose white crests were for an instant visible, then vanished; being long white lines near, and gradually diminishing into specks in the distance, or entirely lost. Now and then a sea-bird hovered over the troubled deep, at this instant skimming the billow's heaving breast, at that joyously flapping its wings as it mounted into air, then smoothly alighting on the swelling wave, as if, forsooth, it could alone exist in these two elements—the ocean and the sky! Happy bird, methought, thou art indeed one of Nature's favourites—happy in the wild and airy freedom of thy boundless home! I did not arise until the vessel had made considerably ahead in the Straits; and when I left my berth, my steps were bent towards the deck to enjoy the healthy freshness of the morning breeze. It was a delightful morning—the sun shone with dazzling brightness—the broad expanse of waters reflected his golden rays with unclouded brilliancy; the African coast was on one side—the shores of Europe on the other! I was now on the Great Sea of the inspired writers, sailing between two quarters of the globe! I sat me down upon one of the benches whilst watching the far-off hills become more and more obscure in the distance—then gazed in calm abstractedness upon the deep, unchanged, fathomless, eternal ocean, which still rolled on the same as it did roll thousands of years before! Cities, kingdoms, races, thought I, had flourished and were gone, Nineveh, Babylon, Palmyra, Rome, Carthage, had been, what were they now? Pharaohs, Cyrus, Xerxes, Hannibal, and Cæsars had lived, as the mighty among men—are nothingness; nations, dynasties had existed, and ages ago swept into decay; generation in countless infinitude had followed generation; man, still the tyrant of his fellows, flickers as in yore, a moment on the surface of old Time—wars have left their desolations; and earth and shore have in a thousand times ten thousand ways been mutated by nature and humanity; but the everlasting ocean is the same, the same as when it first from chaos sprung! Such were my musings. A continued indisposition had led to contemplativeness. I felt that chill of self-insignificance; of my own meagreness of being, which was but an infinitesimal dot in creation's bewildering vastness; and yet I busied my brain with vain imaginings, thought of honours; ambition's airy flights gave pleasure—the glories of earth were not

to be renounced, I looked still to living and to life. Spenser, when we reflect what insect things we are!

[It may here be observed to the reader, that Godfrey was not altogether prepared for this unexpected soliloquy on the part of his friend, into whose countenance his peering eye, during the eloquent apostrophe, took a furtive glance, as if to inquire if the colonel had imbibed too many glasses of crusted port. It was all very true, thought Godfrey, nor can it be denied that we are all transitory things; but he considered it then somewhat out of place to sermonise. The tenour of his reflections were then ill-fitted for such considerations. There were periods when this humiliating comparison to insect existence might with him have gone more glibly down; and he could not avoid the internal conclusion that Godfrey Spenser, of Spenser House, Woodthorpe, in the county of ——, was a greater entity than the gnats and gnomes, which he could by a "breath destroy." Besides, he had far rather have talked of a commission for Alfred.]

The winds were adverse, and we were obliged to tack, which, of course, made us progress more tardily. By sunset, however, we were abreast of white-walled Cadiz, the *Toza de Plata*, as the Spaniards say, rising like Cybele from the waters, when the signal was made for passengers; and if any they were to put out, as the captain would not go in, his vessel being fully laden from Malaga. The return signal was made, intimating that certain passengers wished to embark. In no great length of time a skiff was launched, the well and rapidly-applied oars of which quickly urged the light caique over the smooth and silvery sea.

Arriving alongside, there were two females, an elderly gentleman, and a man, who, from his appearance and respectful demeanour, was evidently a servant. The ladies were so muffled up in their travelling dresses, that a cursory glance, as I leisurely paced backwards and forwards on the quarterdeck, could not decide as to their ages or other particulars, yet I fancied one was much older than the other. The gentleman wore a camlet cloak, and had on a forage-cap, trimmed with richly wrought gold lace, and as his cloak was partially blown open by the wind, I did not fail to observe it was lined with costly fur. His whiskers and mustache were of snowy whiteness, and the long and luxuriant locks, bleached like the former, which gracefully fell over his shoulders, imparted a venerable air of dignity that at once commanded respect. To one of the ladies he paid particular attention, nor would he allow either of them to ascend the ladder till it had been securely lashed to, and which he personally ascertained. Their luggage consisted of some half dozen packing-cases, with two or three boxes of smaller size, one of which was covered with black leather, and carried in his hand. From its construction, and the care bestowed upon it by its possessor, it might be inferred that it contained valuables. When the passengers and their luggage had been safely embarked, the servant, at the beckon of his master, approached and received from his hand some coin, which the former gave to the boatmen, evidently as a gratuity for their expedition and civility. When one of the sailors at parting looked upon the younger lady, he exclaimed to another, "*Madre de Dios! Senora muy delecado; con una boca hermosa.*" Then respectfully raising his hat he said, "*Adios Don Berryo—Adios Señor Capitan, buen camino!*" and they then plied their oars in return. Not deeming it polite to be too scrutinising in my glances, I laid my arms over

the side of the vessel, and rapturously looked upon the scene presented. There was "fair Cadiz," with her "clear white walls," the "shining city" standing out in bold and picturesque relief from the sombre shades of the less distinct background formed by the mountain ruggedness of the Andalusian shores—Andalusia, so familiar to recollection by historical associations. I thought of Cordova—the past glories of Granada—the Alhambra, once the pride of old Hispania, whose magnificence can still be traced amid the wrecks of ruin and the spoils of time. "Saracenic splendours," said I, "are now remembered but as things that were; the idle shepherd wanders unconsciously, or heedless, over ground rendered classic by the glorious events of other days, and while the recording page of history has hallowed and shed over it an enduring charm. Man might have retrograded, conquests destroyed, and the march of centuries produced their mutations, but mountains, valleys, rivers, ocean, were the same! A fallen and enslaved race were these, and well might the poet ask

Why nature wasted her wonders on such men?"

As I turned away from the newly-embarked strangers, the smaller of the females, as she was about to descend the companion ladder, looked around for the gentleman, who at the moment was busily engaged in seeing to the safe deposit of the luggage, which his servant and a couple of sailors were lowering into the hold. As she did this, mine eye fell upon one of the most bewitching faces I had ever beheld—such surpassing beauty—such features of loveliness it had never been my lot to gaze upon. It was but a glance—the glance of a moment, yet from that moment to this very hour, Spenser, that face has not been a day forgotten—no not even for one fleeting day! Like the immortal author of "Paradise Lost," I fell in love at first sight. Immediately after that electric gaze, my heart beat quicker, and I felt as if some powerful influence had agitated my form.

"Love at first sight!" said I. "Psha! 'tis nonsense."

I concluded my debilitated frame had rendered the brain more susceptible of impressions. The sun, in hues which no art can imitate, was gently sinking into the rosy bowers of the west, tinging with gold and crimson dyes the far-off horizon. The Spanish shores were soon becoming more and more unperceptible to the eye, and fain would I have continued my revery which history had created of the past; but the living form just seen was a more absorbing reality! My mind involuntarily offered its conjectures, as to who the lady boasting such personal charms really was—from whence they came—and whither they were going. Pacing to and fro, the words of the song were fitly remembered.

Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam,
Where many a soft and melting maid is,
But none abroad, and few at home,
May match the dark-eyed girl of Cadiz!

The party came from that beautiful city, and the first inference was, that they were inhabitants of the place, because they had a foreign appearance, and because the gentleman fluently conversed with the native boatmen, whilst the dark, somewhat melancholy eye, the swarthy complexion, and agile figures, tended to confirm me in such opinion.

The wind rather freshening, and feeling somewhat chilly, I determined on descending into the cabin, there to join and make acquaintance with

those who were to be my fellow-passengers. Taking a parting glance at the Andalusian hills, and looking towards the "city of the deep," I said with "Childe Harold,"

Adieu! fair Cadiz—yea, a long adieu!

and left the deck for the night.

The captain of the vessel had, in reply to other inquiries made by the gentleman, informed him of another passenger being present who said he was an English officer, whom he had shipped at Gibraltar, and whom he believed to be returning to his native country on account of ill-health. The strange gentleman received the intelligence with pleasure, as it was desirable to have a companion, and as he felt certain an English officer would be a man of education and a gentleman. As you are aware, Spenser, British soldiers always did take a high stand abroad, nor are they backward in suing for that respect which their profession confers; they stick up mightily for the dignity of the red coat, and perhaps this at times is carried out with something of vaunting and presumption. I do not comprehend, however, why they should obtrude their importance, and arrogate superiority. But, you see, not a few who enter our ranks have more money than brains, and the rich cloth can be more dazzling to the vulgar than the sage can be honoured for his wisdom; besides, the romantic stories of military bravery, and the paraphernalia of tinsel trappings and gold lace, have their effect upon common minds. Many who, if they cut a bad figure in other professions, might pass with tolerable respect to be cut at in ours. Samuel Johnson observed to Mr. Boswell, "If one could suppose Socrates to be giving a lecture on philosophy, and Charles XII. going out to a campaign, it would be deemed far more honourable to join the ranks of the latter than to listen to the wise sayings of the former." Appearances go far with mankind, and he who would astonish and excel his fellows, must needs often have to use paltry expedients, and undignified recourses.

Well, I descended. The captain introduced me in his rough way as Captain Sommerton, which it is here needless to observe is the title, by courtesy, given to all lieutenants such as I was then. The stranger immediately arose, and in an easy and graceful manner, which showed not only continental politeness, but good breeding and gentlemanly deportment, which would have testified the man of polish and the world, not mattering what nation he claimed as his country—he arose, I say, and introduced the ladies, the elder as Madame Vauville, the younger as Mademoiselle de Berryer. The ladies arose, and acknowledged the introduction, and thus, through the ceremonial of a proper etiquette, we became known to each other. I said it mattered little from whence Monsieur de Berryer came—it was evident at a glance he was, in the full acceptation of the term, a gentleman. His language, his looks, his gesture, evinced his being brought up amongst the higher ranks of life. He had now thrown aside his camlet cloak, and doffed the forage-cap. His tall and well-proportioned figure, which, though age had in some degree deprived of its erectness, was that of an agile and handsome man. Being thin and active, he was just of that physical conformation which can bear the havoc of years, and repel their ravages. There is a bodily formation which never wholly loses the sprightliness and nimbleness of youth, with which the step to the last is springy and resilient, and the

limbs supple and mobile—opposed to that condition of corpulency and inactive disposition which tend to induce disease, and bring on faster the work of decay. His thin features, with long nose, easily inflated nostrils, closed mouth, large and dark-flashing eyes, and the lofty brow, though wrinkled over with many a deep and furrowing line of thought, attested no common mind; while the small hand and little foot suggested his high descent, and that the warm blood of a sunny clime circulated along his veins. His dress was plain, but after the fashion of the French, and from such it alone slightly differed in being less ostentatious, and more free from finery.

Madame Vauville, at a guess, might be forty, and though beauty had passed away, its faded footsteps were still traceable. In manners she was graceful and pleasing, and her countenance gave indubitable evidence of vivacity and wit. Her costume was modest and unassuming; inclined to humbleness and simplicity, rather than fashion and gaiety. It, however, suited her person, and she perhaps looked more taking than if arrayed in the gaudy attirements which so-called fashion decks the fascinating belle. She had round her neck a chain of amber, to which were attached a small miniature and a golden crucifix. On the third finger of the left hand was an amulet, in which sparkled a costly brilliant.

Mademoiselle de Berryer, her young and captivating companion, was in the bloom and sprightliness of youth. She did not appear to have seen more than eighteen summers. A cursory glance showed her to be the fortunate possessor of a thousand attractions; there was that face which but an hour ago had so forcibly struck me, and which I could already not look upon without an admiration somewhat akin to love, beaming as it did with radiant smiles, and striking the beholder with all that influence and power which exceeding beauty in the gentler sex seldom fails to exert. The varied expression of modest confusion, the winning bashfulness of early years, the stolen glances of one who was a stranger, the quiet demeanour, and, too, the melancholy tinge into which those dark and dazzling eyes subsided, added to the enchantment under which I began to feel affected. A Domminichini or a Salvator Rosa would have delighted in beauty so unconscious—so irresistibly charming. Between the lineaments of monsieur and herself there was an evident resemblance, and the more the likeness was traced, the more convincing the comparison appeared. The plaintive cast of her features; the quiet flashes of those lustrous orbs, that ever and anon bespoke the intelligent conceptions of a soul full of sensibility and thought; the long silken fringes of their slightly drooping lids; the Grecian nose; small but well-formed mouth, around which, ever and anon, the merry smile would play, and then expose a set of ivory teeth which were remarked for their regularity and whiteness; the olive tint of her complexion shone out in more relief when the mantling blush added its damask tinge; the glossy brightness of her raven hair, which was tastefully arranged in the Madonna style, and here and there its thick tresses kept in their position by silver bands; her full though half-veiled bust, tiny fingers, and sylph-like form, were the personal attractions of Mademoiselle de Berryer—the fascinations which rendered her one of the loveliest of her sex. The poet and painter might have exerted their powers of imagination to describe or picture an ideal beauty; but nature in this reality would have beggared the

noblest essays of the most creative genius. She was the embodied personation of what Anacreons, Byrons, and Moores, have sung—the kind of being tried to be represented by magic pencils which make "forms from canvas breathe." Her mind, though guileless and innocent as infantile thoughts, was subtle and powerful in its reasonings. It seemed impossible that she could be altogether insensible of her personal charms; but her soul was of too high an order to be carried away by the vain boastings of a transient beauty that a gracious Providence had conferred, and which, as she rightly said, was a gift, and no result of self-merit, therefore ought not to be exulted in. She had no fears that a more extensive intercourse with the world would generate affectation and pride—the offspring of weakness and vanity. Her attire was plain, but composed of costly materials. She wore a blue silken dress, made without the least attempt at fashion and finery; around her shoulders was drawn, as if negligently, a dark crimson mantilla, which, as worn by Spanish ladies, had a hood, that in the open air served as head-dress, as it could be easily drawn, not only on the head, but over the face; just as it is seen on the Spanish belle in the present day. On the index-finger of her left hand was a large emerald set in a chased mounting, and around her right arm was a simple bracelet made of hair, as ebon black as her own. There was something in her costume, as in her manners, that pronounced superiority and distinction.

For some short time after my introduction the conversation was formal, and the topics were merely those commonplace and unimportant subjects which strangers have recourse to in order to avoid what might seem an awkward taciturnity. We recounted the weather, not only for that day, but a week previously; speculated on the probabilities of a freshening breeze, as we now heard the wind sigh, and at times shrilly whistle, as it blew through the rigging with its mesh-work of cordage and ropes. Then we returned to Cadiz, and from there steered off on the general condition of Spain and Portugal. I soon found M. de Berryer to be a person of considerable information, and possessed of first-rate conversational powers. He, at length, entered upon each point of discourse with earnestness, and spoke with all that precision and logical tone of reasoning indicative of the thinker and the scholar. As to myself, to be candid, I was stupid and uncollected; my mental faculties felt clouded and confused, and such resulted from my absorbing admiration of Madeline de Berryer, who was even now a very enchantress over my soul. I did not follow up the train of argument, and on one or two occasions said "yes" when I ought to have replied "no." I then tried to extricate myself from the dilemma, and only made myself more foolish; at which Madame Vauville bit her lips, and mademoiselle returned an arch look and suppressed smile.

"You look cold, monsieur," said de Berryer, after having for some time conversed, and perceiving I was seated somewhat distant from the fire, "you look chilly; and, if I remember right, our commander said you were now an invalid? You had better come to this seat near the stove. Madeline, my love, sit by me on the couch, and give to the gentleman your warmer seat in the corner. You had better move there. Do, if you please, monsieur," continued De Berryer, with much apparent kindness, and as if he really felt for my ill state of health.

Before I could make any reply, Madeline had sprung from the chair in the corner, and was seated on the couch by her father. I was about to entreat the young lady to remain where she had been ; but the politeness of the two insisted on my accepting of their polite attentions. The father spoke English, but, like most foreigners, indifferently. Madeline, however, addressed me in a manner that showed her greater proficiency in our language ; and when her father could not clearly express himself, she took upon her the gentle office of being his interpreter. I had not *forgot* my French, and as the quartette could express themselves in that tongue, we adopted it as the most agreeable to the party.

"Have you been an invalid some time?" inquired Monsieur de Berryer, as he looked me in the face, and spoke in a tone of tenderness and paternal feeling.

"During several months," replied I, "my health has been indifferent, and, at the request of my physicians, I now return, in the hopes of improvement, to my native land."

"You are right, monsieur, you are right. Health is beyond every other blessing. We, too, are going to England," concluded De Berryer, in a half-suppressed sigh.

"Were you ever in England, monsieur?" asked I.

"Never."

"The captain calculates our voyage at seven or eight days from Malaga to the Thames, if only the winds are favourable," continued I.

"But we are tacking now, monsieur," replied De Berryer, "and the wind blows well-nigh full ahead—but here comes our commander. Captain, pray how long do you suppose we shall be on our voyage? From what I know of seafaring matters, our progress is unusually slow."

"God only knows how long we shall be. This morning there was not wind enough to fill a petticoat ; and now, when it has freshened a little, it is full against us," returned the hardy son of Neptune, in rough and *ronchous* voice, which was quite in keeping with bluff, weather-beaten features, broad shoulders, and herculean frame of that choice specimen of the British tar.

"Well, well, never mind, only the steward's room be well stored," observed De Berryer ; "if we are blown out to sea we will make the best of it. I have been under more unfavourable circumstances in my time."

The captain assured us, that if blown out to sea, we should not have to undergo the misery of short commons ; at the same time he moved off to the opposite side of the cabin, and opening a locker, as if unperceived by, or perhaps regardless of those around, poured out, and then threw down his throat, a glassful of neat rum, which matter-of-course action might have passed unnoticed, had it not been for the hearty smack which he gave as if in the honest appreciation of the prime old Jamaica that he had received as a present from a West India trader. The ladies were evidently amused at his coarse bluntness ; and when they gazed a[illegible] his brawny proportions, those huge whiskers, that sea-burnt face, sou'-wester, and pilot coat, they did indeed contemplate with [illegible] such a burly, untutored son of humanity.

"Monsieur Sommerton, do you play at chess?" asked De Berryer ; "if you do, I should be delighted to have a battle with you."

"It will give me great pleasure, monsieur," replied I ; "and many a

long and obstinate game I have contended at Gibraltar with my brother officers, to wile away the often irksome monotony of a garrison life. But perhaps the ladies would like to play?" continued I, then throwing an admiring glance at the bewitching dark eyes by my side.

"No—no, you and monsieur play, Captain Sommerton," answered they, both simultaneously; "and we, if you please, will be spectators."

"Madeline, my dearest, go into my berth, and you will find the chessmen immediately on opening the large trunk," said the father, at the same time placing in his beautiful daughter's hand the key.

Madeline arose, drawing her mantilla more closely around her, proceeded to De Berryer's dormitory, and soon returned with the white and red armies for the contest. Ere long, De Berryer and I were absorbed in the game; and although I was the allowed champion in our garrison, I could perceive from a few moves that my opponent was more than a match for me. Both from the first seemed determined on victory, and each made his move with more than common care and calculation. Now a move; then, after a long and reflective pause, another; neither spoke; the ladies anxiously watched the contest, and more than two hours had passed over before Madeline clapped her hands exultingly: "Checkmate, monsieur, the gentleman has beat you!" She then burst into a good-natured laugh, and said, "Monsieur, it is a long time since you had so tiresome a rival as Captain Sommerton."

"You must indeed have had considerable practice, Captain Sommerton," observed Madame Vauville, "as Monsieur De Berryer is deemed a very superior player. I trust this will be the prelude to many a coming game."

"I shall have much pleasure—very much pleasure in playing to-morrow; nor should I have minded another trial of our strength to-night; but my doctors insisted on the desirableness of my retiring at an early hour."

"To-morrow—to-morrow, captain," said De Berryer; "you are right in attending to the injunctions of your medical advisers. I am glad to find in you so powerful an enemy. The renewal of these conflicts will to us both make the otherwise dull hours at sea pass pleasantly. But here comes the supper. Jules (to the man-servant), set the ladies' chairs on the opposite side, and go fetch me dry toast and tea—'twill suit me better to take a light repast than to eat more substantial viands."

As to myself, I could take nothing; and after having drank a couple of glasses of Sauterne, I bade my newly-formed friends good night. When partly undressed, I threw my back against the partition of my snug dormitory, thrust my hands into the pockets of my pantaloons, and was instanter lost in reverie. On the previous evening I was overjoyed at the thoughts of returning to my native land, and conceived the voyage alone lay between me and that pleasure; now—aye—so soon I thought otherwise, I cared not whither the winds blew us—where the fates tossed us—would not have minded being driven to the antipodes—only—only Madeline was there! Home, country, friends, and pleasures, were "quite forgotten in that absent trance!" Then, breaking silence, I exclaimed, "who can she be, and what is De Berryer? I would give my commission to know. I would have her—yes!—yes! if she had not a ducat for her dowry."

FEMALE NOVELISTS.

No. VII.—Mrs. Marsh.

To have been deeply and devotedly, however inconsistently, in love with an entire bevy of fair ladies, one after the other, in rapid succession, is, we would fain hope, more pardonable where they are the creatures of fiction than in real life. Otherwise we are verily and exuberantly guilty in this matter; and, in common with us, Mrs. Marsh, the author of this manifold calamity, has much to answer for. If we have been susceptible so often, and so often faithless—now over head and ears in love with an innocent brunette, now engaged past recal to a pensive blonde—if we have been as comprehensive and gradational in our affections as the vacillating poet who sings, unblushingly enough, how he was enamoured of an infinite series of Marys and Annes, Isabellas and Marthas—

"Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary next began,
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria,
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catherine,
And then a long "et cetera,"*—

if we have been absorbed in attachment to an Angela, and then sworn eternal fealty to a Flavia, and next week vowed everything that pretty is to a little Joan Grant, and anon plighted our troth to a Clarice de Vere, and *haud longo intervallo* done the same to a bewitching Clarinda, and then been enthralled by the power of that awful demoiselle, Grace Vaux, and in a trice raving about Lila, and charmed to a "power" which has no mathematical symbol by Emilia Wyndham—if by these and a score besides of equivalent syrens, we have been seduced from constancy and final perseverance, and have in intent been polygamists of inveterate habit and illimitable range—then we turn round, ungratefully, but not causelessly, upon the author of all our mishaps, and accuse her of being accomplice *before* the fact, and piteously upbraid her with the reproach, Why did you make them all so winning, if it was a sin in us to be won? Why did you create them with such powers, if the exercise must needs entail aggravated mischief? Some creators fail to charm us with their creations, charm they never so wisely. But you and yours have no such excuse. And *you* at least cannot join in the impeachment of inconstancy against us, for you it was who produced in rapid succession each too fascinating fair one, and who qualified each with a peerless pair of bright eyes to rain influence upon us, and adjudge the prize to herself. Our sin lies at your door, and day and night on you it cries, as with the west-end thunder of a footman's double rap.

Another point in which we have again and again felt Mrs. Marsh's

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* Cowley: "The Chronicle." Abraham's only compunction seems to have been felt when there ensued a temporary cessation of these engagements: whereupon he says,

"Thousand worse passions *then* possess'd
The interregnum of my breast;
Bless me from such an anarchy!"

masterly and moving power, is what we may term the pathos of the retrospective. The very machinery she loves to employ for the evolution of her tales, involves something of this:—we hear "Two Old Men" recalling the deeds of the past, and the forms of the departed,

The voices of the dead, and songs of other years.

The aged address us on the events and friendships of their fervid youth, and describe the "blessed household countenances" then radiant with promise, now dim in memory—then beauteous with exuberant life, now mouldering amid the "dishonours of the grave." A pensive sadness suffuses every recollection; for it pertains so entirely to the "long ago," that as each brightsome maiden trips before us, we seem to view her as the heart-burdened seer might do, to whom the end is visible from the beginning, and whose accursed privilege it is to scan, with frightful telescopic range and telescopic accuracy of vision, the autumn and winter, as well as the spring and summer of her life, and to peer into the decaying decline as well as the joyous blossoming of the days of the years of her pilgrimage. She comes, "borne on airs of youth,"

——Old days sing round her, old memorial days,
She crown'd with tears, they dress'd in flowers, all faded—
And the night fragrance is a harmony
All through the Old Man's soul. . . .
——Soft, sweet regrets, like sunset
Lighting old windows with gleams day had not.
Ghosts of dead years, whispering old silent names
Through grass-grown pathways, by halls mouldering now.
Childhood—the fragrance of forgotten fields;
Manhood—the *un*forgotten fields whose fragrance
Pass'd like a breath.*

What, it has been asked, would be the heart of an old weather-beaten hollow stump, if the "leaves and blossoms of its youth were suddenly to spring up out of the mould around it, and to remind it how bright and blissful summer was in the years of its prime!" It is ever easy, comparatively, to wring the soul by a few touching "retrospective reviews" of this kind—for the images of yore

Which they awaken, glide from misty years
Dreamlike and solemn, and but half unfold
Their tale of glorious hopes, religious fears,
And visionary schemes of giant mould;
Whose dimmest trace the world-worn heart reveres,
And, with love's grasping weakness, strives to hold.†

But it is not so easy to sway the soul in its musings, and to sound its deep and desolate places in the manner characteristic of the "Two Old Men." There is a genuine, equable, underlying, vital force in their pathos—at once impassioned, and yet of ample power to chasten and subdue.

With such qualities alone, had the novelist none others of value, she would justly challenge the interest and attention of all that are gentle and true of heart. A pre-eminent skill in the construction of womanly

* Sydney Yendys.
† Sir T. N. Talfourd (Sonnets).

character, and an impressive tone in reviving the emotions of the past, are as decidedly important in the qualifications of a novelist, as they are assuredly at the command of the one now before us. But these are the two particulars in which her writings most favourably attract us. In story, she is not always very happy, or original, or painstaking ; in miscellaneous character, she is often flighty and inconsistent ; in reflective and didactic passages, she occasionally lingers and loiters, and scatters truisms by the way ; and as for humour, when it *does* come, it is by such petty driblets, and in such diluted dulness, that to laugh at it on the right side of the mouth would require a phiz with other facial angles, and a diaphragm of far livelier excitability, than ours. As to style, she indulges to an undue degree in the spasmodic and fragmentary, breaking up her sentences into minute fractions, and isolated interjections, and stammering solecisms, and jerking instalments, and abrupt adjournments ; amid which no sober colon can find rest for the sole of his foot, nor even sprightly comma for the curl of his tail. Enough said to prove ourselves no blind neck-or-nothing devotees. Now we may go on praising again, with a comfortable conscience.

Once upon a time we used to dip into what are styled religious novels. *That* was generally on Sundays. But even on Sundays we are now too dyspeptic for diet so preposterously heavy, and would almost as soon wind up the Sabbath with a profane and profuse supper of pork chops. There is more religion, of a practical, persuasive, and influential sort, we now incline to hold, in the secularities of Mrs. Marsh's fictions, than in the systematised sanctities of the technically-called religious tale. A high, healthy moral tone—freshened and rarefied withal by devout spiritual reverence—imbues her writings. At times, indeed, the structure of her plot is calculated to suggest questions of casuistry, and to elicit, at the best, but an equivocal assent to her own interpretation of duty. But even then, if she errs, it is on the side which a rigid morality would countenance, and judgment rejoice against mercy, self-sacrifice triumph over selfishness, stoic principle over virtuous passion. She has done much, very much, to rescue the novel from the stigma and obloquy of mere frivolity, and to enlist among its admirers, and even its students, those minds of graver cast and stricter demands who were once limited to Hannah More and her apostolical successionists. Evidently and invariably she writes with purity of purpose and earnestness of moral aim ; and those who leave her without a sense of being bettered by the intercourse, must, we submit, be rather prejudiced, or very perfect characters. She has laid to heart, and reproduced in breathing "forms and images," *something* of the philosophy of Wordsworth—

> With life and nature purifying thus
> The elements of feeling and of thought,
> And sanctifying, by such discipline,
> Both pain and fear, until we recognise
> A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.*

All this, however, without the air of a severe or straitlaced moral essayist, or the production of mere heavy reading. With all her elevated and monitorial accents, there mingles an impassioned tone of chivalrous feel-

* "The Prelude." Book i.

ing and romantic sympathy. *Hic plurimus ignis semper.* And so glowing and bright is the flame of love which burns perennially on her altar, that the coldest bystander must needs undergo a partial thaw, and become persuaded that *he* too is an adept in the mysteries of the *belle passion,* and plume himself on his entire capacity to say with the Virgilian shepherd, *Nunc scio quid sit amor.*

To pass, in review, even by way of hurried allusion, the complete set of Mrs. Marsh's works of fiction, is a notion *too* trying for either our modesty or memory. Could she count them up herself, without a few dozen breaks and stoppages? Let her meditate that query, before she taxes us with heedless neglect. Meanwhile, out of the serried phalanx before our mind's eye, we select one or two for more particular observation. And first, the tale which is not uncommonly pronounced her *chef-d'œuvre,* "Emilia Wyndham."

The heroine is one whose early ambition it is to be heroic. Her youthful thoughts turn, as her mother interprets them, on deeds of high courage, of strenuous effort, of vanquished difficulty, of victory achieved —"of dragons and monsters of the wilderness—of Una and her lion—of Clarinda and her lance—or rather of Joan of Arc and a country saved." Her aspiration is to suffer, to die, for those she loves—for their sakes she finds a charm in privations, pain, danger. "Let me be like that charming Lady Harriet Acland, in the American war. Let me go with my husband to the battle, and nurse him in his tent, and follow him in a boat, and under the fire of ten thousand muskets, to the log-hut in the woods, among the wildest Indians." And poor (yet why poor?) Emilia's wish is granted, although she knows not what she asks. Scope for heroism is amply provided in her after lot, but not in such guise as had been the subject of her craving. And the doctrine of this book is —as expounded in its opening, and developed in its every chapter—that to those who consider rightly, heroism is a far nobler thing now, when it is no longer a sound to mark the glowing excitement, the lofty enthusiasm, which fights and struggles in the brilliant mid-day, gilded by the sun, all warm and genial; but the slow, silent, death-struggle of the soul in solitude, darkness, and obscurity, against the heavy, wearying, every-day evils of every-day actual life; sacrifices of the hourly and the small, but the sum of which is existence*—not offered in the fervour of the moment, but given, as it were, by inches; the heroic devotion to others, and those others not even worthy; far from grateful, too often resentful: combining patience, perseverance, endurance, gentleness, and disinterestedness; such, as defined by Emilia's mother, is the heroism of our day. And such is the predestined test of Emilia's claim to be a heroine. And heroically she proves her "great right" to be so. One circumstance, indeed, there is in the disposition of the story, which materially abates from the approbation its general character is calculated to elicit; and that is, the question as to how far Emilia was justified in marrying the man she did not, could not love, and ignoring the existence, and the all but declared attachment of the man she *did.* It is a case for the casuists to decide. Could it be right? asks the novelist herself: was this sacri-

* The world is wide, these things are small,
They may be nothing—but they are all.—R. M. Milnes.

fice one that any embarrassment, any exigency, could render excusable? The woman's heart said, No! It told Emilia that the claims of the heart were the strongest, the most indefeasible of claims: that no duty could be stringent enough to justify the disregard of *them*. Yet she was hemmed in on every side. "It is easy to talk of earning one's bread—the difficulty is, how, desolate and unfriended as she was, to begin. Every one with whom she was connected would have concurred to obstruct that path—every person and circumstance around her to impel her into the other." Her lover, "and he not even a declared lover, was far away; but had he been within reach, could she have called upon him for assistance? Impossible, under the circumstances of vague uncertainty with respect to his intentions in which it had pleased him to let her remain." Mrs. Marsh has been roundly rebuked for allowing Emilia to accept the unloved suitor, whose wealth is to save her father and herself from abject ruin. And it is apparently assumed by the censors who thus abuse the story, that the author converts this particular feature of it into doctrine, and applauds, and proposes for universal imitation, the decision to which her distracted heroine was finally impelled. Whereas, in fact, she does nothing of the kind. She explicitly avows herself consciously unable to determine whether Emilia was, under the stated pressure of events, right or wrong; emphatically adding, "But this I know, that a delicate sense of right, after all, revolts from such a sacrifice; because a secret consciousness seems to exclaim, that in this one relation of social life sentiment is all in all, and that no duty can be stringent enough to oblige us to that great blasphemy against nature, the conjugal relation without prevailing love; at least, without a heart disengaged, and at ease." Emilia would perhaps have been a "perfect woman," had she chosen the other path; but "perfect woman" is so *distancing* a contemplation to man compassed with infirmity, and implies so much of the *procul este profani* bearing, that we are, on the whole, thankful to take her with all her imperfections on her head, for better for worse, till a yet severer casuistry us do part: and so we plight her our troth.

All this metaphorically, of course: for here is her actual husband—a sharp-witted barrister, and horribly jealous withal—so that it is not likely we should be seriously figurative. Mr. Danby is capitally set forth, and constitutes a real "character"—slightly inconsistent and improbable, perchance—but so all real "characters" are. He is no exaggerated fugleman of a company of those chamber practitioners who become, by virtue of their profession, singular in their habits, suspicious in their tempers, and acute rather than broad in intellect. Yet he has deep feelings, quite unknown to himself, lying congealed within his breast. The "foundation" of all he does and thinks is so invariably just and right, that we long to see his rectitude tempered with pity, his plain-speaking with gentleness, his austerity with mercy. The portraits of his mother and her sound-hearted serving-woman (the good Genius of the tale) are also cleverly done; and there are painfully truthful strokes about that of old Mr Wyndham, alike in his selfish prosperity and in his imbecile dotage. Johnny Wilcox, too, is excellent—a very broth of a boy. Colonel Lenox is so disagreeable and egotistic, that we are thankful he did *not* become lord and master of Emilia. Lisa is too vulgar in her feather-

brained vivacity for our liking, and though quite good enough, is not much too good for the gallant colonel.

But Mrs. Marsh's power is still more distinctly marked in the striking novel of "Ravenscliffe." The character of Randal Langford, conceived and executed with evident study, leaves an impression of almost unmitigated pain. We inspect a fierce, violent nature; passionate yet hard, fiery but cold; which contrasts have been aggravated, not softened, by the education of an iron father, and a rigid, reserved, impassive mother —such education as a Dominican inquisitor might have given in the bosom of a Protestant church. From childhood, his passions, extraordinary in their force, have been all driven in—his tenderer feelings chilled, every softer imagination blighted. A stanch sense of duty he has; but the strong cord which binds him to it is made up in part only of principle, partly, also, of doggedness and pride. That tall, gaunt young man, harsh and stern of visage, ungraceful in gait, overbearing in mien, dogmatical in tone—the very being to be implicated in social broils—has been brought up in puritan seclusion, and saturated with contemptuous abhorrence of certain social excrescences, especially duelling. And he it is whom we have to see horsewhipped, at high noon, in the public walk of his college grounds, before a crowd of collegiate and promiscuous gazers; but the only means in the world's eye for wiping out the stain, he has been taught to despise as cowardly and degrading; he has loudly and constantly enforced that doctrine himself; his enforcement of it has been so public, so repeated, so *tranchant*, so unmodified, that it seems impossible for him to recede with honour. Such is the "fix" in which Randal is placed; such the horns of the dilemma by which he is tossed and gored. It argues the adventurous daring of Mrs. Marsh to conjure up difficulties of so perplexing an order; and although the effect is necessarily disagreeable, and the conduct of the struggle open to objection from different quarters, she, at least, "rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm" like one not unused to such terrible voyaging. Randal's mother, Mrs., or "Madam" Langford, is ably delineated, like some scowling family portrait which offends the eye, while attracting it on the score of artistic truth—a cold, stiff, rigid woman, of undeviating moral rectitude, strong puritan piety, and severe sense of duty, of haughty as well as frigid temper; always supposing blame, whoever the person charged, where blame could be supposed, and visiting mistakes, faults, or crimes, with the same unsparing rigour. Where blame is futile, she takes refuge in what is justly called "that worst alternative in such cases—an awful, portentous, a barren, dreary silence, far worse in its effects upon family harmony than the most passionate and stormy explanations." How characteristic of the Ravenscliffe circle, that when a letter comes from the university, announcing Randal's expulsion, the father should hand it in silence to his wife, and then, without note or comment, to his son—that the three should read it (each and all morbidly sensitive to the family honour), and not one word be uttered, not the slightest symptom of feeling or sympathy betrayed. If Randal is, as we believe, an improbability, not so his parents. They and he are all finely individualised; but in his case the individuality is a mistake: he would not have practically realised so many theoretical contraries; no such positive result could have been worked out of such negative terms.

Hence he commands not that sympathy which might seem his due, considering the force expended by our authoress on the description of his wedding, and the means which brought it about; even *her* intensity fails to harrow one up to the proper degree, when she analyses his agonies of wounded pride and tenderness; of jealousy, rage, suspicion, all at arms within; such burning indignation, such withering distrust of all; he, the strong man, caught, foiled, betrayed, cheated by them all. In depicting Eleanor Wharncliffe, again, Mrs. Marsh set herself a difficult and delicate task. The story of Angela had given her an opportunity, as she somewhere remarks, to delineate a character tender, gentle, and softly susceptible, but with the addition of sublime spiritual strength: Eleanor, on the other hand, is to charm us by equal maidenly graces, but to lack that substratum without which the character in time of trial falls away. Eleanor is another Lucy Ashton; the delight of beholders, but the tossed and driven sport of circumstances—one who feels that yield she must to an irresistible force, "suffering the current of events to sweep her unresistingly where it will"—like the drowning wretch (to use the novelist's own similitude) who, having baffled with the waves, clinging desperately for life to the last plank, exhausted with his agonising efforts, at length submits to his fate, and closing his eyes, suffers the waters to overwhelm him. Bitterly she learns what *that* meaneth: to be weak is to be miserable. One courageous stroke would save her, when it comes to the worst; but she wants the energy for that one act. "She had been cowed when a child. Dire misfortune! She had lost the faculty of opposition even in the most just acts of self-defence. She had been so accustomed to be passive, that passive was all she could be in the greatest emergency." In sacrificing herself, her betrothed, and yet another and dearer, to parental intrigue, she has only to expect such peace as worldliness cannot give but *can* take away: the peace of helpless despair, the peace of those who suffer without resistance—"such peace as the poor Irish victim of starvation and fever experiences when he gives the matter up, and lies down under a hedge to die." But when she is irrevocably Randal's, she does not, "wasting in despair, die because" her sun of hope and joy is eclipsed, is gone down while it is yet day; but, in consonance with the moral principles of the writer, so often and characteristically enforced, she eschews "madness in white satin and Brussels lace," and, to the terrific disappointment of well-bred sentimentalists and well-seasoned novel-readers, she determines on devoting herself to perform a wife's duties—and lo! to the feverish trance of passion succeeds the sober glow of a sincere and dutiful attachment. The author foresees that many will think Eleanor a marvellous common-place or even unworthy creature, thus to accept her appointed portion, and that many will blame her, and justly, for letting that portion be forced upon her by the unreasonable violence of others. But Mrs. Marsh's sympathy attends this effort to realise a dutiful attachment; "for, let people say what they will, the dutifulness of an attachment is no ill ingredient in aid of its durability and strength." Compare this point of view, reader, with that which would have been adopted by a French romance-factor—a Paul de Kock or an Eugène Sue, and between the two doctrines choose ye! But with all the English sobriety and moral sense of Mrs. Marsh, she is careful and able to avoid a frequently inseparable dulness: not those practised French-

men themselves would have drawn a picture more intense in its colouring than that of Eleanor on the dark and stormy bridal-morn, when she lay gasping on the bed, as her maid brought in the lace veil, and the orange-flowers, and the

Βυσσινον λαμπρον και καθαρον,

and, with a crushing presentiment of woe and killing anguish, watched what was going on, "as the wretched Mary Stuart might have watched the preparations for her toilet on the morning of her execution." When a sorrow-poisoned arrow of this sharp, merciless sort is to speed its way to the soul, few there are who can bend Mrs. Marsh's bow.

Her dramatic power of narrative is largely illustrated in "Ravenscliffe." For instance: in the conversational intrigues of Lady Wharncliffe with Randal and his bride—the panic at Lisburne Castle on the flight of Marcus, and the *éclaircissement* of Mr. Sullivan—the scene between Eleanor and Marcus in the wood—and, above all, that *chef-d'œuvre* of tragical description, justly compared to a parallel passage in the "Bride of Lammermoor," the wedding morning at Lidcote Hall. The catastrophe beneath the raven's oak—

Antè sinistra cavâ monuisset ab ilice cornix—

is over-fraught with pain; one cannot forgive Marcus the bearishness of his embraces—he is as rough at a salute as at a horse-whipping, and in both cases occasions illimitable disaster. After this, the narrative flags sadly. In energy, interest, style, characterisation, there is a decline—and one almost wishes it were a galloping decline—for, with the exception of the very last stage of all, the book suffers a slow and steady atrophy, and dies by inches. The second Mrs. Langford and her son, Priest, are in every sense *de trop*; and the story is closed with a wish on the reader's part, that Mrs. Marsh had in this case, as in others, been a Dissenter from the Established Churchdom of three vols. post 8vo., and sided with the Nonconformists, who have faith in two.

Dispersed here and there throughout the tale we come across tid-bits of the picturesque—etched off in flowing but not careless style. Such is the description of the castle of Ravenscliffe, gloomily towering on a scaur, high over a rocky-bedded impetuous stream, and the vast ruinous old tree, of ante-Norman date, called the raven's oak, with its hoary, rugged, moss-grown trunk, its huge coronet of branches, and its outspread arms swaying majestically to the rising and falling wind—a sublime relict of ages gone by. Such, too, the sketch of the stately castle of Lisburne, on the west coast of Ireland—that coast scooped out and hollowed by the waves of the Atlantic—encompassed by cloud-peaked mountains and precipitous cliffs, with grand torso-like islands to break the view of the wild sea, as it dashes its rushing waters against the cold grey crags. Or take the flight of Randal from Cambridge, on that dark November morning, when the sun was covered with low, heavy clouds—not dark thunder clouds, great and imposing, but elevating to look upon—but low, dusky, uncharacterised clouds, telling of mizzling rain—rain of that regular, voiceless, baptising, determined sort, which is more than sufficient to deaden any spirits and any courage—and follow the dishonoured fugitive along the mountain-path, running dimly discernible between coarse tufts of grass and sweet gale, and scanty knots of heath and gorse, winding among

the dreary hills, now up, now down, and ever and anon lost amid the boggy valleys, with their pools of black stagnant water, their tiny forests of bog myrtle, their tufts of coarse reeds, and the white cotton-grass waving its snowy head mournfully up and down in the chill whistling wind.

And now for a scamper across the rest of Mrs. Marsh's broad domains of romance. It was in 1834 that the "Two Old Men" opened their budget, giving us, as their opening tales, "The Deformed," and "The Admiral's Daughter." The former was spoiled by an exaggerated *finale*, which was not the last or least of its author's misdoings in that line ; for she is only too ready to employ a *coup de théâtre* when it will give a lift, or unnatural bound, rather, to a halting narrative. The latter tale is painfully touching, and wrought out with a remarkable blending of natural passion and gradual art ; joyous radiance beams so cheerily about Inez Thornhaugh—black, blank, blasting misery makes such a wretch of Inez Vivian—that the contrast presents one of the most moving and memorable sights in modern fiction. A second series of these tales comprised "A Country Vicarage," in which a similar but far inferior contrast is drawn between the simplicity of maidenly life in pastoral innocence and the fierce distractions of feverish worldly existence—and a French sketch, called "Love and Duty," which reads (as, indeed, many of Mrs. Marsh's stories do) like a translation from some lively but pensive Gallic *raconteur*. Neither of these stories of the "Woods and Fields," as they were somewhat gratuitously entitled, showed an advance upon the earlier series, though both were told with freshness, and that intensity which is so generally characteristic of their narrator. And a disposition arose among some critical arbiters to consider her power as having culminated and exhausted itself in the tragedy of "The Admiral's Daughter." But the production of "Mount Sorel"—the notable first-fruits of a notable series in periodical literature—silenced the ominous notes from the "rooky wood" of criticism, and evidenced in palpable distinctness the sustained skill and arousing energy of the novelist. True, it was fuller than its "forbears" of *stylish* affectations, and grievously afflicted sedate people of methodical habit and classical taste by the *disjecta membra* it proffered as hale sentences, and the prodigality of its outlay in hyphens, asterisks, and marks of admiration. But then it charmed all by the portraits of Edmund Lovel, though *he* is not, technically, the hero, and Clarice de Vere, one of those sweet young creatures whom Mrs. Marsh is so apt to plunge into anguish "full fathom five," on the score of filial duty in its conflict with personal attachment. Hardly less interest belongs to the elder actors in the drama—one or two of whom are realised with excellent effect. "The Previsions of Lady Evelyn" contains some of its author's very best and very worst writing; there are sections in it of surpassing merit—pictures whereon the memory lingers with a sense of fascination—while chapters intervene of dull, almost irrelevant and incoherent garrulity, seemingly penned in the heedless haste which produces languid reading in proportion to its own disorderly speed. There is more equable and condensed vigour in "Father Darcy"—a historical romance which "does execution," of the Kentish-fire sort, among the apostles of Jesuitism, and approves the romancer a shrewd polemic as well as an eager Protestant. In fact, she is ultra-Protestant ; and some of the descriptions, discussions, and scenes in

this novel would make far more stirring tracts for Exeter Hall missions, than the homilies and controversial appeals usually sanctioned by a May-meeting committee. For instance, the Jesuit's exposition of the casuistry of mental reservation to Everard Digby, or Grace Vaux's "assisting" at the martyr-procession to the stake, or the tuition of Robert Catesby's children in hatred of "that wicked queen" Elizabeth, and that "gruff-looking fat man," that "dreadful wicked heretic, Luther," by their grim, gaunt granddam.

A less questionable success was that of "Norman's Bridge," a tale of a modern Midas and his gains and his heirs—expanded, as in the case of "Ravenscliffe," over too large a surface of time—but ingeniously ordered, admirably peopled, and strikingly, though perhaps too abruptly, wound up. And then came "Angela," another able fiction, with an indifferent conclusion—a book one *must* like, for the sake of its "bright particular star"—but which proportionably vexes its admirers by its occasional defiance of probability in plot, and good taste in style. When an author creates a sterling character, it is natural he should love to introduce him anew in successive tales, although the experiment is not without its hazards: this experiment Mrs. Marsh prosperously essayed in "Angela," and on a more systematic scale in her next brace of novels, "The Wilmingtons," and "Time, the Avenger." Henry Wilmington's sacrifice of moral principle and self-respect to distorted notions of filial duty, which forms the *point d'appui* of the interest in the former tale, is only too characteristic of this writer's exegesis of the fifth commandment. Be her "private interpretation" right or wrong, she expounds it in parables hard to bear, and which excite remonstrances on the ground both of ethics and of art. In "Time, the Avenger," she indulges her whim of showing crabbed elderly manhood in love—a whim that lately threatened to be the rage with our Lady Novelists. Mr. Danby, in "Emilia Wyndham," was not to be exclusively *sui generis*; Mr. Craiglethorpe, sarcastic, severe, forbidding, is similarly "trotted out" to show his paces with a fair rider on his haughty back—much to the encouragement of time-stricken, musty, desponding bachelors; for if thus

Mopso Nisa datur, quid non speremus amantes?
Jungentur jam gryphes equis; ævoque sequenti
Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ.

It must be allowed, however, on the other hand, that few of her sisterhood surpass Mrs. Marsh in the delineation of a youthful lover of the *beau idéal* order as to age, presence, manners, head, and heart—almost fit to pair off with the bright damosels whom she never tires of creating, nor we of deifying among the *penates* of our bookshelves.

But the lofty sphere even of omnipotent criticism has its horizon, and finds space an obstinate entity, whatever the Kantian philosophy may discourse. So, of Mrs. Marsh's other novels, "Mordaunt Hall," "Lettice Arnold," &c., *si quæ alia*, the less that we now say the better. Not indeed as regards her or them, but as regards ourselves, reader—and you.

FRENCH ALMANACKS FOR 1853, AND PARISIAN LITERARY AND POLITICAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE French almanacks for 1853 are utterly barren of political interest. Every channel being now closed to the conveyance of information bearing upon the state of the nation, or the hopes, fears, or aspirations of the people, it is not surprising that even these very modest vehicles of opinion should also be tabooed upon the one dangerous theme. There is an *Almanach de Napoléon*, but what does it contain? A *Calendrier Napoléonien*, a history of the Imperial Guard, an anecdote of Josephine, the tomb at the Invalides, a life of Marshal Soult, anecdotes of the Emperor, reprinted for the hundredth time, and a portrait of the emperor-elect, Napoleon III., to which we may have occasion to return. We miss the prophecies that for two years past have declared in cabalistic numbers, or black letters, that Louis Napoleon was destined to be *President de la Republique Française indivisible, democratique*, nor are they replaced by any to the effect that the same prince is to be emperor of the said indivisible democratic nation, or the reverse. A significant and decorous silence is observed upon such a delicate subject. Possibly it might be thought a consultation of stars and seers, and numbers being alike unfavourable, it was deemed civil to say nothing. Had the results been favourable, the modern Magi would have spoken out with joyous acclamations. Being unfavourable, a kindly feeling precluded the publication of evil omens. This is giving the *rédacteurs* credit for a considerable amount of discrimination; others may think that they were not allowed a choice—that Louis Napoleon very wisely preferred being his own prophet.

We miss also this year some of our quaint old friends, *La Science du Diable*, the *Almanach Facétieux*, and others; but their place is more than filled by a first number of an *Almanach de la Littérature du Théâtre et des Beaux Arts*, which opens with a literary history of the past year by M. Jules Janin. The renowned critic and feuilletonist writes with his usual liveliness, nor is his spirit of old extinguished by the evil days that have come over his country, but still he occasionally growls like a lion in a pitfall.

"It is one of the qualities," he says, "one of the virtues of France, that intellectual labour, whatever happens, never stops. In vain the tempest roars in the distance, in vain the sky covers itself with clouds, the hive is at its work, and the diligent bee travels across the briars on the path and the flowers of the garden gathering the honey of every day. It is a touching sight to see these chosen spirits, these select men, these noble hearts, often wounded to death, still obstinately persevering in spite of evil hours, the one at his poem, the other at his drama; the historian at his history, the romancer at his fiction, that nothing can interrupt; intelligent portrayers of the fears, the hopes, and the griefs of a nation rendered illustrious by their genius, they would think that they were committing a bad action if they were to tarry a moment in their bold course onwards amidst so many miseries."

The critic pleads the impossibility of chronicling in a few pages the whole of the Parisian literature—books and plays—for 1852. For still

better reasons may we content ourselves with noticing some of the best works and best plays of an unusually productive year. At the head of these stand the rival histories of the Restoration by De Lamartine and De Vaulabelle. The latter, Jules Janin tells us, is far from possessing the grace, the brilliancy, or the eloquence of the poet-politician; but M. de Vaulabelle distinguishes himself by other qualities: energy and strength, passion and anger, anger carried even to contempt. "It is not only a history," he says, "this work of M. de Vaulabelle's, it is also a vengeance, and this vengeance never slacks, even at the most difficult moments; the solitary lamp never goes out, and every year we see coming nearer and nearer the fatal shadow of a history reserved to a future no less illustrious than that penned by M. de Lamartine." M. de Vaulabelle is, like M. de Barante, a statesman, who in his days of retirement has taken up the pen of an historian, and who can express the gratitude and astonishment of the public when the first volume of the "History of the Convention" appeared! "The writer," says Janin, "held in his skilful hands a learned pen, the French language obeys him as a slave does his master, and he is himself moderation and wisdom personified."

Gérard de Nerval is placed first among the writers of light literature. In his "Voyage en Orient," he is described as relating, in the style of one of the old initiated in the time of Plato, the Mystery of the Pyramids! (See "A Frenchman in Cairo," *New Monthly*, vol. xc., p. 435.) In his work entitled the "Illuminés," this same Gérard de Nerval writes with the pen of Cazotte the incredible history of Cagliostro, of the Abbe du Buquoit, and of Quintus Aucler. Another scarcely less curious work by the same author is entitled "Lorely." It is a tradition of Baccarach on the Rhine.

M. Mérimée has published a charming little volume, which contains four or five of his best stories. Well known for his wit and grace, for his exquisite care, and the delicious brevity with which he treats everything, making a word, a gesture, a nothing, intimate all that he wishes to his reader,—M. Mérimée is the master of a school, one of the best disciples of which is, without contradiction, M. Octave Feuillet, author of a pretty romance called "Bellah," but the fame of which has been surpassed by that of the same writer's "Proverbs," which Janin tells us are "charming," that they pass into the very heart of the Parisian world, that they speak its fine language, and reproduce faithfully its elegant manners.

And here the veteran critic turns aside to inflict a stern and sharp castigation on what he calls the violent wits and turbulent writers of the day. "Heroes of nocturnal studies, by dint of dipping their lips into the adulterated wine of the Barriers, by dint of following the *chiffonnier*, armed with his hook, in his vagabond progress, by dint of studying the exceptional manners of the *guinguettes*, taverns, low dancing-houses, and open-air concerts, they produce a description of works by the side of which other more chaste and elegant writings have no chance. Thus it is not easy to detect the charms in the stories of M. Mérimée, or in the proverbs of M. Feuillet, when just rising from a perusal of 'L'Histoire des Excentriques,' par M. Champfleury, author of the 'Chien Caillou,' or 'L'Histoire du Quartier Latin,' par M. Murger, the historian of Bohemia, a district much in fashion at the present moment."

Eugène Sue is, for some similar reasons of nice, if not robust criticism,

no great favourite with Janin. "Notwithstanding his talent, his energy, and that admirable faculty of invention which has made our contemporaries pass so many hours of idleness, curiosity, and repose, we should have great difficulty," says the critic, "in placing M. Eugène Sue in the rank of artistic writers! He writes somewhat as a bird sings, and so also is he as popular as a singing-bird, and when he speaks every one stops to listen to him. His fiction is varied, ardent, full of incidents, of surprises, and of catastrophes. This very year past, from the bottom of that exile, which it is to be hoped will not be eternal, M. Eugène Sue has published a romance called 'Fernand Duplessis,' full at once of the amiable qualities and the amiable faults of its author."

A work, entitled "The History of a Hundred and Thirty Women," by Léon Gozlan, is described by Janin as a most strange romance, and the most singular in the year for astounding adventures and incredible narratives, but the terrible romancer will one day, he prophecies, pay for his horrors and his blasphemies, and will bound and roar between four planks, between sky and earth, like a wounded tiger.

An unknown author, M. Félicien Mallefille, has commenced a great prose work in the style of an epic poem, called the "Mémoires de Don Juan." Janin speaks of it in the very highest terms. "It was," he says, "a prodigious undertaking to force Don Juan, the wit, the lover, and the sceptic, to write his own memoirs, and to depict alike his greatness, his vanities, and his miseries. The day when this biography shall have reached a *dénouement*," he adds, "the language of the nineteenth century will reckon one more *chef-d'œuvre*."

"The King of Living Wits," M. de Remusat, has published a beautiful memoir of Anselm of Canterbury, and M. Villemain published almost at the same moment an eulogy of Saint Ambrose. These works were suggested by the "Ver Rongeur" and the writings of the Abbé Gaume, who declared that the university men disregarded the teachings of the fathers of the Church. Were these works tributes, then, to the memory of the saints they profess to eulogise, or mere time-serving compilations? Janin himself seems to think that Saint Anselm, illustrated by "ce bel esprit Voltarien—the honour and the grace of Parisian society," as something rather incongruous; but he comforts himself with saying, that the Abbé Gaume should be ashamed at having calumniated Homer and Virgil, Demosthenes and Cicero, and the most ancient men of the university have revenged themselves in the best way they could. That is, in writing the lives of saints!

M. Mignet's beautiful work on Mary Stuart, in which the conduct of Elizabeth is so cleverly exculpated, we have long ago made known to our readers. Guizot has not been idle. During the last year alone he produced two remarkable works: "Corneille and his Times," and "Shakspeare and his Times." Janin speaks of the two great dramatic poets as of "stars of the same dimensions, *lucida sidera*."

Among slighter works, graceful sketches of a lighter and more delicate description, we have "Causeries du Lundi," scenes in which M. Sainte Beuve extols French urbanity and French taste. Janin says of this work that there is nothing in ancient or modern literature to compare with it "for its tone, its reserve, and its art of saying everything in the right place!"

In spite of revolutions, M. Thiers completed last year the ninth volume of his "History of the Consulate and the Empire;" last year, also, in spite of his exile, M. Louis Blanc published the third volume of his "History of the French Revolution." Little has been heard of George Sand. The "Château des Désertes" met with a very mediocre success. The first volume is charming, but the second is full of paradoxical statements in regard to the theatres and dramatic works. The amiable story-teller, Jules Sandeau, also published only one romance, "Sacs et Parchemin."

Add to this list, "small but glorious, Janin says, a "History of Paris," by M. T. Lavallée, and a new "Tableau de Paris," by M. Edmond Texier. The latter is cleverly illustrated, and is a very popular book. We cannot, at first, see why M. Janin next classes together a "Histoire des Marionnettes," by M. Charles Magnin, and "L'Histoire de la Littérature Française," by M. Géruzez. The fact turns out to be, that the history of French literature is written in as much space as the history of puppets. "Is not," asks Janin, "this a sad thing for the history of puppets? Such a history," he adds, "reminds him of the overture of 'Don Juan' by Mozart arranged for two flageolets."

The usual quantity of poetry made its appearance during the year, not wanting in that kind of noise that flatters the ear, and in a certain movement that pleases the senses, but that is all. Among them, however, are two that will live; the "Fables" of M. Viennet, and the "Perles et Camées" of Théophile Gautier.

Literature and the fine arts suffered severe losses during the last year. Among the most regretted were Eugène Bernouf—a young but learned Orientalist, the learned Baron Walckenaer, the Count de St. Priest, and, above all, Tony Johannot, with whom has perished "Le Livre Illustre."

The transition from books to the theatre is the more easy, as dramatic authors have adopted the pleasant habit of reproducing on the stage the works that have been accepted by their readers. Thus we have seen M. de Lamartine's charming episode of "Graziella" produced at the Gymnase; and M. de Lamartine himself, an honour which he might well have dispensed with, singing sentimental couplets in praise of his *amours*. M. Jules Sandeau also manufactured an ingenious and charming comedy from his romance "Le Château de la Seiglière." This piece, entitled on the stage "Mademoiselle de la Seiglière," met with great success at the Théâtre Français, and was played alternate nights with a pretty little drama, in verse, by M. Emile Augièr, entitled "Diana," a fable of the time of Cardinal Richelieu. These two pieces were so successful as to have been performed for nearly a year, and were at length succeeded by the "Ulysses" of M. Ponsard, a work sealed with the stamp of a rare ability. "Ulysses" is penned in what Janin calls the almost brutal simplicity of the Homeric poem from whence it is derived; hence it was received, at first, with murmurs, but the true poetic feeling that pervades the whole drama ultimately won the feelings of the spectators, and ensured another triumph to the author of "Charlotte Corday" and "Lucretia."

So much for the Théâtre Français. A very successful drama, by M. Ernest Serret, called "Les Familles," was produced at the Odéon, or second Théâtre Français, as it is now called, as also a drama in three acts, by M. Léon Guillard, entitled "L'exil de Machiavel." The success of

the latter was of a less satisfactory character, Janin tells us, because three acts were not sufficient to develop the character of one of the greatest statesmen of the world, struggling against so many weak-minded but obstinate princes, and so many petty interests.

The Opera existed for six long months on the "Juif Errant," it will exist six longer upon the "Prophète." The public prefers the youthful grace and vigour of the Opera Comique to the salaried pomps and magnificences of the Opera. There the *bourgeois* can take his wife and daughter in safety, and these ladies never weary applauding the "Croix de Marie," the "Rendez-vous Bourgeois," the "Giralda," and "Bon soir, Monsieur Pantalon."

Not quite so select, but no less charming, the Gymnase has given its *habitués* two or three successful comedies during the past year. First in rank was "Mercadet le Faiseur," a posthumous work of De Balsac's. *Le Faiseur* means a man who is perpetually plotting as to how he shall get his dinner or his breakfast. George Sand also contributed to the repertory of the Gymnase a pastoral, in three acts, "Les Vacances de Pandolphe;" but the public, which seldom allows itself to be vexed at anything from the pen of a first-rate wit, was actually enraged at this production, and declared that it was taken for a child, and being brought back too late in the day to Pierrot and Columbine! The first allusion is to the great and successful character created by Frédéric Lemaitre during the past year on the boards of the Gaîté, and which was no less than *Paillasse.*

If the Gaîté belongs to Frédéric Lemaitre, so undoubtedly the Ambigu Comique belongs to the beautiful and eloquent Madame Guyon. She reigns there an absolute and yet pleasing queen, and rules alike the hearts and the minds of her subjects. As *Bertha la Flamande* she makes them laugh and weep alternately, and indeed has it all her own way. The actor being at the Ambigu more than the play.

At the Porte St. Martin M. Gérard Nerval has produced "L'Imagier de Harlem," an episode in the history of the art of printing. At the Circus an amusing fairy piece, "La Chatte Blanche," has sufficed its audience for a whole year. At the Palais Royal, the only place in Paris where people still laugh, there has been one constant succession of new farces. The great thing of the year has, however, been without contestation "La Dame aux Camélias," by young Alexandre Dumas, and which was produced at the Théâtre du Vaudeville. Janin speaks of it as "a phenomenon which manifested itself with all the appearances and all the consequences of a phenomenon." Obstinately refused by the censorship, it required a revolution to enable it to be brought before the public, with whom, from that moment, it became an integral portion of their daily life.

"Nothing was heard spoken of," says Janin, "but 'La Dame aux Camélias;' people swore by her, she was the life and preoccupation of a whole nation; not a queen at her grave has been followed by such prolonged mourning; not a young, innocent girl, in her early coffin, has had so many, or such bitter tears shed upon her; every evening, and for a hundred days continuously, the agony and the death of that woman have been the cause, positively, of a public mourning; fanatics rushed to touch the mortuary cloth bordered with lace as if it had covered the body of a saint! Oh, the fools who could prostrate themselves before the apo-

theosis of licence and of vice! Oh, the insensate people who wept at the death of a courtesan, and who had not a tear to spare for *Iphigenia!* Oh, the fine answer to make to that posterity which now begins, when she shall ask—What was France doing in 1852? She was shedding all the tears of her body on the coffin of a person without virtue; she could not comfort herself for the loss of 'the Lady with the Camelias;' she despoiled the best gardens of Paris in order to bury that profane beauty every night under the flowers that she loved!"

It appears, from the amusing revelations contained in the pages of the *Almanach Comique*, that the same irregular means are taken in Paris to force the circulation of cheap and inferior literature as has of late been in vogue in London, more especially in regard to periodicals which address themselves to the fair sex. Mademoiselle Louisette, for example, had given in her subscription to the *Fleurs Animées* and the *Pirates*. Janin does not notice the works in question. The *Fleurs Animées* must, by its title, be captivating to sentimental young ladies, and it professed to be luxuriously illustrated by Grandville. As to the *Pirates*, we can understand that there must have been something to make the heart beat and the flesh creep in a delicate young creature like Louisette; but such is the taste of young ladies, they like to revel alternately in the perfume of flowers, and the noise and smoke of boarding a pirate ship.

But there was another temptation held out to the fair Louisette to give in her subscription to these choice literary productions. The itinerant publisher, a certain M. Croitier, had also promised, on the completion of the works, and the payment of the subscription in full, to give to the young lady, as a premium, "a beautiful gold watch, with cylinder, and four holes with rubies."

This clause in the agreement, added to the respectable appearance (*la mise confortable*) of the tradesman, and still more the good condition of the donkey on which he drove about his merchandise, seduced Louisette into the position of a permanent subscriber; for these kind of works, sold in numbers at the door, are never known to terminate so long as the subscription is paid regularly. There is a story of piracy and murder now being trafficked at John o' Groat's, which was begun in Clerkenwell in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Poor Louisette paid for number after number of the *Fleurs Animées*, but the more numbers came out the more animated grew the flowers, till it seemed as if the whole of the vegetable kingdom was destined to do duty in this interminable publication. She had paid 120 francs, and was in despair, when some unknown catastrophe put a sudden stop to the publication. Louisette had been a most assiduous subscriber, and she did not hesitate, no more flowers making their appearance, in and out of season, to call for her premium of a gold watch.

"It is all right," said Croitier; "call again to-morrow, the premium shall be made over to you."

Poor Louisette could not sleep, thinking of the four holes with rubies. At an early hour in the morning she was at the librarian's.

"Here it is," said M. Croitier.

"Oh, what a large parcel!" exclaimed Louisette; "you told me it would only be a very small watch."

"Make yourself easy; you will be satisfied; but do not open the parcel till you get home."

Louisette, acting upon the instructions thus given to her, hurried into the street, ran all the way home, got up five stories with a hop, skip, and a jump, nearly broke in her rebellious door, and with her breath exhausted by the exertion, undid the parcel, to find—two candlesticks!

"What a base deception," exclaimed Louisette, on recovering from her surprise. "Well, I thought that a lady's watch would not make a parcel of that size and shape; but we shall see if I am to be put off in this way."

So Louisette returned to the publisher's—it is needless to describe her reproaches, her sighs, her tears.

"'Tis all right, all right," said the publisher. "I thought that you would like candlesticks better, it would have started you in housekeeping, and you would have been prepared, when your turn came, to light up the hymeneal torches; but we will say no more about it—do you prefer this work-table?"

"No, certainly not; I have been promised a watch, and I will have a watch."

"Hum! how obstinate you are! well, I can suit you. I have a beautiful watch, but it is at the pawnbroker's for the miserable sum of 20 francs—it is worth more than 250. If you were to add the 20 to the previous sum——"

"Has it four holes with rubies?"

"Four holes! It has more than ten; it is a watch that is all holes—looks like a bit of lace."

Louisette added the further contribution of 20 francs to the 120 already paid over, and shortly afterwards received in exchange a silver watch worth 15 francs.

The literary *débutante* and subscriber for premiums had learnt courage enough from the perusal of the *Pirates* to summon M. Croitier before the police court of Paris, where the *confortable* publisher was condemned to 200 francs' fine, five months' imprisonment, and 100 francs' damages.

The caricatures of the French by themselves are always infinitely better than those of the English. We do not say this from nationality, or from any sensitiveness at being caricatured by our lively neighbours, but simply from the fact that they do not see into the niceties of English character: they have, generally speaking, one or two types, and these they have adhered to from time immemorial. Take, for example, the history of Mimi Panachée.

She was born one night between two polkas, under the flaming gas of Mabille. A glass of champagne poured on her head consecrated her lorette, and with elastic calf, and sparkling eye, she threw herself at one spring between Mousqueton and Carabine, on the traces of Mogador and of Pomaré.

A splenetic and *ventripotent* Englishman, brought to Paris by a pleasure-train, repaired to a ball at the Château Rouge. The chorographic eccentricities of Lucile L——, better known as Mimi Panachée, captivated his attention. "Shocking! shocking!" (*sic*) he muttered, at first slightly disgusted. But soon conquered by her inimitable grace and fine shape, he clapped his hands, exclaiming, "Beautiful! beautiful!"

So engrossed was Sir W—— by the exquisite dancer, that he did not see that in applauding he had let a valuable diamond ring fall from his finger.

This ring was picked up by Mimi Panachée. She thought at first that it was dross, but when she ascertained its real value, like an honest girl that she was, she repaired with it to the commissary of police. This magistrate had himself just received information of the loss sustained by the Englishman, and he gave his address to the lorette, who naturally wished to have the opportunity of restoring herself the ring to its owner.

Sir W—— received the fair terpsichorean with the utmost politeness, and insisted on her stopping to supper. About the time when the Dantzic was succeeding to the Ai, he passed the ring that had been brought back to him on her finger, and asked in the bluntest manner possible, "If I married you would you be faithful to me?" "I swear it with lifted hand," answered Mimi Panachée, as she raised her right foot to the height of her Amphitryon's eye. This graceful movement decided her fate. Sir W——, subjugated, offered her his hand, his bank-notes, and his spleen.

Previously to crossing the Channel, Sir W—— took an apartment for her in the Chaussée d'Autin, which he furnished in the most magnificent manner, and the fortunate lorette gave herself up with renewed ardour to the *saltarelles* and the *cachuchas* to which she was soon to bid a perpetual farewell.

The eve of the day fixed for her departure she invited the chorographic stars of the public balls and casinos to a *souper dansant.* The assembly was numerous and select. There were there, besides, Paquerette, Folinette, Cigarette, Gaminette, and other turlurettes—all that feminine dynasty which assume the names of the streets in which their boudoirs are established as so many titles of nobility.

There were there the Baroness of Trudaine, the Countess of Paradise, the Duchess de la Michodière, &c. These had naturally brought their esquires with them. So animated did the party become that, after a time, plates, bottles, and glasses flew out of the windows in the midst of shouts of laughter. A patrol that happened to be going by was saluted by a shower of liquors and preserves, glasses and pots included.

Shocked at seeing such good things thus disposed of, the heroes of the 2nd December invaded the house of Mimi Panachée; but here they experienced an unanticipated resistance. The lorettes assembled in the form of a battalion, and armed with everything that came first to hand, they kept the military for a long time in check. At last victory remained with the men of war, and a number of the combatants of both sexes were taken away to prison, charged with nocturnal rioting and rebellion, and insult to the authorities.

Among the prisoners was Mimi Panachée, general-in-chief. May the tribunal be indulgent for the last frolic of this gay butterfly, who will soon be changed into a moth by the fogs of perfidious Albion, and to whom even riches will not be able to disguise the *ennui* of a country, where there are no lively people but drunkards, no game but *beefsteaks*, no ripe fruit but baked apples, and no sun but the moon!

At a period when every kind of profession and trade is overdone, when there are more lawyers than plaintiffs, and more doctors than patients; when there are not as many portraits to paint as there are would-be Corregios, and even counters are wanting for ambitious linendrapers, it is justly, observes a Gallic scribbler, the duty of the press to make known every new opening that presents itself—every new resource that is developed for the unemployed industrious.

In ingenious Paris the tribunals of correctional police, corresponding to our police-magistrates' courts, make known more than any other places the inventions of new lines of business destined to take the places of those that are going by; for such is the eternal law, nothing accumulates, everything is replaced, and that alike in the succession of things and ideas. It was before the police-magistrates that was first made known the pro-

fession of collector of apple-peels, of inspector of May-bugs, and of picker-up of ends of cigars, and this year another has been added to the list, in the person of an Auvergnat, who has been convicted of having exercised the profession of the "kissed," or, if you like it better, the "kissable."

It appears that there exists in Paris a superstition, the origin of which is lost in the obscurity of the past, that nothing brings so much misfortune to a pretty woman, and even indeed to an ugly one, than to be embraced the first time on New Year's Day by one of her own sex.

It is especially in the quarter of Notre Dame-de-Lorette (which must not, from its name, be supposed to be the quarter of Paris most favoured by lorettes) that this superstition is acted upon in all its integrity. A Breda-street, a Saint George's-square, a Pigale city (?) would prefer boxing the ears of a hundred intimate friends than not to embrace *un gentleman* the first thing in the morning of the new year, no matter if this "gentleman" should be a coalheaver, a porter, a shoeblack, or even his supernumerary; this explains how it is that the water-carriers of the quarter in question often realise in the space of a few years fabulous fortunes, for when one has embraced a water-carrier one cannot give him a pitiful New Year's box. But if it should so happen that the porter should not be bad-looking, if his velvet waistcoat were of a brilliant bottle-green; if upon great occasions he should actually employ part of his merchandise in performing the ablutions commanded by law in the East, and by cleanliness in the West, then the proceeding engendered in superstition is not so unpleasantly put into execution, and the New Year's box assumes oftentimes miraculous proportions!

Here is Pierre Rasquet, a strapping, good-looking Auvergnat, with a sparkling eye, white teeth, and dark hair, who has taken upon himself the mission of carrying water to his female customers the very first thing on a New Year's morning.

Unfortunately there is a porteress in the case—there is always a porteress at the bottom of these catastrophes; they are pitiless, and even revengeful, when, like Madame Chabou, they are urged on by jealousy. Madame Chabou was waiting for Rasquet at the foot of the staircase; she was waiting, but armed with a broom-handle. The handsome Auvergnat was coming down stairs singing. She placed herself before him like the statue of the commander.

"Bonchour, petite mère," said the Auvergnat Don Juan to her; "je vous la chouette bonne et hureuse."

"Back," exclaimed the porteress; "I have not the means of paying men to get myself kissed."

"Never mind," said the liberal water-carrier, "it is like the log of wood," and he politely offered to embrace the porteress free of expense; but Madame Chabou, stepping back, administered the broomstick with considerable effect, calling her lover at the same time a name generally applied only to the other sex. Under these circumstances Peter was obliged to act on the defensive, which he did with so much energy, that Madame Chabou had him summoned before the correctional police, as being guilty of acts of violence towards her.

"If you do not condemn him," she said to the court, "I will abdicate my functions."

The court, however, considering that Madame Chabou had been the first to break the peace, nonsuited the plaintiff with costs.

Within the last twelve years balconies have become a passion with the Parisians. An architect dare not venture upon a new house without the indispensable balcony or terrace. The front elevations present a succession of balconies, from the first to the fifth story; to the right and to

the left. The Parisienne is now enabled to enjoy life constantly in the open air. There is not a great lady or a lorette who has not her hanging gardens like Semiramis. How charming it is to embroider, to work, to read, to look out, and to be looked at on a balcony! It was on a balcony that M. Onisoie had placed the kennel of his dog Kingdom.

This dog was of English breed—its name attests it. "Madame Moussillon," said M. Onisoie to his porteress on starting for London, "I leave my dog in your charge, I shall be a month away; it weighs a pound and a half; if on my return it has increased in weight a single drachm, if its breath is tainted, you shall not have a single sou; but if it has preserved its perfume and its small size, I shall make you a present of fifty francs. So let it have no meat, no bones; only bread, nothing but bread, and you shall be rewarded, and more than that, I will bless you."

"All right, said I to myself"—(Madame Moussillon is now addressing the court)—"all right, said I to myself; if your dog gets fat he will be a clever fellow; so, monsieur le president, I went up every day to see *Chien d'homme*, and I took him a little water, nothing but water, but on the Tuesdays and Saturdays I took him a halfpennyworth of bread. Yet, notwithstanding these precautions, what did the brute of a dog do, but get as fat as the Porthos of M. Alexandre Dumas. and his breath was pestiferous as ten thousand men.

"This is not natural, said I to myself, so I stopped the allowance of bread; but lo! he continued to fatten till he looked dropsical, and his breath grew worse and worse. I took counsel upon the matter with my good man, who said to me 'There's something under this.' He was mistaken; it was above, not under it. A countrywoman of *Chien d'homme's* lived in the balcony above; I examined the kennel, and what did I find in it? Seventeen bones of legs of mutton, that madame, milady, had treated this beast of a dog with. Is it not disgusting thus to throw away the food of the poor? I accordingly spoke my mind to this corrupter of dogs, and she replied to me, 'Oôôh! pourquoi vô faire périr dogue de faim?'

"When she answered me thus, I had unfortunately my house-broom in my hand, and I was so indignant that I allowed myself to break one of her teeth with it—only one, I assure you. I ask for a hundred francs damages, because not only M. Onisoie did not give me the fifty francs, but he left the house, and the landlord dismissed me from my situation as porteress."

Madame Wilson explained to the court, how, hearing poor Kingdom howl with hunger all day and all night, she took pity on the dog and threw it a stray bone. She then detailed the violence to which she had been subjected on the part of Madame Moussillon, and produced a medical certificate in proof of the mischief that had been done to her.

Monsieur le President to Madame Moussillon—To sum up, what do you complain of?

"I complain, I complain," replied the concièrge, "that madame did me an injury by throwing over her bones upon the balcony of *Chien d'homme*. I ask a hundred francs damages."

The court dismissed the accused, Madame Wilson, and condemned Madame Moussillon to eight days' imprisonment for acts of violence.

Madame Moussillon—What! eight days' imprisonment for damages! Well, that is pretty! Who would take care of another person's dog?

The sketch that follows, taken from the same fruitful repository, is one that may be truly said to exhibit maternal love carried to excess.

M. le President—Widow Trottin, you are accused of being a swindler; you have had upwards of 6000 francs of goods supplied to you, deceiving the tradespeople by false promises.

The Accused—Sir, my excuse lies in my profession; I am a mother.

M. le President—Do you call that a profession?

The Accused—Sir, the depths of a mother's heart can never be measured.

M. le President—That is not the question. You have had 250 francs' worth of charcoal supplied to you.

The Accused—My children were cold, monsieur le president.

M. le President—You owe 570 francs to the butcher for meat.

The Accused—They were hungry.

M. le President—But I find, also, the accounts of two dealers in umbrellas and parasols; you have had 150 francs of umbrellas, and 180 francs of parasols; you will tell me, no doubt, it was to shelter your children from the rain and the sun; in such a case your maternal solicitude must have been slightly exaggerated.

The Accused—The heart of a mother is an abyss. The depths of the ocean have been sounded; they will never find the bottom of my heart.

M. le President—I find another account for 220 francs' worth of the "History of Tom Thumb."

The Accused—It is such an amusing work!

M. le President—But I find also, 157 francs' worth of ices, and 48 francs' worth of *punch à la romaine*, expended in a week.

The Accused—Poor little things! It gladdened their hearts. Ah! I am another Cornelia; my children are my treasures, monsieur le president

M. le President—Your children! your children! Why, then, did you carry the greater part of this property to the pawnbroker's?

The Accused—It was not me, sir; it was my children's tutor, and that notwithstanding my earnest supplications to the contrary.

M. le President—He seems to have been well chosen, this tutor.

The Accused—Oh, sir, a most distinguished man. But the balls at the Mabile were his ruin.

M. le President—You must feel that such excuses will be of no avail before the court.

The Accused—Men are incapable of judging me. I appeal to all who are mothers.

Notwithstanding this appeal, widow Trottin was condemned to six months' imprisonment.

On hearing the verdict she raised up both her hands, and exclaimed, sobbing aloud:

"My poor children! When I am in prison, who will be a father to you!!"

The attentions which have been paid by the Emperor-elect to the *Dames de la Halle*, their receptions, the compliments exchanged between the ladies in question and the future Emperor of the French, the public balls and festivities of which they have been in recent times the objects, have awakened interest in other countries as to the character and manners of these previously little regarded dames. In Paris they have had the "Poissarde" at the Porte St. Martin, and the "Dames de la Halle" at the Ambigu, and those who felt a little timid at the idea of seeking personal acquaintance with the ladies in question at their own classical abodes, have been enabled to study them at their ease on the boards of these rival theatres. But these representations of Parisian manners have not yet been transported to England, so we may venture to give a brief but characteristic sketch from the more positive arena of a police-court. Madame Pidou has, let it be understood, insulted Madame Grabuton; Madame Grabuton has scourged Madame Pidou; Madame Pidou has obtained a summons against Madame Grabuton, and Madame Grabuton appears under the double accusation of acts of violence and outrages to decency.

Madame Pidou, being duly sworn, attests as follows:

It is an infamous shame. But *La Grabuton* has always been the same.

M. le President—The same as what?

Madame Pidou—She is from Marseilles. That is saying everything. She pretends that, *à la Cannebière*, every one whips the other for nothing at all—it is their way of doing things. She calls that manners! But in a country of pigs, it is not surprising.

M. le President—Come, make your complaint.

Madame Pidou—Well, then, she took me by the middle of the body, and then—before more than two hundred spectators—it began at three o'clock, and at a quarter past three she was still whipping me. Ever since that day I have had the shivers, and I still tremble even at the sight of her.

A Vendor of Salad—Madame Pidou had indulged a little in drink, so that she was somewhat illuminated. And then I do not know why she used such words to Madame Grabuton; but such words—oh! such words!

M. le President—What words?

The Vendor of Salad—Oh! do not ask me to repeat them.

M. le President—Speak them out.

The Vendor of Salad (with an expression of great resolution)—Never! I am in your hands, I am prepared for anything, take my head, but I shall not repeat them. (Collecting herself.) But stop, if you attach importance to it, give me a pen and ink and I will write them. That is all I can do for you.

M. le President—Well, that will do; go on.

The Vendor of Salad (much relieved)—Ah! well, I never could have uttered them. Madame Grabuton, in answer to these words, said: "You do not deserve that I should spit in your face, and wipe it with my good man's shoes." Upon which Madame Pidou threw some potatoes at her face, whereupon Madame Grabuton seized her round the waist, and administered such a whipping—oh! a whipping at fifteen francs a head without wine!

M. le President—You may sit down.

The Vendor of Salad (still more relieved)—Ah! that is very lucky! (Addressing the usher anxiously.) Shall I not be paid?

The Usher—Yes, but go in the mean time and take a seat.

M. le President—Accused, what have you to say?

The Accused—It is the custom in my country; you are not a Marseillais, and, therefore, you cannot understand it.

The court condemned Madame Grabuton to fifteen days' imprisonment.

The Accused (raising her hands to Heaven)—Oh! Marseilles!

The points of the *Almanach Prophétique* are few in number this year. The most curious is from a work by Pierre Matisac, called "Spectacle merveilleux et edifiant de l'Avenir," published in Paris, 1608, and refers to England and America, and which, according to the *Almanach Prophétique*, foretels the invasion of Japan.

373.—The haughty son (English America) and the harsh and greedy mother separate with looks of blood. The rivers are reddened with blood.

374.—The leopard (England) roars terribly. A just man, a saint, strong as David, when his sling, directed by a divine hand, cast down the Philistine Colossus, raises up the azure standard sown with stars like the firmament. (Washington.)

375.—His powerful voice throws back the sanguinary monster into the sea.

376.—And causes peace, equity, commerce, and industry to flourish. A new world arises beyond the seas. A flourishing world possesses the future. May the name of the just and the holy be three times blessed!

Pierre Matisac strangely enough honours the struggle between Napoleon and England with a mere passing notice: "The claws of the terrible bird are worn out by the patience and the cunning of the leopard."

He devotes his whole attention to the prodigious invasions of the Anglo-Saxon race in the New World and the Asiatic Continent.

After having spoken of the development of English India, he exclaims:

420.—Is poison then an arm permitted to a great nation? The land of idols, of rivers, with waters unknown to foreign ships, are invaded by fire. (This is supposed to allude to the opium war.)

421.—But thy justice is eternal. Worlds arise from their ruins. Children recognise their mother.

422.—There is the azure banner again, and there the terrible and conquering leopard. They are meeting beyond the seas.

423.—But times are changed. The harsh and greedy mother and the rebellious son meet in a common embrace at the limits of the Old World.

424.—And barbarism and idolatrous worships disappear before them. Blessed be thy name?

Prophecies like these which come out when the circumstances they allude to are looming in the future, or after they have actually taken place, are safe materials for publication; but it would be desirable to verify them by actual reference to the pages of Pierre Matisac, who is said, at the head of the article above quoted, to have prophesied in 1661, and his work which contained the prophecies to have been published by one Abraham Saugrin, in 1608.

Of a somewhat similar character is the prophecy of Father Boniface Cerrachi, an Italian Jesuit, to the following effect:

"In the middle of the nineteenth century, Europe will witness the accomplishment of a real miracle. It will take place in the air, will upset the whole face of the earth, and change the relations, the commerce, and industry of nations."

The Jesuit Cerrachi came to France in the suite of Cardinal de Bernis, some time ambassador at Venice. M. Jules Desgenettes, who communicated the above prophecy to the *Almanach Prophétique*, thought that he possessed an unique copy of the father's work, which was entitled, "Prophéties Mathématiques pour la fin du dix-huitième Siècle," and of which only a hundred copies were printed for private distribution; but M. G. Wagner, the editor of the *Almanach*, says that a notice of the Jesuit's pamphlet is met with in another pamphlet, entitled, "Correspondance secrète d'un Observateur, Danvio," printed at Rotterdam in 1771, and that a distinguished Parisian collector, M. G—— de P——t, possesses a copy of the original pamphlet, adorned with three vignettes, by Carle Eisen. Both writers agree in considering the prophecy in question to refer not to any ravages to be effected by collision with a celestial body, but to the discovery of a means of navigating the air and directing balloons, which they say cannot fail to take place before 1860.

It appears from the testimony of an anonymous prophet, that as certain names represented by certain numbers are unfortunate and even fatal, and still more so when two numbers are united in marriage, so number 3 has always had a decisive influence in the fate of nations. The examples given are not very felicitous; for example, in 1373 the English were expelled from Poitou, which it is difficult to look upon, as it is here put forth in the light of a misfortune to France; or 1763, peace of Paris;

still they are sufficiently curious to make the superstitious look forward with curiosity to the events of 1853.

The Abbé Bezuel communicated the following strange story to the well known Abbé de Saint Pierre, who, by-the-by, besides the authorship of "Paul and Virginia," anticipated the Peace Society by an equally well-digested project of universal brotherhood. The Abbé Bezuel, it may be remarked, enjoyed a spotless reputation for truth and sincerity.

The abbé was about fifteen years of age in 1693, when he became acquainted at college with the children of a solicitor, Daboquêne by name, and who were students like himself. A particular friendship grew up between him and the eldest, whose name was Desfontaines, and who was about his own age. Walking together one day in the year 1696, conversation fell upon a work in which they had read an account of two friends, who had promised one another that the one who should die first should come and inform the survivor of his decease, and which event actually took place.

Desfontaines proposed to Bezuel that they should bind themselves by a similar promise, but Bezuel did not give his consent till some months after, when his friend being about to leave college for Caen, they exchanged manuscripts, written and signed with their own blood.

For some time an active correspondence was carried on between the two friends, till once, six weeks having elapsed without his having received a letter, Bezuel was walking in a meadow, the afternoon of the 31st July, 1697, when he felt a sudden faintness come over him, which he was some minutes in recovering from. The next day the same weakness overtook him at the same hour, and so also the day after, but upon the latter occasion Desfontaines appeared to him, making signs to him, as if calling him near to his person. As he was seated on a bench, he withdrew a short distance to make room for his friend. Several students who were present observed this movement. As Desfontaines, however, did not come nearer, Bezuel got up and went to him. The spectre then took his friend by the arm, and leading him away to a quiet spot, addressed him as follows:

"I have come to keep my promise. I was drowned the day before yesterday in the river at Caen, at about this hour. I was out walking with the Abbé de Menil Jean; it was so hot, that we resolved upon a bath. When in the river a faintness came over me, and I sank to the bottom. The abbé dived after me; I seized him by the foot, but whether he thought it was a salmon, or that he wished to get back again without interruption, he gave me a tremendous kick that finally disposed of me on the bed of the river."

Desfontaines also spoke of other matters to his friend, and charged him with various messages for his brother, as also for his father and his mother, and further, bade him repeat for him seven psalms, that had been given him as a punishment the Sunday previous to his death, and which he had omitted to recite before the catastrophe.

Bezuel promised all, and wished to embrace his deceased friend, but he only found a shadow, although the spectre held him so tightly by the arm that he felt a sensible pain from the pressure. The spectre looked rather taller than when alive, was half naked, and a manuscript was interwoven in his long, light hair, on which he could only read the syllable *in*. He had his usual voice, and appeared neither gay nor sorrowful, but in perfect tranquillity. He afterwards disappeared, saying "*Jusque, jusque*," which was his favourite expression, when he bade good-by to his fellow-collegians The abbé, who related the story to Saint Pierre, added that he saw his friend on several subsequent occasions.

Here is another ghost story, communicated by a living witness, and one who, by his profession, may be supposed to be beyond the reach of puerile apprehension, while, by the active life he was leading at the time,

he was also little exposed to the influence of a diseased imagination. The story is attested by Monsieur le Comte de Touchebœuf-Clermont, one of the illustrious names of France.

The Oneiromantic stories published in your *Prophetic Almanack* of 1852 interested me much, particularly the miraculous apparition of the Abbé de Saint Wast, at the Château de Louvenvel, belonging to the Baron de Coupigny (see *New Monthly Magazine*, vol. xciii., p. 344), and whom I had the honour of seeing at Arras in 1820 and 1821.

I trust that I shall not be taken for a person of a weak and superstitious mind, which would tally but badly with the profession of arms that I have followed from early youth. I believe that too much importance must not be attached to those dreams which besiege us during the darkness of night, and which are generally the result of sensations experienced during the day, or of a laborious digestion, or which may be looked upon as the reflection, if I may so express myself, of the passions which domineer over us.

Nevertheless, I know that the Almighty can do whatever it pleases Him, and it would perhaps be rash to refer to mere chance a circumstance that happens only once in one's life, and which coincides exactly with the fact which gave birth to it.

Here is what happened to me, and which I attest to be true in the name of that honour which is characteristic of a French officer.

After having traversed Spain in almost every direction with the 4th regiment of Dragoons, in which I was then the youngest lieutenant, it was at last resolved upon evacuating the Peninsula, in consequence of the disasters of the fatal campaign in Russia. Madrid was accordingly evacuated, and the division of dragoons to which I was attached bivouacked, the 5th of April, 1815, at Guadalapajar, seven leagues from the capital. On arriving at the bivouac I was ordered on the main guard, and my post was established at but a short distance from the palace of the Escurial, where I placed my videttes in face of those of the English.

My duty and the safety of the army demanded that I should make numerous rounds during the night, to see that the videttes did their duty, that everything was quiet, and that no surprise was to be apprehended.

On returning from these rounds, I got down from my horse, and threw myself, enveloped in my cloak, upon some chopped straw that served as a bed; but as soon as, from extreme fatigue, I fell asleep, I saw my poor good mother in the act of dying. These repeated apparitions took place after midnight, but without a single word being addressed to me, or any other sign made as if to ask me for my prayers. And truly, of what avail would the prayers of a dragoon have been, who had for so long time been engaged in wars in a country where they had finished by putting everything to fire and sword?

Early the next morning the whole army had to cross the Guadarrama, which separates the two Castiles, and I received orders to join my regiment, which was in the advance guard. I had to make my way for four or five hours through an immense column composed of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, and amid carriages and waggons; but all this confusion could not entirely dispel the mournful visions of the night; and it was in this frame of mind that I joined the 4th Dragoons, which had halted on the other side of the mountain, at the foot of which was the celebrated pozada of San Raphael, the only inn that is to be met with in these wild and desert places.

The tumult of bivouacs, the long duration of the retreat, the fatal battle of Vittoria on the 21st of June, where I was exposed for upwards of an hour to the fire of a battery of guns, and the flight that ensued, succeeded, however, in dispelling from my mind all thoughts of the lugubrious apparition of the Escurial. The army at length reached the French territory, and the moment I could get a little quiet on our side of the Pyrenees I wrote to my mother to announce my return in comparative health and safety.

As the army still continued to manœuvre a good deal, it was some time before I received an answer, and that came at last from my father, who informed me that I had lost my mother on the night of the 5th or 6th of April. It was the first letter that I had received from my family since my entrance into Spain, for, being almost always on horseback, letters went astray, and never reached me, added to which, it had been reported that I had fallen on the field of battle. Be that as it may, I compared the dates, and I found that the melancholy event had taken place the very time that my mother appeared to me at an interval of three hundred leagues, and at a few paces distance from the Escurial. But distance probably has no existence for spirits that are disengaged from the trammels of their terrestrial envelope!

This singular incident reminds me that my father, the most truthful man I ever knew, has since told me that my mother, by birth Countess of Durfort, being at that time Canoness of the noble Chapter of Neuville, near Lyons, was induced by her more youthful associates to have her fortune told, and it was predicted to her that she should die abbess. "Die an abbess!" she replied, smiling, "I who will not take the vows!"

Nevertheless, she died, not abbess, but at Besse (*à Besse*) which is the name of the château where she expired. Is it chance or is it God who permitted persons of such little estimation in general, as fortune-tellers, to prophecy justly, putting the pun aside? Be that as it may, the facts are real, and I certify their having occurred in my family; nevertheless, notwithstanding their truth, I attach no serious belief to dreams; but every one is free to form what deductions he pleases from them—"Le Comte de Touchebœuf-Clermont."

It would appear from this that French soldiers, with all their warlike ardour and chivalrous devotion, are not, even to the present day, without their superstitious weaknesses. These have, indeed, existed from all times, and more particularly among those who by aristocratic descent were imbued with a highly sensitive and impressionable nervous system. Saint Simon relates in his memoirs that, being in the camp before Namur in 1692, at a time when he was one of the king's *mousquetaires*, he had formed a close friendship with one of his companions in arms, the Comte de Cæsquen.

The poor boy (he adds) did not live long. Having volunteered into the king's regiment, and being on the point of joining his corps the next spring, he came and related to me that he had had his fortune told by a female, named *La du Perchoir*, who carried on the profession secretly at Paris, and that she had told him he would be drowned, and that soon too.

I rallied him upon his foolish and impertinent curiosity, derided the ignorance of such a class of persons, and told him that she had founded her prophecy upon the sorrowful and sinister looks of my friend, who really was disagreeably ugly.

He started a few days afterwards, met with another man of the same trade at Amiens, who predicted the same thing to him; and marching thence with his regiment to join the army, he stopped to water his horse in the Escaut, and was drowned in sight of the whole regiment, without any one having it in their power to afford him assistance.

I was extremely grieved at this event, which entailed an irreparable loss upon his family. He had only two sisters, one of whom married the eldest son of M. de Monchevreuil, and the other took the veil in the convent of the Calvary.

It is related that at the birth of Catherine de Medicis, four old men—magi of the middle ages—were summoned to the Palace Riccardi, the magnificent abode of the dukes of Florence, to draw the horoscope of the only daughter of the reigning duke. It was a dark night, and occa-

sional flashes of lightning illuminated the clouded sky. The chief members of the ducal family were assembled in a saloon, on a marble table in the centre of which was a richly-carved ebony cradle, in which the new-born infant reposed.

"Well, Master Bazil," said the duke, addressing the most venerable of the sages who had just been introduced into the presence of the Medicis, "have you agreed on your decision, and do you bring us good news?"

"The destiny of man," answered the old man, "does not depend upon those who interrogate it. We would wish, my lord duke, to record a favourable horoscope, but——"

"Go on, master, I shall have courage."

"Well, remember this, lord duke; the child here present will have a life full of troubles and intrigues. Nevertheless your family will not suffer from it, nor will the glorious republic of Florence. But misery to the nation that receives her; misery to the royal house into which she shall enter as wife and mother. I have spoken, and what I have said is the truth."

These sad predictions were received in gloomy silence. The duke only looked at the other old men to see if he could detect on their faces any marks of disapprobation.

But all three bowed their heads, as if to testify their assent to the words of Bazil.

Nevertheless the family held counsel; none of its members dared to cast doubts on the horoscope of Bazil, but they sought to find out means by which the evils with which the child was threatened could be averted. After a long deliberation, Catherine was condemned to eternal celibacy; but destiny is more powerful than the projects of men, as the future demonstrated but too truly.

Twenty-one years after the events we have just related, a Spanish army, sent by Pope Clement VII. (himself a Medicis), was besieging Florence. In 1527 the inhabitants had revolted against the Medicis, and had expelled all the members of that family from the territories of the republic, with the exception of Catherine, who was shut up in a convent of the city. Florence was obliged to open her gates to the besiegers, and the daughter of Laurent recovered her liberty at the very moment when the cause of her house was triumphant.

Charles V., whose troops had just restored Florence to the Medicis, wished to obtain in recompence the hand of Catherine. The Pope refused it to him, preferring to bestow the maiden on the son of Francis I. The German emperor was very wrath at this treatment, and he wrote an angry letter to the Pope, in which, after enumerating the services that he had rendered to the family, he complained vehemently of the preference shown to his rival.

Clement, who knew the prophecy of Bazil, contented himself with replying to the emperor "that he had palmed off upon the French a woman who would breed disorder throughout the whole kingdom."

The marriage, which was solemnised at Marseilles in 1533, fully justified the predictions of Bazil in respect to the mother of Charles IX. and of Henry III., the Queen of Saint Bartholomew.

There is nothing like the good old prophecies—prophecies which predicted fire and water, the destruction of a city, or the extermination of a people. It is evident that the magnitude and importance of the art has sorely dwindled away, when we must in our own times content ourselves with examples such as are afforded by Alexander Dumas in his memoirs of the old general, his father, knocking at his door at the moment of his decease, or by the gallant Comte de Clermont, when visited upon his outposts at the Escurial by his moribund mother. Yet such is the spirit of most modern instances.

Here is one of another character—the prophecy of a saint with a harsh Breton name—Guenolé—for it is in Brittany that tradition places the event; and it is at the headland called that of Chévre that the ruins of part of the ancient city d'Is are still pointed out, but the other and larger portion is buried beneath the waters of the bay of Douarnenez, which owes its existence to the catacylsm which swallowed up the cursed city.

In times very far back there existed in ancient Armorica a sumptuous and flourishing city. It was called [illegible] It took a horseman mounted on a fleet steed four hours to make the circuit of the walls.

King Grallon reigned over this town and the territory of Cornwall. He was a pious monarch, who had great confidence in God, and in those holy men who practised the religion of Christ.

But his subjects were devoted to Satan, and in accomplishing his works: pride, luxury, debauchery, and passions without restraint, filled the city.

And they sacrificed to the false gods, and they blasphemed the God of the Christians, the Saviour of the world.

"Cursed be Christ!" they said, in their fury; "glory to the gods who command love and feasts!"

And Dahut, the king's daughter, beautiful as the angel of darkness, was led away by these maniacs.

And passed her days in nameless orgies and monstrous pleasures.

And King Grallon, powerless against debauchery and luxury, no longer went forth from his palace, to spare himself the sight of so lamentable a spectacle.

One night that he was at prayers in his oratory, he heard a great noise; and the earth trembled so much that he fainted, and his forehead struck the pavement.

And as he recovered his senses, his eyes were dazzled by the rays of a brilliant light.

And he saw before him the holy prophet Guenolé, with threatening eye, and his finger pointing towards the city.

And the holy prophet said, with a voice terrible as the trumpet of battles, "King, the time is come.

"The patience of the Eternal is wearied without remission. He has raised up his arm, and already the bosom of the sea heaves.

"Is, the perverse city, is about to disappear. Such is the fate of accursed cities. Blessed be the name of God."

And as Grallon wept for the fate of his people, Saint Guenolé continued, "Hasten to fly away, O king! for thou alone shall be saved."

And Grallon hurried to his stables, and throwing himself on a fleet horse, he made his daughter jump up behind him.

And suddenly loud thunder was heard, lightning tore the clouds asunder, and the sea rose with hoarse and terrible roaring.

Already the waves washed the towers without the city, and the inhabitants attempted to fly, but their feet held fast to the soil.

And Grallon's horse stopped also, and already the waves beat against the chest of the noble animal, and it neighed with fear.

The king exclaimed, "O holy prophet, is this what you promised me?" and the waves continued to ascend.

But a voice louder than the thunder, and more sonorous than the roaring of the tempest, cried out to Grallon:

"O king, drive away the devil that you carry behind you."

And as the king implored, weeping, for pity for his daughter, he made the sign of the cross. That instant he felt the two arms that embraced him withdraw themselves from his neck.

And turning round, he saw as an ebullition in the water, and he heard a hissing noise, like that emitted by a red-hot iron plunged into cold water.

And his daughter had disappeared, and in three vaults his noble courser carried him upon the rock of Ganec, higher than the highest towers of the accursed city.

And the storm still continued, and the buildings, sapped by the waters, tumbled down upon one another with a frightful noise. Soon the cries of the dying were hushed. The loud voice of the tempest was heard once more, and then all was still.

But from the bottom of the waters there came forth a voice saying, "Justice is done. Blessed be the Lord."

This legend does not tell us at what period of time the Sodom of Armorica was destroyed. There are two Grallons in the history of Brittany. The first was Grallon, Earl of Cornwall, known for his struggles against the Romans, 439—445 ; the second, Grallon II., who, of all the countries possessed by his ancestors, was only able to preserve Cornwall. He lived in 690.

It is a relief to turn from ghost-stories and lugubrious legends to the prophecies for 1853. The harmlessness of these predictions is truly gratifying. In the absence of political predictions, we are treated to such innocuous prophecies as that caoutchouc will be used to soften the spine, and to cure distortions and rheumatism. Programmes will be sold at the Opera on occasions of *Bals masqués*, which will supply dominos and other masques with wit, good taste, and manners. At a general congress of the Peace Society, the public of all countries shall be particularly requested to drop the use of all words which are calculated to vex, annoy, or insult their neighbours, or to turn good citizens into ridicule. Governments will be particularly requested to put a stop to the disturbance of public repose effected by itinerant musicians, and the sum of 100,000 francs will be voted to whosoever shall invent an instrument that shall supersede the use of boot-hooks, too frequently the cause of bellicose expressions in the bosom of families.

New invasions will take place in fashions, and in female apparel. An actress of the Théâtre des Variétés, at that time the theatre of tragic vaudevilles, will take the initiative in the reform of the female costume. She will walk the Boulevard in a transparent tunic, after the fashion of Syrian stuffs, and her shoulders will be covered with a saffron-coloured shawl, dotted with silver spangles. Her hair will be powdered with gold-dust, and sewn with bees of the same metal, like those of the Athenians in the time of Pericles and Alcibiades. There will be a great day of reception at the Académie, upon which occasion the newly-elected member will occupy three hours in an oration, recanting all that he has written since his early youth, and panegyrising his illustrious predecessor, author of a poem "On the Pleasures of Angling." A learned astronomer will discover a new planet. As usual, an Englishman will assert that he had seen it before. A report will be made to the Academy of Medicine on the pernicious effects of extracting gelatine from cast-off old buttons—which will be in future proscribed from the soup of the poor. The members of the Jockey Club will continue to speak *l'Anglais du Turf.* Stockbrokers' clerks will continue to transform themselves into gentlemen-riders, and to make fabulous bets, in which coins of twenty centimes will

be spoken of as guineas and pounds sterling. An orchestra will be completed, in which flutes will be replaced by sax-tubes and *mortiers trombones*, the effect of which will surpass that of the loudest tempest, and will be attended by a prodigious *paroxysm* of success.

The Empire, we have observed, was not predicted by the almanacks. Louis Napoleon has been his own Nostradamus, and has arranged that he should be proclaimed by the united voices of the civil and military authorities on the occasion of his triumphal procession through the provinces, to be confirmed by 60,000 infantry, and twenty squadrons of the choicest cavalry of France, on his re-entrance into the capital of the civilised world. The event, however, has not been wanting its literary inauguration; a pamphlet has been published, entitled "Du Rétablissement de l'Empire," every sheet of which is duly stamped, so that no doubt it has circulated free to the remotest corners of France.

"It is evident," says this authoritative document, "that the irresistible movement of opinion, the unanimous impulse of the nation manifested on all sides by the wishes of the general councils, the progress of ideas on political matters, the lessons of contemporaneous experience, the interests of France, of Europe, and of the world (!)—everything combines to bring about at an early period the re-establishment of the Empire."

The Great Napoleon and Napoleon III. have both risen to power upon revolution, and so, also, the distinction is claimed for each of having frankly accepted the revolution, and of having caused such to penetrate into the interior by the laws, and to have spread it over Europe by their victories. "Thus it is that, notwithstanding its reverses, France continues to be Napoleonic, and Europe is French!"

It is this idea which Napoleon III. feels himself, according to the same authentic document, called upon to carry out. "Let," it says, "the proclamations and discourses of Strasbourg and Boulogne be read over again, and it will be seen that it was less a right that Louis Napoleon invoked, than a political conviction that he was prepared to realise after having overthrown the citizen monarchy of Louis Philippe."

Again, in the celebrated enunciation of principles made before the Chamber of Peers on the occasion of his successful appeal to universal suffrage, the Emperor-elect proclaimed, as is here again announced to us, and that in a more formal manner than ever, written, as it were, on cloth of gold (may it never be stained with the blood of innocent people), at the threshold of the Empire:

"I represent before you a principle, a cause, a defeat. The principle is the sovereignty of the people; the cause that of the Empire; the defeat Waterloo. The principle you have admitted it, the cause you have served, and you will revenge the defeat."

This revenge to be taken for the defeat of Waterloo is not, as some have supposed, to be effected by an invasion of England. The objects to be gained are the frontiers of France, as determined by the treaty of Campo-Formio, and the peace of Amiens. These include the left bank of the Rhine and all Belgium, so that France shall have for natural limits the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Rhine and the sea. Many English statesmen, notoriously the Earl of Liverpool, have not been averse to this arrangement, and England, we are reminded, signed the treaty of Amiens.

It is to be observed upon this, that the Bordeaux programme declares that we are not to have war—that the energies of the Emperor will be directed to the material interests of France—its agriculture, its manufactures, its railroads, its shipping, and its commerce. Happy for mankind if Louis Napoleon shall be a Napoleon of Peace! But do programmes invariably realise all they promise? Did Louis Napoleon hand over his powers intact to his successor at the end of four years, as he declared he would do in 1848? When he was re-elected for ten years, did he not declare, only seven months ago, that he would not accept the Empire except in the event of hostile parties forcing him to do so? Then, again, the programme at Strasbourg was the Rhine!—the programme at Marseilles, the Mediterranean!—the programme at Bordeaux, peace! The three do not tally. We have a declaration of a Protectorship of the "Holy Places," including Rome, Mount Sion, Mount Carmel, and Acre, at the very moment that a Muhammadan saint and warrior is commissioned to the East to light up the smouldering embers of religious bigotry and religious wars. Well may the old diplomatists of the Continent—Burleigh-like—shake their heads, doubting whether it will be England, Belgium, the Rhine, Italy, Morocco, Tunis, or the Levant, first; but none doubting that circumstances will be stronger than either men or programmes. In the mean time, France is to be once more consulted by means of "universal suffrage," in accordance with the Constitution; she will proclaim the Empire, and will, no doubt, work out her destiny. Only let Napoleon III. remember that the first Empire received France from the hands of the First Republic with the frontier of the Rhine and the Alps, and it left her weaker in 1815 than royalty itself had done. Napoleon III. receives France from the hands of a Second Republic, with Algiers and the "Holy Places." By peace these may be retained, and the power and prosperity of France ensured by war, both Algiers and the "Holy Places" may be perilled.

The following portrait of the Emperor-elect, from the *Almanach de Napoléon*, will not be without its interest at the present moment:

The impassibility which he manifests during the great circumstances of life is only the result of serious studies and of long meditations. The calmness is that of strong minds. Study, exile, and captivity have modified his generous nature to such an extent, that Louis Napoleon is now entirely master of himself; but it would be most erroneous to suppose that his moral nature is circumscribed or kept down by physical incapacity. It is, on the contrary, will and strength of mind which with him rule the senses. He is accustomed to say, that to bustle is not to make progress. This is profoundly true, and most especially so in politics. His language, sober and precise, is the result of the system of conduct that he has imposed upon himself, and which, in the grave and difficult circumstances in which he has been placed, has succeeded so well. No one approaches men and things quicker or better, and the first opinion that he forms is generally correct. He rarely comes back from his first impression, for he knows that it is almost always a correct one. A perspicuous observer, he sees with a rapid eye all that passes around him, without allowing any of the impressions which he receives to show themselves. The memory, however, of these impressions, and the opinion he has formed of men, class themselves in his memory, and are always at his command at an opportune moment. It is a frequent source of surprise to see him remembering things accomplished a long time ago, and giving important trusts to men whom no one thought of, and whose suitable dispositions he had alone found out. This

was the Emperor's system, and it is well known what happy results flowed from it. Add to this, he has so often had the means of judging men, and of making their acquaintance in the character of political intriguers, and of self-important and importunate courtiers of all descriptions, who hastened to surround him during the first days of his greatness, that the verse of a celebrated poet,

Que du faîte ou nous sommes,
Le spectacle qu'on a nous dégoûte des hommes,

must have come frequently to his mind.

It has been seen with what discernment and success he selected the men who were to assist in bringing about and carrying out the events of the 2nd of December.

Previous to that epoch, he used to go out and drive or ride in the Bois de Boulogne at two o'clock in the afternoon. He was always accompanied in these rides by an officer on duty. A good and beautiful horseman, he has always in his stables horses of the very best breed. These excursions in the Bois de Boulogne would be prolonged to four, sometimes to five o'clock. When he went out in his tilbury, he always drove himself.

On his return he had an account given to him, by a person to whom this particular duty was delegated, of the sittings of the Assembly. He also received a few visits at that hour.

Dinner takes place at six o'clock; several times a week persons of high importance, ministers, generals, public functionaries, and others, are invited. The list of persons to be invited is arranged by himself most carefully.

In the evening, the days when there are not parties, the prince goes to the Opera, to the Théâtre Français, or to the Italians, and even to the minor theatres. Other evenings are employed by him in the study or development of the great political and administrative questions of the day.

Some days before the events of the 2nd of December, and since their accomplishment, the prince has given himself up to a prodigious amount of labour: daylight has often overtaken him in these self-imposed tasks, which have had no object but the future prosperity of France.

All the official acts of the 2nd of December, proclamations, decrees, appeals to the people, &c., were either dictated or written by him. It has been the same with respect to the greater part of the decrees which have appeared since that time.

The Constitution lately published is entirely his own work. The eve of the day on which it first appeared he corrected the proofs himself with the most careful attention, in the presence of the chancellor, the minister of justice, and the director of the press. The meeting did not break up till two o'clock in the morning.

Such is the man to whom France has just confided her destinies. As may be seen, even from this slight sketch, Louis Napoleon follows out seriously and scrupulously the great mission that he has imposed upon himself—that of restoring to France its prosperity, as in good times of old, and God—as he says himself, and as we ourselves hope—God will bless his work.

Like the great Napoleon, he believes in his destiny, and he loves the people who have faith in theirs.

And in truth, in political life as on the field of battle, there must be good fortune to succeed. This constant confidence in his star, which has never abandoned him, even under the most critical circumstances, explains and justifies all the acts of his life; it derives its strength from religious faith. Louis Napoleon is a believer in the full acceptation of the word. In the great political events that have taken place during the last three years he has never failed to invoke the assistance of religion. The name of God is to be met with in almost all his speeches. During the different journeys that he has undertaken in France, his first care has always been, on going into a town, to

repair to the metropolitan church, and ask for the blessings of heaven. This was not, as was thought at one time, a political proceeding; it arose from a purely religious motive. "That which constitutes my strength," he said one day to a general, who has for some time back been one of his ministry, "is, that I have religious faith, which you have not."

Louis Napoleon gets up regularly at seven o'clock in summer and at eight in winter. His first attentions are given to the perusal of the important letters which are brought to him by his valet Thélin, and which all bear a mark, arranged beforehand, with those who are in his confidence. He then takes two or three turns in the garden, and comes back at nine to his study, which is next to his bedroom. His aide-de-camps are then admitted, after them the officers on duty, who receive their orders for the day. Doctor Conneau, his physician, also pays him a visit, as well as M. Mocquard, his *chef de cabinet*, and M. Buré (foster-brother to Louis Napoleon) steward of the palace.

When each has received his instructions, the prince often enters into familiar conversation with them, which, however, is not prolonged beyond a few minutes; he then busies himself with the more urgent affairs: those concerning which he will have to speak to his ministers, who generally assemble at the Elysée at noon. He runs through the papers, the more important passages of which have been previously marked with red chalk. He especially reads the English papers carefully. The attacks of the *Charivari* and of the *Journal pour Rire* on his person and those of his ministers, at the time when they were allowed to publish such, used to afford him much amusement. He often laughed at the caricatures in which his appearance was far from being flattered.

At ten o'clock the prince grants a few audiences. Breakfast is served up at eleven precisely. Louis Napoleon eats very moderately. On quitting the breakfast-table he repairs to the council-chamber, and takes his seat at the table where his ministers are assembled. He listens to the discussions attentively, but only takes part in them to the extent of a few decisive words, which generally resume the whole question, and intimate the line of conduct which he wishes to be pursued. The prince is in the habit, during these sittings of his council, of drawing with a pen sketches of landscapes or fancy portraits, which the *employés* of the Elysée secure with anxiety. The council over, he dismisses the ministers, and receives the other persons of his household. He also receives at or about the same time (that is to say, between one and two o'clock) persons who have received letters of audience.

And now to conclude with the summary of the author of the pamphlet "Du Rétablissement de l'Empire." "Integrity and candour are the two leading features in the character of this young hero, whom six years of captivity and twenty-five years of exile have ripened for power, and who may already be with justice compared to Augustus and to Titus!"

"O France!" adds the same writer, "whose heart still bleeds at the mere memory of Waterloo and of St. Helena; glorious mother of civilisation; nation of heroes; Gauls, whom the Emperor made the conquerors of the Franks, salute this fourth dynasty, of which he never ceased to speak at St. Helena, and which, in his estimation, could alone assure for ever the safety, the prosperity, and the repose of France. Let us hail the Empire, constitutional, French. Let us hail the Empire and the Emperor!

"It is the will of the people and of God."

A POTTER'S TRIALS.*

THE name of Bernard Palissy is unfamiliar in this country. In France, where he was known as "the poor potter, M. Bernard," and is still known as Palissy the naturalist, his name is illustrious as that of, to use the words of Buffon, "so great a naturalist as nature only can produce;" and, according to another distinguished philosopher—Haller—one "born to the greatest things."

As a potter and painter on glass, Palissy attained high distinction, and was patronised by Catherine of Medicis, and her son Henry III. A self-taught genius, he not only perfected the arts that he cultivated, but in the prosecution of his researches he made considerable discoveries in chemistry and geology: so much so, that some French writers have assigned to him the credit of having anticipated many of the great fundamental principles of those sciences as they now exist. A zealous Calvinist, and living in troublous times, his life was also chequered by many an adventure and incident; but how far this would authorise a person, professing to write the biography of so interesting and remarkable a personage, to interpolate facts drawn from the experiences of others, even though those experiences were contemporaneous—to illustrate, for example, the life of Palissy by details drawn from the chronicles of "Blaise de Montluc," chit-chat from the "Livre des Marchands," and from the reveries of Parcelsus, we must leave others to decide. The author has apologised for taking such a liberty, by saying that it enabled him to describe more easily the character of the experience that must have been acquired by Palissy during his early travels. But it is evident that it has the bad effect of imparting the character of fiction to a narrative which could, more than any other, from the simple zeal, the natural gifts, and the earnest genius of its subject, afford to dispense with, nay, to scorn, such adventitious aids.

The year and precise spot of Bernard Palissy's birth appear to be unknown. It was at or about 1509, and in the "diocese" of Agen. He was educated as a glass-painter, and worker generally in painted glass—an art which, being at that time deemed an honourable occupation, his biographer deduces from that, and from Palissy's own impression that the art was confined to nobles, that he was descended from some of the innumerable families of poor and petty nobles. Certain it is, that of the general learning of the day none was communicated to the child. "I have had no other books," he says, in his treatise "On Stones," "than heaven and earth, which are open to all." He learnt to read and write; and the minerals employed in staining glass, and some few of their properties, had to be learned also, and they made up Bernard's first and almost only lessons in chemistry.

When Bernard grew up to be eighteen years of age the desire to see the world, which is most irresistible in active minds, led him to shoulder his scanty wallet, and direct his steps, in the first place, towards the Pyrenees. Little is known of the incidents and adventures of this portion

* The Life of Bernard Palissy, of Saintes, his Labours and Discoveries in Art and Science. By Henry Morley. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

of the potter's career; and here it is that his biographer takes the liberty of filling up the hiatus from the experiences of others. It appears that Bernard hoped to gratify his love of travel, and possibly even to better his condition, by practising his skill as painter in the noble houses and the towns met with during his peregrinations. From the summary of his travels, given by M. Faujas de St. Fond, in the fourth edition of the works of Palissy, 1777, it appears that he dwelt some years at Tarbes, and that he tarried long in sundry other towns. During nine or ten years of wandering he appears to have traversed the greater part of France, as also a portion of Germany. During these wanderings he lived by his painting chiefly; but another means of livelihood consisted in his knowledge of geometry, and manual skill in the employment of a rule and compass. This knowledge made him capable of measuring and planning sites for houses and gardens, and of making maps of landed property. Yet Palissy appears to have looked, in these days of his youth, upon his bread-earning talents as merely a secondary thing, for much of the knowledge which he afterwards applied to his reasonings in chemistry and geology was gathered during these early days of travel. It appears also—although it is difficult to mark the time when Palissy began to adopt the opinions of "those of the new religion"—that he also became a convert during his travels. And it was thus that he ripened into a practical and earnest man.

Not being proof, like Paracelsus, against woman's charms, Bernard Palissy was at length stopped short in his peripatetic career by marriage, and he settled in the ancient town of Saintes, or as it was written at that time, Xaintes. His biographer supposes this to have occurred in 1538, when our philosopher was about twenty-nine. His pursuits, however, continued the same—land-surveying, glass-painting, and portrait-painting. His engagements as surveyor usually sprang out of disputes concerning land, formerly a constant source of litigation in most countries. His house seems to have been in the outskirts of the town, for he says, in his "Artist in Earth," "I have been for several years, when, without the means of covering my furnaces, I was every night at the mercy of the rains and winds, without receiving any help, aid, or consolation, except from the owls that screeched on one side, and the dogs that howled on the other."

Thus labouring for bread (writes his biographer) among the narrow-minded people of the narrow-streeted town of Saintes, dissatisfied with labour that produced food, and only food, Palissy, conscious of his own strength, hoped that he might yet live to accomplish something better. He had abundant spirit and vivacity. In his darkest hours of evil fortune he could try like a man to set his friends a-laughing. In the simplicity of his mind, he was at all times full of hope, although unconscious that it was the spiritual sense of power which begot his hopefulness. All that is possible, is certain to the man who wills, if he has wit enough to use a little tact or skill, and a great deal of patience. Palissy had a child upon his arms; land-measuring came only now and then; glass-painting was not attractive; and the inhabitants of Saintes were but a limited population to provide with pictures. The young artist kissed his baby, and buoyed up his wife with his own hopes. There was another baby to kiss, but there was no doubt in his mind about the future.

It was at this time that there was shown to Palissy an elegant cup of Italian manufacture—"an earthen cup," he says, "turned and enamelled with so much beauty, that from that time I entered into controversy with my own

thoughts, recalling to mind several suggestions that some people had made to me in fun, when I was painting portraits. Then, seeing that these were falling out of request in the country where I dwelt, and that glass-painting was also little patronised, I began to think that if I should discover how to make enamels, I could make earthen vessels, and other things, very prettily; because God had gifted me with some knowledge of drawing." Palissy then knew nothing whatever of the art of pottery, and there was no man in the nation who could make enamels. That last fact was the attraction to him. Enamels could be made; there he beheld a specimen. What is possible, is sure to him who wills, if he can use a little skill and a great deal of patience. To be the only man in France able to make enamelled vases, would be to provide handsome support for his wife and children; and to work at the solution of so hard a riddle, would be to provide full occupation for his intellect. So Palissy resolved to make himself a prince among the potters; and, "thereafter," he writes, "regardless of the fact that I had no knowledge of clays, I began to seek for the enamels, as a man gropes in the dark."

The Florentine sculptor, Lucca della Robbia, had, by enduring toil carried on like the labours of Palissy, amid cold, hunger, and all kinds of discomforts and privations, discovered about a century before a means of defending terra cotta figures from the injuries of time by an enamel of tin, litharge, and antimony, but Palissy had the whole ground to go over again; he knew nothing of the discoveries of others, he had nothing but his genius and his indomitable perseverance to rely upon, and the history of his struggles in search of what was truly his philosopher's stone are both justly and quaintly styled by his biographer, "The Wars for the Discovery of White Enamel."

"Without having heard," says Palissy, "of what materials the said enamels were composed, I pounded in those days all the substances which I could suppose likely to make anything; and having pounded and ground them, I bought a quantity of earthen pots, and after having broken them in pieces, I put some of the materials that I had ground upon them, and having marked them, I set apart in writing what drugs I had put upon each, as a memorandum; then, having made a furnace to my fancy, I set the fragments down to bake."

The purchase of the drugs, the buying of the pots, the building of the furnace, and the loss of time from customary occupation, made, of course, a very serious impression on the household purse. The wife cared naturally more about her children than about the best of white enamels, but she doubtless had consented with not much reluctance to the present sacrifices. It seemed to be quite true that if Bernard discovered the enamel, he would make them rich: how difficult the task might be, it was impossible to foresee: of course it would be difficult, but then Bernard was clever. Let the old funds fall, therefore, since there really was hope of a new and rich investment.

So the old funds fell. Ordinary work was to be done only at the call of strict necessity. The enamel when discovered—if discovered—would be useless except as a covering to ornamental pottery, and Palissy would have to learn how to make that. He set himself to rival the enamelled cups of Italy, when he would have failed in an attempt to make the roughest pipkin. He knew nothing of clay, and he had never even seen the inside of a pottery. He "had never seen earth baked." But what of that? Enamelled cups were made in Italy; why should they not be made also in France?

The building, destroying, and rebuilding of furnaces, in which the chemicals he bought with household money were always only burned and spoiled, was anxious labour. Fuel was not cheap, and Bernard had

to take, not only food out of his kettle, but also wood from under it. "He fooled away," he tells us, "in this manner several years."—"With sorrow and sighs," he adds—"for the bread of his children lessened—he was weighed down by domestic care." Considering this matter, and perceiving well how much his family required that he should do a little steady work in their behalf, Bernard resolved to close this his first struggle for the discovery of white enamel. With his own charming simplicity, he himself tells us, "When I saw that I could not at all, in this way, come at my intention, I took relaxation for a time, occupying myself in my art of painting and glass-working, and comported myself as if I was not zealous to dive any more into the secret of enamels."

A lucky tide turned, however, at this conjuncture in favour of the philosophic potter. A royal edict came forth that the islands of Saintonge, and the district surrounding the salt-marshes, should be surveyed. Palissy was appointed as the most competent man to the task, and "a bright flood of sunshine suddenly poured in to chase the gloom out of his dwelling." Bernard, the uneducated, was still the philosopher even in the salt-marshes. He has left an account of his labours, prefaced by a "Treatise on Common Salt and Salts generally." He was not of the school that treats salt as the source of all evil. "Salt," he says, "rejoices human beings: it whitens the flesh, giving beauty to reasonable beings; it preserves friendship between the male and female, by the vigour given to the sexes; it gives voice to creatures as to metals." The Arabs appear to entertain a somewhat similar idea of the properties of salt.

Palissy brought his work to a conclusion in somewhat more than a year, and then he says: "When the said commission was ended, and I found myself paid with a little money, I resumed my affection for pursuing in the track of the enamels;" and here begins what his biographer calls the "Second Palissian War for the Discovery of White Enamel." The profits of the marsh surveying were soon swallowed up in this second struggle, and Bernard's biographer justly remarks that we must not spend all our admiration in the inflexible energy with which Palissy battled his way on through adversity; sympathy is also due to her who, as his wife, stood by him in the contest, sharing all the blows he suffered, and yet unable to comprehend the battle that he waged. Bernard discovered in this campaign that the chemicals which he could not get to melt in a potter's furnace, did so in a glass furnace. For two long years after this, however, he still pursued his experiments without any definite success, till, at last, he resolved upon one grand final effort. He made no less than three hundred different mixtures, and this time success awaited upon his courageous efforts, his long toil, and self-sacrifice.

On such moments in a life the mind dwells as upon the recollection of a picture. We see the glow of the furnace, through the two mouths by which it is fed, upon the walls of the surrounding hovel. We have a glimpse of some rich foliage, with broken bits of sunbeam scattered over it, as a glass-worker enters by the hovel-door, bringing in billets from the wood to feed the fire. Three or four men of Saintonge are occupied about the place, rough, coarsely-featured men, whose flesh is in strong contrast with the spirit that looks out of the face of Bernard, anxious and very still. Bernard Palissy, a man in the full strength of life, aged about thirty-seven, with a vigorous frame, paled and thinned by care, sits on a heap of fagots, sometimes laughing with the

men, to cover his anxiety, at other times reverting with a fixed gaze to the furnace-mouth. During four hours he has waited there. The furnace is opened, and his whole form is shining with a bright glow from the molten glass, as his eyes run over his regiment of potshards. The material on one of them is melted, and that piece being taken out, is set aside to cool. The furnace is closed, and Palissy has now to watch the cooling of that compound which has been so quickly melted; not with great hope at first; but as it hardens—it grows white! All that was black in the thoughts of Palissy begins to whiten with it. It is cold. It is " white and polished;"—a white enamel, "singularly beautiful."

This took place in the year 1546, Palissy being then about thirty-seven years old. It was, however, but the success of a moment. Another trial was followed with less encouraging results, but Bernard persevered, till first the palings, then the chairs and tables, and lastly the flooring of his house was torn up to gratify this terrible enamel mania, and his wife and family, frantic with despair, rushed out into the town, publishing aloud the madness of the haggard, weary, unsuccessful experimentalist.

In the midst of all these domestic and scientific troubles and grievances, the persecution of heretics, which had been for some time spreading all over France, reached the remote district of Saintonge, and was inaugurated by the burning of "a brother at Gimosac, who kept a school, and preached on Sunday, being much beloved by the inhabitants." It does not appear that Bernard was so mad but that he took a deep interest in these religious troubles, of which he has left a truly interesting and philosophical account in his "History of the Troubles of Saintonge."

He had also, at the same time, hired a potter to work for him, but having no money to pay his wages, he was forced to give him part of his clothes. He also built himself a new furnace, with maimed hands and almost broken heart, and then the flints cracked with the heat, and stuck into his enamel. Great was Bernard's dismay; he had expected three or four hundred livres, and he received nothing but shame and confusion; so he broke in pieces the entire batch, and lay down in melancholy.

If one could sketch a scene like this with a pencil of a master, it would make a goodly picture. The dilapidated outhouse, its breaches rudely filled up with green boughs; Palissy grand in his own grief, tattered in dress, with a litter of beautiful vases, cups, urns, and medallions, the products of his rich taste and fancy, broken at his feet; the angry creditors; the village gossips pouring their much talk over his bowed spirit; his thin, pale children crouching, wondering about; his lean wife—God forgave her on the instant—pouring on him maledictions, ignorant or careless how his heart would open in that hour of anguish to receive one syllable of woman's consolation.

Palissy retired into his chamber, and lay down upon his bed. He had done well to break his vessels. His skill as an artist, and his really discovered secret of the white enamel, placed before him a wide field for ambition. He meant to produce costly articles of luxury, and he could not afford, because the flints had speckled them, to hurt his future reputation by sending his rich creations into the world at the price of well-side pitchers. Princes were to be his paymasters. But he had no longer any means to feed his family. His wife could not forget that; and he might have had more than eight francs for the things that he had broken.

If the wife could have seen and understood the spirit of her husband, she would have followed his melancholy step when he withdrew to the recesses of his chamber.

Bernard was thus compelled once more to abandon his experiments,

and set about repairing his household fortunes. A king of France died by way of portent when he was tearing up his floors, and Francis I. had been succeeded by his son, Henry II. In this year, 1549, Palissy was about forty years old, and his labour to invent enamelled ware had been spread over a period of some eight years. It cost him eight years more, but the worst portion of his toil was over. Time it was so. He had now only to learn the temper of his clays, and buy with experience a knowledge of those numerous mishaps which practical potters only can appreciate, and against which, in those days of rude appliances, incessant watchfulness was needed. He made vessels of different colours, which kept house tolerably; but he still kept losing the greater part of his more ambitious work by various mischances—so constantly recurring, that no one will peruse them and ever after see an enamel without thinking of Bernard's patience amid trials and perseverance in affliction. Different minds will look upon this history of endurance in different lights. To persevere under difficulties is always held up, as in the work before us, as the most praiseworthy and admirable manifestation of genius. But we have most of us social duties to perform, as well as to labour for distinction. In Bernard Palissy's instance, this was particularly the case. The enamel-maniac—for we can scarcely call him anything else—appears, by depriving his children of proper nourishment, to have been indirectly the cause of six little children being hurried to a premature grave.

Great strength of body must have enabled Palissy to endure, in addition to privation and distress, the intense toil to which he subjected himself in the prosecution of his struggles. But his physical frame bore strong marks of the contest. "I was for the space of ten years," he says, "so wasted in my person, that there was no form nor prominence of muscle on my arms or legs; also, the said legs were throughout of one size, so that the garters with which I tied my stockings, were at once, when I walked, down upon my heels, with the stockings too. I often walked about the fields of Xaintes considering my miseries and weariness, and, above all things, that in my own house I could have no peace, nor do anything that was considered good. I was despised and mocked by all." More than once breaks out this yearning for domestic love, so simply, with so quaint a pathos that we sometimes half wonder how a man so loveable could be denied the consolation of domestic sympathy. But it is nothing strange; it would have been more strange had he been mated with a wife as capable as he himself was of endurance.

She was afflicted with more grief than I have named; her family was large, but death had removed six of her children. In one of his treatises, speaking of wormwood, Palissy says: "Before I knew the value of the said herb, the worms caused me the death of six children, as we discovered both by having caused their bodies to be opened, and by their frequently passing from the mouth, and when they were near death the worms passed also by the nostrils. The districts of Xaintonge, Gascony, Agen Quercy, and the parts towards Toulouse are very subject to the said worms."

We do not mean to say that the perseverance with which the potter of Saintonge laboured to succeed is not praiseworthy; we mean, that he carried his zeal too far; so much so, as to forget his social duties, and none can do this with impunity. He is, at the same time, much to be pitied; for he is not like an alchemist, who works for a phantom; he wrought for that which would have benefited himself, his family, and his country. But an untaught man, it occupied him for fifteen or sixteen years to teach himself, by his own genius, that which could have been

learnt by a few years' study. One-half of science and art is now traditional, and such is the perfection almost every branch has attained, that, possibly, no man could now reach even mediocrity untaught. But the first difficulties got over, as in other arts, the perfection attained in the moulding and enamelling of ornamental pottery was the gift of Palissy's own genius. He had also that other useful yet ambitious gift of genius—he was never satisfied; and even when he had brought his art to great perfection, still he wanted to produce shells, and flowers, and lizards, and other of the most delicate and variable productions of nature in all the perfection of nature herself. And to effect this, he toiled on, as may be expected, to the end.

The search for enamel was, however, the great episode in the life of Bernard Palissy. Not that his career was wanting in very various polemical and philosophic interest, as we find more particularly recorded in his works, some of the more remarkable of which have been incorporated by Mr. Morley in this biography, as illustrative of the life and character of this singular man; nor was his career wanting in incident and adventure; he was an Huguenot, and he lived in the times of Catherine de Medicis—that is saying enough; but these are incidents that belong to the history of many besides himself; his experiences, sufferings, and trials, prolonged through so many years, under such great privations, and with such bad success, to discover the art of enamelling, are unique, and constitute within themselves a great psychological phenomenon.

We may, therefore, be excused following his biographer in his details of the sturdy potter's firm adherence to the doctrines of the Reformed Church, and his bold advocacy of those doctrines in times of open persecution—the history of Palissy becomes then mixed up with the history of a whole nation, and of its factions and its rulers—or the same biographer's discussion on Palissy's first work, which appears to have been a desultory attack upon the art of medicine as then practised, and more particularly against the use of gold as a remedial agent, and which is now a lost work.

Palissy had prospered in his art, and had fulfilled his utmost expectations of success. His beautiful designs in pottery completed with much labour, and sold at a price which only the rich could pay, presented a new luxury to the great people of his neighbourhood.

Antoine Sire de Pons, the Count of Marennes and his wife Anne de Partenay, Baron de Jarnac, and the Governor of Rochelle, became acquainted with his skill, and supplied him with commissions. The Seigneur de Burie and the Count de Rochefoucault, men of much influence, became his patrons. The Constable Montmorenci, who filled up seasons of forced leisure in the luxurious employment of his vast wealth, found out the Frenchman who had learned to stamp his genius indelibly on clay, and soon established himself as head patron of Palissy the Potter. Bernard was bidden to employ himself on behalf of the great constable in the adornment of his Château d'Ecouen, about four leagues from Paris. Among all the business that flowed in to keep his furnace active and his wits at work, the decorations of the Château d'Ecouen took the first place.

But Palissy was not only a persevering man, he was also a very blunt and even rude critic, and that, according to his own showing, not only in polemical and philosophical matters, but even on such slight topics as dress. Indeed, he was constantly, in his few days of prosperity, attack-

ing the vices and follies of his times. This created him many enemies, and his house was at length broken into, his pottery was trampled under the feet of an infuriated populace, and he himself was hurried to a dungeon at Bordeaux—the waiting-chamber to the scaffold. Bernard was saved, however, by the interference of his first great patron, Montmorenci, and he was appointed inventor of rustic *figurines* to the king and to the constable. Thus saved from the power of the parliamentary party, Bernard returned to his family, repaired his house, and once more set up his *penates* in the half-depopulated town of Saintes. But the obstinate potter, instead of learning wisdom by his near escape from death, employed the first months of recovered liberty in writing a work, in which he did not scruple to utter his opinions as a Huguenot with the utmost freedom, and which work he actually first intended to dedicate to the constable and the queen-mother!

Many of Palissy's free speeches became, at last, to be humoured as the eccentricities of a simple-minded man, more especially when he was known as poor Bernard the Potter at the Tuileries. For it appears, that when Catherine was at last driven, by her intrigues, from beneath the roof of the king her son, she, resolving not to travel far from the Louvre, laid the foundations of a new palace in the adjacent tile-fields, and Bernard was, through the interest of the architect, employed on this new undertaking. During the ten years that followed his settlement in Paris, he laboured with his sons as a potter, at the same time that he exercised his genius as a naturalist among the men of taste and learning in the capitol. His philosophy thus grew yearly deeper and wider, and the knowledge displayed in his early publications was left far behind as he fought his own way forward to maturer views.

We must leave it to Mr. Morley to elucidate the science taught by the self-educated Bernard, and to compare it with existing knowledge—it constitutes a laborious but most curious and interesting page in the history of progressive taste and philosophy. The old man escaped the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Two years afterwards, on the accession of the new king, Henry III., the poor potter, Master Bernard of the Tuileries, was sixty-five years old. He was regarded by all men as a very honest man, and he was admired for his clear-sighted philosophy by some of the first scientific men in Paris, among whom may especially be enumerated Buffon, Haller, and Jussieu; but he was as usual despised by another *clique* as a mechanic ignorant of Greek and Latin, and, worse than all, he was vindictively watched by his opponents in religion. The triumphant progress of Henry of Navarre was the signal for the last acts of violence on the part of the Romanists. The Council of Sixteen became clamorous for the death of all unsentenced Reformers, and Matthew de Launay especially pressed the execution of the old potter, then seventy-nine years old. But Henry III., who knew Bernard as an old servitor of forty-five years' standing, would not yield to the clamours of the bigots, backed as they were by the Guises in this instance; and Bernard died in the Bastille the same year that his royal protector fell by the hand of Clement the Regicide.

YOUNG TOM HALL'S HEART-ACHES AND HORSES.

Chapter XXXIX.

Scarce had Angelena finished waving her lace-fringed kerchief adieus to the cantering away old lord through the window, ere mamma stood behind her in the room.

"And what d'ye think!" exclaimed the quick, artful girl, turning short round on her inquisitive parent.

"Nay, I don't know!" replied Mrs. Blunt, reddening up.

"*Guess*," said Angelena, in a significant tone.

"Nay," replied mamma, not venturing on the speculation women usually indulge in.

"*That I'm to be a lady*, then," said Angelena, spreading out her arms and hands on either side, and dropping a very low curtsey.

"What! has he offered?" exclaimed Mrs. Blunt, now in full flutter.

"*Offered!*" replied Angelena, with another curtsey.

"Oh, my dear child! oh, my duck! oh, my angel! my beloved!" ejaculated mamma, hugging her daughter to her bosom, and then giving her a volley of kisses.

"*But don't tell pa*," said Miss, with an ominous shake of her head.

"Why not, my beloved?" asked mamma, feeling it would be the death of her to keep it.

"Oh, because you see, my lord—that's to say Lord Heartycheer—and I—I mean, Lord Heartycheer, I think, would like—indeed, I know he would prefer to—to come over to talk to papa about it himself, as soon as he and I have got matters a little further arranged, and he's——"

"Well, but you're *sure* he offered," interrupted Mrs. Blunt, who well knew her daughter's imaginative powers.

"*Sure!*" retorted Angelena, with a sneer. "Sure," repeated she, "as if there could be any mistake about it."

"Why, you should know as well as any one," replied mamma, thinking of the number of offers she had had.

"I think I should, indeed," simpered Angelena; adding, "it's only for girls who've never had beaus to make mistakes about it."

"Well, you do 'stonish me," continued mamma, now regaining her breath with her confidence, as she thought of what she saw and heard through the crevice. "You do 'stonish me," repeated she.

"I saw it was coming," observed Angelena. "I believe he'd have offered out hunting if it hadn't been for the servants."

"What, he was very sweet, was he?" asked mamma.

"Oh, very," replied Angelena; "quite *rapturous*, in fact."

"You didn't tell me," observed mamma.

"No," mused Angelena; adding, "you see—you see, I thought it mightn't come to anything, and then you would only laugh at me, and p'r'aps feel disappointed, so I thought the best thing was just to wait and see if he took any steps."

"It was love at first sight, then," observed mamma.

"I should say it was," replied Angelena—"I should say it was. He was remarkably courteous and respectful as soon as I came up, and stuck

to me the whole day, showing me the country, and getting me over the hedges and ditches, and awkward places."

"He's a fine, handsome man," said Mrs. Blunt, thinking what a triumph it was for her daughter.

"Oh, he's a *charming* man," rejoined Angelena, thinking how severely he had kissed her.

"People talk of his age; I don't believe he's half as old as they say," observed Mrs. Blunt.

"They wouldn't think him old if they could get him," replied Angelena.

"No more they would, my darling," asserted Mrs. Blunt, who was an ardent advocate of the doctrine that men are never too old to marry. "I always say," continued she, "that a man of fifty is infinitely preferable to a boy of twenty, or five-and-twenty, who falls in love with every pretty face he meets, and whom no woman can be certain of till she's got him through the church. Then they get tired of their wives, and their sons come treading on their heels before they know where they are. It's an awkward thing when father and son want top-boots at the same time. That'll not be your case—and you'll be a countess, whatever happens. A countess! my w—o—r—r—d, but it will make some people stare," Mrs. Blunt thinking over a select list of friends whom she would astonish with the great intelligence.

"And what will you do with Tom Hall?" asked mamma, after a meditative pause.

"Oh, Tom may offer his fat hand to some one else; Jug says he's gone after Laura Giddyfowle, or whatever they call that great, staring-eyed girl the men are all raving about."

"Ah, and *Jug* too," suggested Mrs. Blunt.

"Oh, Jug and I will go on as before; my lord'll arrange that—boys of his age are never jealous of those they consider their seniors. Jug's to be cat's-paw for the present—my lord's gone to see him about it, and Jug's to *chaperone* me over to the castle on Wednesday, after which, I make no doubt, his lordship will see pa, and arrange matters. See, his lordship has left his cards upon you," continued she, taking them up; "so now," added Angelena, as she heard the well-known cough outside the back door, admonitory of her father's approach, "*whatever you do*, don't tell pa, if you please, for the present." So saying, she whisked out of the room, just clearing the landing with her smart dress as the colonel's great stomach pioneered the way for his body.

Chapter XL.

"Don't believe it—don't believe a word of it, (bad word) me if I do!" exclaimed the colonel, who came in in a very bad humour, having lost three-and-sixpence at quoits, when Mrs. Blunt whispered him in the strictest confidence the great event of the day. "Not likely that hoary old rascal's goin' to be caught at his time o' life," continued he.

"Well, but I assure you it's the fact," replied Mrs. Blunt, now speaking rather above her breath.

"Hoot, the divil! you women are always fancyin' these things," growled he, stamping heavily with his plated high-low.

"Hush, my dear, hush! don't make such a noise," rejoined Mrs. Blunt, soothingly, little doubting that her daughter, as was the fact, was now occupying her recent post of honour, listening.

"Well, well," growled the colonel, shaking his great cannon-ball-shaped head, "it makes no odds who hears what I say—I tell you, woman, it's not credible—it's not credible—wouldn't believe it if you were to swear to it."

"Well," mused Mrs. Blunt, "it'll be difficult to persuade you—it'll be difficult to persuade you, I dare say."

"I know it will," growled the man of war, sousing himself on the old hired horse-hair sofa in a way that made it creak again; "(bad word) difficult," added he, hoisting his legs up.

"Don't 'xactly see why it should, though," rejoined Mrs. Blunt, meekly.

"Don't ye," growled the colonel—"don't ye; devilish difficult to make me believe that a disreputable old dotard like that, who ought to be 'shamed to be seen out of his grave, is a goin' to commit matrimony."

"Well, but Angelena assures me he does," asserted Mrs. Blunt.

"She's mistaken, I tell ye," snarled the colonel; "she's mistaken—doesn't know her man."

"He's offered to her certainly," replied Mrs. Blunt, boldly.

"Offered to her!" exclaimed the colonel, startled at the information; "offered to her!" repeated he—"how, when, where?"

"Well, he's just been here," observed Mrs. Blunt, handing the colonel a card.

"Humph!" grunted the monster, taking and eyeing it. "Humph!" repeated he, dropping it down, with a—"what did he say?"

"Oh, why (hem)—I wasn't (hem) present to (cough) hear 'xactly, that's to say—but (cough, hem, cough)—I know he's offered."

"Don't believe it," fumed the colonel again—"don't believe a word of it, (bad word) me if I do."

"Well, you *may*," replied Mrs. Blunt, significantly.

"May believe a vast of things, if I'm fool enough," retorted the gallant officer; "believe black's white, if I like, but I won't. I'll tell ye how it'll be," continued he; "I'll tell ye how it'll be," repeated he, raising his stentorian voice; "you'll make a mess of it atween ye as sure as you're born—it'll be a reg'lar case of two stools—she'll never get him, and she'll lose Tom Hall to a certainty, and then I shall have to hand over the cheque for the mare, and there'll be no end of bother with the Christmas bills, and I don't know what," continued he, throwing out his right fin in a fury at the thought.

"Well, but you surely wouldn't have her throw away the chance?" observed Mrs. Blunt.

"Don't believe she has a chance. Don't believe the man has the slightest intention of anything of the sort," replied the colonel. "He's a reg'lar bad old goat—always has been—always will be. He's as wicked an old man as ever walked—don't know a worse."

"Well, but he may mend," replied Mrs. Blunt, who never despaired of the men, provided they had plenty of money.

"Mend! (bad word) him; he's too bad to mend—too bad for anything, 'cept a halter. Pretty thing it would be to lose Hall, with all his

nice comfortable independence—'specially after the old usurer and I have talked matters over—for the chance of gettin' sich an arrant old deceiver as that—a man whose very name is a by-word in society."

"Well, but Hall could be easily manished," replied Mrs. Blunt; "there's nothin' bindin' there, you know."

"Nothin' bindin'!" ejaculated the colonel, flaring up—"nothin' bindin'! Is the honour of an English officer's daughter nothin'?"

"Well, but Tom may change his mind, you know," observed Mrs. Blunt; "indeed, they do say he's gone to Carol Hill Green, and you may rely upon it he's not asked there for nothin'."

"Carol Hill Green, is he?" replied the colonel, staring, and dry-shaving his great chin—"Carol Hill Green, is he?" repeated he, considering how that would cut with regard to the cheque. Laura was the toast of the mess, and Tom Hall was under age, and altogether the colonel began to be uneasy, and to see things differently. If the Guinea-fowles caught Hall, Angelena was regularly thrown over; for Jug would never be worth looking after for any one—at least, not unless a whole row of other Jugs were disposed of. The colonel was inclined to pause. Perhaps the Heartycheer spec. might be worth consideration after all.

"Well, but what makes you think he's offered?" asked the colonel, in a more pacific tone.

"Think!" replied Mrs. Blunt—"think!" repeated she. "Why (hem—cough—hem), because, in the fust place, Angelena says he did; and in the second place (cough—hem—cough), I overheard as much as makes me think so too."

"You did, did you?" replied the colonel, staring wide his bloodshot eyes—"you did, did you?" repeated he; adding, "that alters the case."

"Yes," said Mrs. Blunt, "I was in our room, you see, lookin' over the washin', and I heard kissin' goin' on, so I stopped and listen'd, and distinctly heard the words, 'When shall it be, then?—when shall it be?' repeated several times, and then there was kissin' again; indeed, I saw it through the crack in the wainscot."

"Humph!" mused the colonel, pondering it over. The man was old—old certainly; but then there was a saying, that there is no fool like an old fool, and more improbable things had happened. Might mean to take up, and reform—fresh man, though he was old, and age, after all, went more by constitution than by years; just as a horse, after a certain time of life, was to be judged more by his legs than his teeth. Then he thought what a fine thing it would be if Angelena did get him. What a dashing countess she would make! How he would have a room at the castle, and luxuriate on fat slices of venison, peaches, and wall-fruit without end. He wasn't sure that he wouldn't leave the army, and go and live there altogether.

And Mrs. Blunt, having sworn the colonel to secrecy—at all events, sworn him not to mention the subject to Angelena until she gave him leave—chimed in with him in discussing all the *pros* and *cons*, and expatiating on the magnificence of the prospect, mingled with occasional digressional speculations what Mrs. Vainfield, Mrs. Mouser, and Miss Quiz would think, and wished that she could see the Empress of Morocco's face when she heard it. Mrs. Blunt was dying to be at her cream-laid note-paper, announcing the fact to all old friends and acquaintance.

So things gradually got into a more encouraging match-making mood,

though when the colonel heard of the projected excursion to the castle with Jug, he put his foot upon it at once, unless Mrs. Blunt accompanied them; and, after various ingenious efforts to shake off the old lady, Angelena was at length obliged to submit to be driven over, habited and garibaldied, in the old jingling mail-phaeton with posters, instead of cantering joyfully there with the cornet, who occupied a place in the rumble. And now, having got them so far advanced on their interesting excursion, we will take a peep at Lord Heartycheer's preparations for their reception.

CHAPTER XLI.

"WELL, Dicky," said his lordship, in high glee to his peculiar-dutied huntsman, as they jogged homewards together after a capital run, with a kill, from Honeyball Hill, in which his well-mounted lordship had distinguished himself, as usual—"well, Dicky, d'ye think you can manage us a quiet bye on Wednesday?"

"Raythor quick, I fear, my lord—rayther quick," replied Dicky, with a half-supplicatory look; "these hounds 'll go into a very small compass to-night," added he, looking down on the somewhat lagging pack as he spoke.

"Well, but you could manage us something that would pass muster with a lady, at all events," observed his lordship, with a smile.

"Oh, certainly, by all means," rejoined Dicky, brightening up—"certainly—might take out a mixed pack for that matter, with a few of these we don't care much about; Lazarus there, for instance, and Lapwig, and Flasher; Benedict, too, might go, and Dangerous, also Royalty and Ferryman, and Baronet and Harbinger; oh yes," added he, "we'll soon make up a lady's pack."

"I'll tell you what I want, then," said his lordship, thinking it better to make a confidant of Dicky at once—"I'll tell you what I want," said he, sidling his horse alongside of Dicky's; "you see, Miss Blunt, the colonel's daughter, is coming over to have a quiet hunt on the sly, and I want to arrange matters so as to have as much of her society as possible—you understand, eh?"

"Jest so," replied Dicky, who was an adept at amatory matters—"jest so," repeated he. "Well, then, I was thinking," said he, after a pause, "the best plan will be to have it near home—say at Lovejoy Grove, or Kiss-me-quick Hill—and then she could come in when she tired, you know, poor thing—she could come in, you know, when she's tired, you know."

"That's just my idea," exclaimed his lordship—"that's just my idea; have a little luncheon, show them the pictures, and things, and then have things ready to turn out just when we like."

"By all means," assented Dicky, with a touch of his cap.

"Keep it snug, you know," observed his lordship, with a wink.

"By all means, my lord," assented Dicky. "Shall we go in mufty or hunting things?" asked he, looking at his own smartly-fitting scarlet.

"Oh—why—ha—hem—haw—let me see," mused his lordship, thinking how it would act. "Perhaps," said he, after a pause—"perhaps the best plan will be to give exercising orders, and then change all of a sudden, so that it mayn't ooze out that we are going to hunt."

"By all means," assented Dicky, with another touch of his cap; adding, "there are people who come out on by-days who don't come out on no other, jest, I believe, for the sake of appearin' knowin'."

"There are," replied his lordship—"there are;" adding, "monstrous bores they are, too; however, we'll trick them this time. Have all things ready, you know, to suit either order."

"By all means," assented Dicky.

"And tell Spurrier to exercise Lady Jane in a side-saddle, with a rug, you know, like a habit—Miss Blunt will ride her; and tell him to have a steady horse for Captain Jug, say old Solomon, or Brick's brown——"

"By all means, my lord," again assented Dicky, and the Cherryfield and Nutworth Chase cross-roads here intervening, his lordship availed himself of the open for mounting his hack and cantering off homewards, leaving the complaisant Dicky to follow with the hounds.

CHAPTER XLII.

"CON — FOUND it! I *do* believe there's that nasty old woman coming," exclaimed his lordship, as, having got himself up in his most killing attire, he raked the distant sweeps of the long-winding approach with a strong-sighted telescope from his sumptuously-furnished dressing-room in the western tower. "Coming, by Jove!" repeated he, in an agony of despair, after taking a second look, and seeing the now grinning Mrs. Blunt, decked out like a cockatoo in all the colours of the rainbow. "Well, *con*—found it," continued he, swinging himself furiously into the room, and upsetting a chair as he caught it with his spur—"*con* — found it, but that's the stoopidest, most asinine thing I ever knew done in the whole course of my life;" and thereupon he slapped his forehead and white cords in an agony of despair.

He knew what it was to have an old woman coupled with a young one. While yet he meditated irresolutely what to do, the deep-sounding notes of the door-bell announced the arrival, and he hurried off almost mechanically to meet them.

"My dear Mrs. Blunt! my dear Mrs. Blunt! I'm *charmed*—I'm *overjoyed* to see you!" exclaimed the old peer, meeting her in the middle of the spacious entrance-hall, which the old lady was surveying in a very ownership sort of way. "This is, indeed, an unexpected, a most gratifying pleasure," continued he, seizing both her sky-blue, red-back stitched gloved hands, and shaking them cordially. Then, glancing onwards, he exclaimed, "And the lovely Lady Angelena!" to our fair, sprucely-habited garibaldied friend, who contrived to show his diamond pin in her delicate pink and white neckerchief—"and the lovely Lady Angelena," repeated he, to the delight of both mother and daughter, as he now seized the ungloved hand of the latter. "And Jug, my dear Jug!" continued he, addressing him, too, with the utmost glee, as the queerly put-on cornet stood a little behind the dirty mass of ermine, pea-green hat, and pink-tipped white feathers, that enveloped the now joint-stock mother-in-law. Then, turning to Old Mother Hubbard again, his lordship offered her his red-coated arm, and, preceded by a highly-scented, luxuriantly-whiskered groom of the chamber, and two gigantic, quivering-calved footmen, they entered a sumptuous sky-blue satined drawing-room,

radiant with mirrors, gilding, and ornaments from all parts of the globe. "Come to the fire, my dear Mrs. Blunt," continued his lordship, leading her towards the first one, for the room was large enough to require two— "come to the fire, my dear Mrs. Blunt, for there's a coolness in the air, and you must have felt in your phaeton, though," glancing ardently at Angelena, "it seems to have agreed with mademoiselle, who really looks quite bewitching," his lordship wishing he could put the old curiosity up the chimney, or anywhere else, to get rid of her.

"You've a beautiful—a splendid place here, certainly, my lord," simpered Mrs. Blunt, staring about her in bewilderment, and thinking what a set down it was for her daughter.

"Glad you like it ma'am—glad you like it," bowed the gallant old cock; "hope you'll come and stay here very often."

"I'm sure I shall be most happy," replied the matter-of-fact mamma-in-law.

"And the colonel, my old friend the colonel," continued his lordship, getting desperate, thinking, as it was over shoes, it might as well be over boots too.

"Oh, the colonel! I'm sure the colonel 'll be happy, too—nothin' he likes so much as a quiet billet i' the country."

His lordship bowed again, thinking he would be very sly if he got one there.

"Never thought to see the place under such (hem) circumstances," simpered Mrs. Blunt, now unfolding one of her daughter's best lace-fringed kerchiefs.

Angelena, seeing her mamma was approaching tender ground, exclaimed, with a glance out of a deeply mullioned window in an apparently impregnable wall, "What a lovely dye it is!"

"Charming!" exclaimed the old peer—"charming;" adding, "shall we have a saunter round the terrace—into the garden—or would you prefer seeing the pictures first? Perhaps you'd prefer seeing the pictures first," continued he, adding, as he spoke, "I'll ring for Mrs. Mansell—I'll ring for Mrs. Mansell."

The lady so designated was the housekeeper, now somewhat advanced in life, but still retaining symptoms of the beauty that recommended her to his lordship, and raised her from the dairy to the head of the establishment.

Considering the questionable nature of her services, and the sort of people with whom she had to deal, Mrs. Mansell was a very respectable-looking person; and it was not until visited with the scrutinising search of male eyes that the wince of deviation was apparent.

But though she was most decorous and respectful to all the guests before his lordship's face, treating them as if she thought they were what the servants call "quite quality," she took her change out of them behind his back, and let them see what she really thought of them.

"Well, I s'pose you'll be wantin' to see all the ins and outs of our place?" observed she, as, having received mamma and miss from his lordship, she led the way across the spacious entrance-hall—"I s'pose you'll be wantin' to see all the ins and outs of our place?" adding, "women generally like to poke their noses into all the holes and corners they can."

"We want to see the castle, certainly," replied Mrs. Blunt, bridling up,

thinking the lady had better mind her p's and q's if she meant to stay there.

"Ah, well," rejoined Mrs. Mansell, now ringing a concealed bell in the wall, which immediately produced an amazingly smart, handsomely-dressed housemaid—for the old lord would have none but handsome women about him—of whom she said, addressing Mrs. Blunt, "this young 'oman will show you through the state apartments, and, by the time you've done with them, you'll find me in the picter gallery."

So saying, Mrs. Mansell made a sort of half-mock, half-respectful curtsey to the "no-better-than-they-should-be's," as she thought them, and looking at the maid as much as to say "you'll not get much out of them," withdrew the way she came.

The housemaid, taking her cue from her predecessor, just as the old post-boys used to take their threepenny hints from those who brought up the chaise, proceeded to open first one bedroom door and then another, announcing, as she flourished her hand at the beds, this as the room that Queen Caroline slept in, that as the one the Duke of Somebody died in, another as the room Lord Heartycheer was born in, all of which information was a good deal lost upon Mrs. Blunt, who was busy thinking what room she would choose for her daughter. Beautiful as they all were, each succeeding one eclipsed its predecessor in splendour; so the more Mrs. Blunt saw, the more she was bewildered. And now, while the ladies are thus genially employed, let us take a glance at the gentlemen below.

Chapter XLIII.

"What the *deuce* did you bring that nasty old baggage here for?" asked his lordship, *sotto voce*, of Jug, as soon as the folding-doors shut out the back views of the retreating ladies—"what the deuce did you bring that nasty old baggage here for?" repeated he, quite beside himself with vexation.

"Why, she would come! she would come!" exclaimed the half-frightened Jug. "I did all I could to prevent her."

"Ord rot her!" continued his lordship, stamping furiously, "she'll spoil all our sport—she'll spoil all our sport. I didn't want *her*—I didn't want *her*. I thought you and the girl would ride over together, and we'd have a nice quiet day to ourselves. I made it expressly for you, my dear fellow—I made it expressly for you. Old Pitcher said to me the last time I saw him in Brookes's, 'Heartycheer, my boy, I wish you'd notice my grandson, whose quartered beside you;' and I said to him, 'My dear Pitcher, you're the oldest friend I have in the world, the very oldest, and there's *nothing* I wouldn't do to serve you. I'll not only call on your grandson, but I'll call on the colonel, and so interest him in his behalf;' and seeing the young lady, I thought it would be the very thing to get you over together, for they all like a sprig of nobility; but I never wanted that old woman for a moment—never wanted that old woman for a moment."

"Well, I told her that! I told her that!" vociferated little pig-eyes, "but she said the colonel insisted on her coming—wouldn't hear of his daughter going without her—*indeed* she did," asserted Jug, now spluttering with vehemence.

"Well," mused his lordship, biting his lips and button-holing little Jug, "it's a bad job, a deuced bad job; but I'll tell you what you must do—you must ease me of the old body as much as you can, you know—ease me of the old body as much you can, you know—you understand, eh?"

"Oh, yes," replied Jug, "I'll do anything in that way—I'll do anything in that way—only tell me what to do."

"Why," said his lordship, "I can manage her here, you know; the difficulty will be about hunting, you know; and I shouldn't like to disappoint Miss Angelena, whose come in her habit, and all so smart."

"Just so," assented Jug, who had a natural horror of hunting, though, like many jolly subs., he occasionally punished himself by partaking of the chase. "Well," continued he, "as far as hunting's concerned, I'm really quite indifferent about it to-day—any other day would suit me quite as well—better, indeed, for I've got a pair of boots on that are anything but comfortable; and if one's boots don't fit, one's breeches seldom do either; and when one's garments arn't right," continued Jug, hitching and pulling away at a pair of his father's old leathers, that didn't seem to have the slightest idea of doing what they ought, "there's very little pleasure or enjoyment."

"Quite true," assented his lordship—"quite true. I know nothing so nasty as ill-fitting clothes, unless, indeed, it is a nasty old bundle of dirty finery such as that you've brought here; however," continued he, calming down, "we'll say no more about that—we'll say no more about that; you'll manage the old jade—you'll manage the old jade; and now, if you'll excuse me for half a minute," added his lordship, drawing the ivory-knobbed bell-handle, "I'll send for Dicky Thorndyke, and give him his cue."

Chapter XLIV.

"Oh, Dicky!" said his lordship, in an under tone, as that hunting-equipped worthy emerged from the steward's-room, where he was having a little refreshment, and approached his lordship respectfully in the grand entrance-hall—"oh, Dicky," repeated he, in a tone of despair, "here's a pretty kettle of fish; old Mother B.'s come with her daughter, and whatever I'm to do I don't know."

"S—o—o—o," mouthed Dicky, drawing a long face.

"It's the most unfortunate thing that ever occurred," continued his lordship.

"It is so," said Dicky, conning the matter over.

"Mr. Jug says he'll be good enough to keep her engaged while we slip off with the daughter, so you must have all things quick and ready for a start."

"By all means, my lord," assented Dicky, with a touch of his forelock.

"The difficulty will be keeping her quiet after we've gone," observed his lordship, in an under tone.

"Oh, I think that might be manished," replied Dicky—"I think that might be manished; lock up their post-boy, and don't let him have any 'orses."

"Well," considered his lordship, "that might do."

"Or," continued Dicky, briskly, "give her a little somethin' soothin'."

"That was what I was thinking," whispered his lordship, winking his right eye—"that was what I was thinking. If you could see Doiley and tell him to mix her some—not over strong, you know, but just a moderate dose—we might reckon upon having her quiet for a few hours at least."

"And Mr. Jug?" asked Dicky.

"Oh—why—ha—hem—Mr. Jug must just take his chance, you know. It won't do for Doiley to tell him; and if he has a mind to drink it, why—ha—hem—he'll just go to sleep, too, that'll be all."

"Just so, my lord," assented Dicky—"just so;" adding, "then what would your lordship think of drawing first?"

"First," mused his lordship—"first," repeated he; adding, "don't know I'm sure—this confounded interruption's put me so out—what would you think?"

"There's the Grove, and Kiss-me-quick Hill, both sure finds," observed Dicky; "but we might rouse young Mr. Kyleycalfe, and if he was once to come to us we should never get rid on him, for he's no more sense nor delicacy nor a pig."

"No more he has," assented his lordship, who recollected how Kyleycalfe persecuted him one day when he had the beautiful Empress of Morocco out on the sly. "Dash it all! what shall we do?" continued his lordship, stamping furiously on the soft rug.

Dicky for once was mute.

"Couldn't you send to Kyleycalfe's, think you," asked his lordship, "with your compliments, and say you're going to draw Rougshaw Brake, that would draw him off the other way?"

"Well," said Dicky, "only it might stir up Harry Shoveller, or Mr. Whickenrake, or some of the Fatacres people, for they're all of a litter like."

"They are so," assented his lordship, now more bothered than ever.

"How would it do," asked Dicky, after a pause, "to run a drag, say from Choplaw Wood over Broomfield Common, through Steventon Chase and Lingfield down to Mrs. Easylove's?"

"That would do!" ejaculated his lordship—"that would do," repeated he, delighted at his huntsman's sagacity—"the very thing, I should say;" adding, "only it would be well to let Mrs. 'Love know we're coming."

"By all means," assented Dicky—"by all means; send little Charley Bates off with a note at once."

"Or stay," continued his lordship, thinking it over, "how would it do," asked he, "to send Mrs. Mansell, think you, in the *incog.* chaise with dry things for us both in case we got wet."

"A very good idea," replied Dicky—"a very good idea," repeated he; "then she'll be on the spot, and have everything ready against you arrive, for these old postin'-houses are not to be depended upon for comfort since railways were interduced."

"They're not," replied his lordship—"far from it; Mrs. 'Love's was very cold the last time I was there; so now," continued his lordship, button-holing his huntsman, "I'll send Mrs. Mansell to you, and you'll see and get her at once with dry things of all sorts, you know, ladies' as well as gentlemen's, and then you be ready to turn out the instant you are wanted—the *instant* you are wanted," repeated his lordship, energetically.

"By all means," assented Dicky.

"You must have the drag run in time mind, and arrange to lift it occasionally, so that we may check and look about us a little, you know."

"By all means," assented Dicky.

"And don't forget the soothing syrup," enjoined the lord.

"Certainly not," replied the huntsman.

"Tell Doiley mulled claret's the best thing to give it in," added his lordship.

"By all means," assented the huntsman.

Chapter XLV.

Just as his lordship got back to Jug, the faintest possible tinkle of a little bell in the cornice at the far end of the room announced that the ladies had entered the picture-gallery, his lordship having had the bell placed in communication with the door, in order that he might know when visitors entered, and go and enjoy their admiration of the voluptuous paintings and statues with which it abounded from private peepholes he had established in various parts of the wall.

"Now," said he to our pliant little friend Jug, as he heard the significant bell, "we will join the ladies, if you please, and remember—I'll take care of the old lady now, if you'll have the kindness to relieve guard, as it were, when we go to hunt—that's to say, after luncheon, you know—I'll slip away, and you must ply her with wine, liqueurs, or whatever you think will do her good."

"I will," replied the dragoon, with great heartiness.

They then left the room arm-in-arm together, and found things just as his lordship anticipated, the housemaid having returned her charge to Mrs. Mansell; with a sneer and a chuck of her chin, as much as to say, there's fine copper company for you, that estimable lady had ushered them into the splendid picture-gallery ranging along the whole west side of the castle, and was commencing her horse-in-the-mill descriptions in a tone of hard-strained civility, when his lordship and Jug entered from the other end, and found our fair friends ranged before a voluptuous Etty that generally brought spectators up short.

"This," said Mrs. Mansell, pointing to the picture, "is the great Mr. Apollo, a gent much given to the ladies. He co'abited with Wenus in the Island of Rhodes, where it rained gold, and the earth was clothed, as you see, with lilies and roses. Among other young ladies he made love to was Miss Daphne, who, 'owever, liked a youngerer gent better nor him—Mr. Apollo, therefore, who was an artful man, persuaded the youth to dress up as a gal, and keep company with the nymphs. They, you see, want him to bathe with them in the river near London, which the youth refusing to do, his sex was discovered, and he was stabbed to the 'eart with many daggers."

"Poor young man," sighed Mrs. Blunt.

"Ah, that's a fine thing—a very fine thing, Mrs.—Mrs.—Mrs.—Blunt," hemmed his lordship, coming too quickly upon them to allow of a retreat—"that's a very fine thing," repeated he; "the figures of the ladies, I take it, to be quite perfection—you almost fancy you can feel them in the water, it's so lambent and clear." Then, turning to Mrs.

Mansell, he said—"Thank'e, thank'e—we needn't detain you, though;" adding, in a whisper, "Mr. Thorndyke wants to see you."

Whereupon Mrs. Mansell made a most respectful curtsey, leaving the further lionisation of the ladies to his lordship, whom she couldn't help thinking a good deal resembled Mr. Apollo.

His lordship then took Mrs. Blunt on his arm, and proceeded to explain and expatiate to a very uncultivated mind. Still she was all in the assenting, enthusiastic mood, though her encomiums were sometimes misplaced. So they strolled down the fine gallery, followed by Angelena and Jug, the latter making faces at his lordship, and grimacing as he went.

"That," said his lordship, nodding at the back of a full-length statue occupying a newly-erected pedestal on the floor of the gallery, "of course you know; it's Power's Greek Slave, that was so much run after by all the young gentlemen at the Great Exhibition. That's an exact copy of it," continued he; "just got it home—gave a thousand—no, I'm wrong, fifteen hundred pounds for it. The figure's beautiful—very beautiful, certainly—full and voluptuous, without any Hottentot Venusish exaggeration about it; but there's a something about the face," continued he, turning the figure round on the pivot—"there's a something about the face that I don't like—an air of pensive melancholy, if you observe."

"Well, but she's a slave, you know," observed Angelena, smartly, now falling into line with Jug before the statue.

"True, my dear—true," assented the owner. "It isn't the propriety of the expression that I question; on the contrary, it's quite correct—quite correct—only the face reminds me of one of the most consummate hypocrites I ever met in my life girl—a with just the same mild, subdued expression of countenance, but who was as heartless a hypocrite as ever breathed—a girl so full of artful purity, that you would have thought she hadn't a worldly, mercenary idea in her head, and yet whose soul run upon money, and nothing but money. I really believe she'd have jilted a D'Orsay for any rich Bullock and Hulker out of the City."

"'Orrid wretch!" exclaimed Mrs. Blunt; who, like many mammas, professed a thorough contempt for wealth.

Just as his lordship got to this virtuous period of his indignation, a softly-stepping servant, in a gorgeous white tie, and plain clothes that shone resplendently new, minced up, and announced in a half-whisper that luncheon was on the table; whereupon the peer vented the balance of his wrath upon the lady by declaring that he could "whip the figure;" and then again getting old furs on his arm, he led the way to the splendid banqueting-room that we had the pleasure of introducing to our readers on the Heartycheer Castle day, where, in newspaper phraseology, there was again a sumptuous display of every delicacy of the season. Our friends, after their long drive in the bracing wintry air, wanted little persuasion on the part of their noble host to induce them to fall to with hearty good-will, while his lordship, who was not a luncheon-eater, sat eyeing the party, and planning how to get the lively young lady away.

"Well," at length said he, looking at his diminutive watch as he rose from his chair on seeing Angelena was done, though mamma still plodded steadily on over a third plateful of Perigord pie—"well, don't hurry yourself, my dear Mrs.—Mrs.—Mrs. Blunt, whatever you do," laying his hand on her shoulder—"don't hurry yourself, pray—make yourself quite at home, do; and while you are eating, if your lovely daughter will

allow me, I'll just take and show her the horse I propose putting her upon, so that if there is any change or alteration to make it may be done at once."

So saying, with a sly beckon to Angelena, and a knowing wink at Jug, he got the fair lady away, and in an instant was squeezing her arm as lovingly within his on the far side of the door as Jug had squeezed it on entering. Away they hurried, by back passages and covered ways to the spacious court-yard of the castle stables behind.

Jug, who felt excessively relieved, as well by his lordship's departure as by having got off the hunt, now made an arm at all the bottles within reach, and began helping himself and his mamma-in-law most plenteously to their contents. Indeed, so far as Jug was concerned, his lordship's order to drug them both was unnecessary, for Jug very soon put himself *hors de combat;* but as the beverage was mixed, the butler didn't care to waste it, and very soon after it was placed upon the table Jug and old furs were, as Mr. Doiley said, "in the arms of Murphy."

THE PARTING FRIENDS.

DUET.

By J. E. Carpenter.

First Voice.

I go from the scene of my childhood's hours,
From my early home, with its sweet wild flow'rs;
But more than home and its flowers can be
I leave, my friend, when I part from *thee!*

Second Voice.

Farewell! farewell! but I'd have thee stay,
For I've loved thee fondly many a day;
Oh! why should we sever in friendship's noon?
Our parting now is too soon, too soon!

Both Voices.

Yes! there's a time when all must part,
Though it sever the links of the fondest heart;
But *we* have been friends, and we still shall be
Fonder in absence—remember me.

First Voice.

I go, I go from our household hearth,
Where our voices blent in the ev'ning mirth;
And memory, many a future day,
Shall echo our songs far, far away.

Second Voice.

Farewell! if the parting hour *must* be,
'Twere better, perhaps, in our noon-tide glee
To part, while our hearts beat fondly yet,
And *know* that each other will ne'er forget.

Both Voices.

Yes! there's a time when all must part,
Though it sever the ties of the fondest heart;
But we have been friends, and we still shall be;
Oh! *we* need not whisper "Remember me."

VILLAGE LIFE IN EGYPT.*

Who, it might be well to inquire, before entering upon the peculiarities of "Village Life in Egypt"—who are the villagers of the long banks of the Nile? Undoubtedly, the same people who have dwelt there from the times of the shepherd kings and the Pharaohs, from the Pyramids to the pillar at Alexandria. The climate is fatal to strangers in the second or third degree. Franks, Greeks, and Turks from the north; Abyssinians, Gallas, and negroes from the south, are in vain transplanted to this land inimical to exotics. Their progeny either perishes or fades away into stronger races. The fact was so well ascertained by the Mamluks, that it became a custom with them to recruit their numbers by adoption.

The Franks call the said villagers Arabs, the Arabs call them fallâhs or labourers (plural fallâhin), but the villager himself cannot even pronounce Arabic correctly. They cannot, for example, produce the sounds of "p" and "j." Pasha becomes bashaw in their mouths, and jibal, a mountain or hill, gibal. Mr. Bayle St. John gives it as his own opinion that they are mainly descendants of the Copts, converted at or after the introduction of Al Islam, and mixed with settlers from Arabia and from the neighbouring deserts. This is partly true; but the amount of error is possibly greater than that of truth. Who were the Copts? The Christian descendants of the ancient Egyptians, who obtained that epithet from Coptos, once a great city in Upper Egypt, to which, during their persecution by the Roman emperors, a large proportion of the Egyptian Christians retired. The number of churches and convents in ruins attest that the Copts were once far more numerous than they are at present, but nothing proves that the whole of the inhabitants of the long banks of the Nile were ever converted to Christianity, which must be premised, if we admit the present villagers to be all descendants of Copts. The Christians of Egypt were themselves divided into hostile and warring demonstrations, the Greek and the Latin Churches, and the Monophysite heresy, as it was called in the amiable language of Polemics.

The fallâhs must be looked upon, then, as the descendants of the Egyptians of old—Pagans and Christians intermixed with Arab and other blood. The Turks call them "the people of Pharaoh." Mr. St. John notices this as not far from the truth; and when he further says "the resemblance of the fallâhs to the Copts is so striking, especially in the villages, that it is absolutely impossible to distinguish them, and the portraits of both people may constantly be recognised in the ancient sculptures and paintings," he admits all that we argue, that as the Copts were descendants of the Egyptians of old, so the fallâhs of the present day are alike descendants of the Copts, and of the other and more numerous Egyptian race. In fact, that they are not merely Copts or Egyptian Christians Islamised, but Egyptians in every sense of the word.

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* Village Life in Egypt, with Sketches of the Said. By Bayle St. John, author of "Two Years' Residence in a Levantine Family," "Adventures in the Libyan Desert," "Views in the Oasis of Siwah," &c. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

The laxity of morals, and the sensuality of the Egyptian race, no doubt originating in climatic influences, render descriptions of village life a delicate subject to treat of; but Mr. Bayle St. John—a free and easy writer, one who treats of "Village Life" and a dozen other Oriental topics from a ten months' journey up the Nile and "some previous experience"—who professionally despises all that is tedious and laborious in the acquirement of knowledge, laughs at what he calls "the School of Hieroglyphists," and sips knowledge as the bee sips honey, and the swallow skims the surface of the waters—has treated his subject in such light and pleasant language, and in so seductive a manner, that he really seems to have fallen himself under the said climatic influence, and to wish to carry others along with him.

The first picture, that of the Ghawazis, established at Kafr Mustanat, not far from the well-known Fuah, and the extraordinary physiological theory which the sight of them gave birth to, of charms to which prolonged life and activity are given by "communion with men rendered intelligent for awhile by passion," must, however, be passed by on this plea, that it is not fair to begin the repast with the most stimulating dishes. Mr. Bayle St. John's exit from the "dancing academy" is, however, worthy of being preserved:

There were a great many adult Ghawazees at Kafr Mustanat, but I have rarely seen so few that could boast of remarkable beauty. The most gracious wore an inordinate quantity of rouge—this sisterhood all over the world covet the same permanent blush—and rejoiced in one magnificent black eye; in very truth "a piercer." The other must have been kicked out by a camel; but she took no pains to conceal its devastated orbit, and never suspected the horror which it created in our minds. When we rose to depart, she pursued us with solicitations for money, and—not satisfied by our gifts, or because they were purely gratuitous—with unpolite reflections on our religion. Her sisters joined in the outcry, and were again joined by a pack of savage mangy dogs. Clods of earth began to fly when we reached the bridge: and we were not sorry to have escaped so easily from the dancing academy of Kafr Mustanat.

The Ghawazis are, probably, not of Egyptian race, and *they* are our present theme. We must turn to Mr. Bayle St. John for a description of the female villager; of the male little need be said, beyond that they are a heavy, coarse-featured race, with hanging eyelids, an expression of childish simplicity, with an occasional gleam of clownish cunning, and a general appearance of being built of unburnt brick, or, as our author has it, "of having just issued from the hands of the Muslim creator, who made them from *tîn* or the mud of the Nile." But of the female:

There is something massive about the beauty of Egyptian countrywomen. Their faces are of a short oval, like that of the young Bacchus. The expression of their eyes, which have space to develop their voluptuous outline, crushed slightly, as in the case of the men, by a heavy lid and long lashes, is often stiffened, if I may so speak, by the black border of kohl. It would be difficult, however, to imagine more beautiful eyes than those that sometimes flash upon you in the villages. There is a promise of heaven in them; often belied, however, by the earthly reality of the full pouting lips of swarthy red. Except that in some of the larger curves there is too great an evidence of muscle, and that the breasts are early wearied with child-feeding, no forms can surpass those of the fellâhas. Parisian *bottines* never confined such exquisite feet; and those hands that dabble in cow-dung would, in Europe, be caressed

all day by lovers, and startle the artist as the revelation of his long-sought ideal.

Kings Cophetuas, prone to love beggar-maids, are not of every-day occurrence; and I have rarely found people to sympathise with me in my admiration of these dirty Venuses. For it must be confessed they are as dirty as their occupations make them. Not that they have any special fondness for filth; for they wash their persons daily, and their clothes as often as might be expected, considering that they rarely possess a change. But, in spite of their efforts, they are always begrimed more or less; and the odour of the dye used in their garments is so repulsive, that only travellers possessed of cosmopolitan nostrils can venture to approach them.

We are given to understand that a Frank may be sometimes in the villages "un homme à bonnes fortunes," as our continental neighbours express it, but that only if he qualifies himself like our own Don Juan, by long residence in the country, by adopting the national costume, and acquiring a perfect knowledge of the language;—in fact, making himself as much of a native as possible. In Cairo it is otherwise, and our author would impart a very apocryphal character to the adventures of Gerard de Nerval and other modern heroes of the same stamp.

Adventures (he tells us) of every kind are rare in Cairo, and as to the intrigues which some imagine themselves to have been engaged in, they are, so far as I know, mere ludicrous deceptions. There are a few "ladies of quality," who are always falling in love with Franks supposed to be gullable or rich; and So-and-So, who allowed himself to be dressed as a woman, and nearly injured his spine by an exaggerated imitation of the wriggling walk of a true Masriyeh, may be assured that the adventure was known beforehand in his hotel, and known all over Cairo the next day. The heroine was merely the commonplace foil of the too-celebrated Stamboolina. Egyptian women certainly are, according to all accounts, licentious and prone to intrigue, and many of them have had affairs with Franks even during the month of Ramadhan. But if a person's taste lead him to these equivocal adventures, he must qualify himself by a very long residence in the country, and not merely don the national costume, but learn how to wear it—no easy matter; and, moreover, acquire a considerable knowledge of Arabic. As there is nothing, however, very interesting to observe in the manners of this class of women, with whom it is only possible to have stolen interviews of short duration, there is no compensating advantage for the risk.

Cairo, its streets and architecture, its sentinels and watchmen, its police stories, its Ramadhan, durwishes, riding over human beings, and return from Mekka, have little to do with "village life," and, familiarised as they have been to us even by panoramas, may well be passed over, as may also one or two chapters descriptive of adventurous visits to the interior as well as the exterior of the Pyramids.

Our author's defence of the much-abused and well-beaten boatmen of the Nile does honour to his head and heart alike. A slight knowledge of Arabic, he justly remarks, has always been found a substitute for the kurbash, with which brutal natives too often indulge their slave-driving propensities. The boatman is an inoffensive, willing, pious being, who will do anything with kind treatment. So also of the kind of reception the author says he has generally met with in the country. Good-humoured civility everywhere; very little impertinent curiosity; often a disposition to serve. "If a fallâh observes you alone with a gun, he

almost always wishes you success in your sport; and will sometimes point out good places where wild pigeons feed, or ducks float in retired ponds hid by forests of dhurra or flowering beans." At Itman, he describes a party of five children calling to him that there were plenty of birds in a large walled garden belonging to one Sid Muhammad, and following him most perseveringly wherever he went, offering advice and assistance. One little rascal, about six years old, gravely smoked a pipe, and gave himself airs of importance. Some of the girls were pretty enough, and verging on the marriageable age. The whole bevy chattered mightily, and left a pleasanter impression than, he says, fallâh children generally do. The fact is, as elsewhere stated, that as nothing is more rare than respectable-looking old age among fallâha women, who shrivel early into hags, neither is there any beautiful childhood of either sex; and it is really wonderful that the miserable pot-bellied creatures, covered with dirt, and sores, and flies, which crawl about the dunghills of the villages (in the Delta), should grow up into fine hearty young men and charming maidens. In another place, Mr. Bayle St. John says: "Along every path that converged to the town, in bands, or one by one, the peasants were coming home from the fields, and saluted us cheerfully as they passed with '*Salamat, ya khawajah!*'—(a word often incorrectly written howadjee)—'Salutation, O gentleman!'" Again, at the defiles of Assûan, our traveller relates: "The women, many of delicately-formed features, came to us, holding little sable brats in their arms, and with a sweet smile asked for Bakshish—a kind of black-mail under a pleasing form, which we were not so churlish as to refuse. Children that could walk, ran along by our sides, holding out their hands, and crying, '*Inshallah taruh bi salamah!*' 'If it please God, may you go in peace!' One small chap, being at first disappointed, repeated the cry at least twenty times; and when we pushed ahead unheeding, as a trial of his temper, dropped behind, but, instead of pursuing us with curses, as many a disappointed sturdy beggar or trained boy-mendicant does in Europe, kept faintly murmuring the kindly wish—'*Inshallah taruh bi salamah!*'"

Such pretty little bits of nature may well excuse us following our traveller to those oft-described places, Siyut, Thebes, Philæ, Hajar Silsilis, Adfû, Karnak, Denderah, and the other "curiosities" of the Nile; or in his strange charges against Lepsius, the learned Prussian archæologist; and, among others, of his having actually forged a cartouche on the breast of a statue in the front court of the great temple of Karnak! It may be worth mentioning, however, that guided by an Arab of Al Hammam, "the bath or hot springs," and whose name was the same as that of the sultan (which Mr. B. St. John correctly writes Abd al Mahjid), our traveller was led to some hitherto unexplored ruins, a little distance south of Hajjar Silsilis, and on the west bank of the river. Discoveries of this kind, but of minor importance, appear to have been pretty frequent with so leisurely, so desultory, so thoroughly a good traveller. It is to be regretted, however, that he omitted to visit Al Birkah, described to him as a great inland ruined city.

Mr. Bayle St. John justly remarks, that the chief incidents on which almost all Oriental stories hinge, though filled with admirable touches, are so indelicate, that it is impossible to give even an account of them. Hence

great difficulty occurred in giving an idea of the kind of narrative current among the fallâhs. We will extract three out of the only four which our traveller has found fit to record. The reader will possibly think that they are quite as much characterised by fallâh stupidity as by fallâh simplicity.

I.

There was once a man who became the terror of his village by the loudness of his talk and the fierceness of his gestures. He used to carry a naboot a cubit taller than himself; and if anybody attempted to oppose his will, would snort and puff out his cheeks, and bellow like a buffalo. He had a wife, young and beautiful, with gazelle eyes and pomegranate bosom; and altogether, said the poetical narrator (a stolid-looking fellâh), a moony face and a palm stature; but still he ill-treated her until she came to hate him. So she chose a lover from among the young men of the village, and revealed to him the secret that her husband was really a coward; and they agreed together how they should compel him to a divorce. The braggart started on a journey with his wife, who rode upon a donkey. They proceeded together until they came to a melon-field in a lonely place, when the woman said,—

"O my eye, I feel a longing for a melon; but there is no one here who has the courage to steal one."

"Look round," quoth the man, "lest there be somebody coming. I am not afraid, but this is an improper action."

"There is not a goat in sight," replied she.

So he went into the field, carefully peeping to the right and left, and cut the best melon. At that moment the lover appeared with a gun, and exclaimed,—

"O thief!"

The braggart at once fell upon his knees and said,—

"Are there no means of pardon?"

"None," was the reply, "unless thou causest the melon which thou hast cut to grow again."

"That is impossible; but I will ransom myself."

The young man declined to accept anything but the wife; and accordingly the braggart, having pronounced the triple sentence of divorce, went away saying,—

"If that be all, take her; but hadst thou asked to pull my beard, I would have become fierce and killed thee!"

II.

An Arnaout soldier entered a coffee-house drunk, with his sword drawn; and seeing an old woman, toothless, half-blind, and with a tuft of beard on her chin, exclaimed,—

"Let this beautiful damsel sing, or I will slay her."

"I am the mother of four men, who are the fathers of fifteen children," replied the frightened dame.

"My eyes! my heart!" quoth the Arnaout, in bad Arabic, "it is necessary that thou charm me with thy beautiful voice. Sing '*Doos, doos*,' or I will make kababs of thee."

The frightened dame accordingly began to yell out the required stanza, whilst the fellâh customers giggled with delight.

"Ah!" said the Arnaout, sagaciously shaking his head, "what a wonderful thing is drunkenness! This charming voice seems to me no better than the creaking of a sakia!"

III.

A fellâh went to Cairo to make some purchases; but fell in with thieves who robbed him of all he possessed. He passed the night sleeping in a ruined house, and next day debated whether he should return empty-handed or supply the place of money with cunning. A bright idea struck him.

"I will go to a shop," thought he, "make selection of the best merchandise, and pretend to be a stranger not understanding a word of the language of the country. Perhaps Allah will in this way enable me to escape the obligation of payment."

In this pious and dishonest state of mind our clown repaired to the Goreeyeh, sat down opposite a merchant, took his pipe, and pointed out some silks and shawls.

"Probably your honour is dumb," quoth the Taggar.

"*Shurdum Burdum,*" replied the fellâh.

These words, not being understood, overawed the trader, who forthwith spread out his best merchandise. After a reasonable repetition of the magical words "shurdum burdum," a selection was made and payment expected. But the roguish customer, quietly taking up the parcel, walked off, and escaped amidst the crowd.

A little while afterwards, a man somewhat resembling the thief passed, and was seized by the enraged merchant. The fellâh protested his innocence; but the other insisted and handed him over to the police, who carried him to prison. Four or five witnesses were brought, according to this satirical narrative, to swear that they had seen him carry away the goods; and he was condemned to the galleys.

Meanwhile the unlucky man's mother-in-law, who happened to be in Cairo, heard of his mischance, and devised how to liberate him. She took a dead child, wrapped it up carefully in her mantle, and went to purchase at the shop of the merchant. After a little bargaining she suddenly exclaimed,—

"O lewd fellow! O shame to the merchants! Dost thou take liberties with me?"

"Silence, woman!" said the Taggar, quite frightened for his reputation. "What have I done? Hold thy peace!"

But she only cried the louder; whereupon he laid hands on her, and she, dexterously dropping the little corpse concealed in the corner of her mantle, began yelling,—

"*Aie! Aie!* he has killed my child!"

A crowd at once collected; and the neighbour merchants interfered, saying,—

"This is a scandalous story, and must be hushed up."

The supposed culprit professed innocence, and referred to the woman's age and ugliness; but, for the sake of peace, at length agreed to give a large sum. The offer was accepted; a portion of the money served as a bribe for the liberation of the innocent man; and mother and son returned to their village quite satisfied with the adventure.

These extracts will, we hope, suffice to show that Mr. Bayle St. John, if a great sceptic in Egyptian archæological inquiry, has at least the merit of having placed the living Egyptian, and the long valley that he dwells in, in a new and interesting light. Generally speaking, as he himself says, travellers have looked upon Egypt as a museum. "I look upon it as one of the compartments of this present world, in which a not unamiable family of my fellow-creatures fight the eternal fight of life and joy against suffering and death."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

NEVER was the "Coming Man" so pleasantly nor so cleverly depicted as he is by Mr. M. W. Savage, under the pseudonyme of "Reuben Medlicott."* Reuben is a perfect picture of a not uncommon personage, who is always coming, but never arrives. Who has not met in some social circle that he has frequented one who is going to do everything, and does nothing? Who has not seen the novel-reader who, every new work he gets, could do better, if *he* chose to write? Unluckily, he never does. Reuben has high qualities, much knowledge, much talent, much ambition, nay, even a good deal of activity, but there is no singleness of aim, no steadiness of purpose; and without such, these qualities are but as chaff before the wind; and the life of Reuben is like that of all similar, unstable beings, "a broken promise, and a perpetual disappointment." In working out a character like this, the author has enjoyed and has freely used a free licence to carry his creation into every possible position most likely to bring his good qualities and his deficiencies into strong contrast. Thus it is we have failure at school—failure at college—failure in parliament—failure at the bar—failure in platform-oratory—failure even in the Quaker's aceticism, through which Reuben passes as one phase of his many changes—and, lastly, we have failure in life. When narrating the boy-life and school-days which fill up the first volume, the author places in admirable contrast the two extremes of the liberal and classic systems, as personified by Dean Wyndham, the most amusing and best drawn character in the novel, the vicar parent, and the vicar's wife—Mrs. Medlicott.

Happy it unquestionably would have been for the vicar's son had some hard-headed man like Doctor Wyndham been the director of his studies and the moulder of his character. For the early education of our hero was a curious hash of all conceivable methods, systems, theories, and *régimes*. In short, there was no system in it at all, or it had the defects and inconveniences of all systems. This misfortune would probably not have befallen him had either the vicar or his wife ruled the roast, for then the ideas of one or the other would have prevailed, and something like a system, right or wrong, would have been the result; but the energies of this respectable couple were so nearly balanced that neither had the ascendancy for any considerable length of time; now the father was supreme, now the mother had her way; in fact, the scale of authority and influence went up and down like a game of see-saw played by two urchins in a saw-pit. When Mr. Medlicott was up, Latin and Greek went up with him, grammar and prosody, Alexander, Scipio, Scylla, and Charybdis. When the mother's end of the beam was aloft, came the turn of modern languages and what she called the arts and sciences; a splash of French, an occasional twist at German, sometimes even a bout of geology and astronomy, and every now and then a great hullabulloo for a few days about arithmetic. Mrs. Medlicott had a crotchet in her head (which she got from the phrenologists, who were great oracles with her) that as the organs or the faculties were many in number, the provisions or exercises for them ought to be equally numerous; in fact, that the best system of instruction was the most diffused and multifarious. Mr. Medlicott, on the other hand, was all for con-

* Reuben Medlicott; or, the Coming Man. By M. W. Savage, Esq., author of "The Bachelor of the Albany," "The Falcon Family," "My Uncle the Curate," &c. 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.

centration; and each had a copious collection of authorities and dogmas, "wise saws and modern instances," in support of the doctrine that each held. Thus the boy was in fact pulled backwards and forwards, from one parent to the other, the lessons of neither making an impression of much value or permanence; except that between them both he early laid in a wonderful stock of words and phrases, the foundation of the character he subsequently acquired as a talker of the first magnitude.

Again, also, when Reuben goes to school, the rival systems are brought into further contrast. Reuben had among his works one on geology, the purport and meaning of which science he endeavoured to explain to his companion Winning.

"It seems much the same as geography, by your account of it," said Winning. "We do not neglect that at Finchley; but, of course, we have nothing to do with anything but the ancient world—Attica, Asia Minor, the Islands in the Ægean Sea; we learn all about them of course."

"And nothing about America," cried Reuben, with subdued amazement, "or the British dominions in India?"

"This is not a mercantile school, Medlicott; it's a classical school. We have nothing to do with America or India. I suppose they read about India in the East India College."

"That's very odd," said Reuben. "I thought every part of the world was equally deserving of study."

The fact is, that in the present age of railroads and steam-boats, of international communication and remote colonisation, of the boundless spread of the Anglo-Saxon race, carrying its sway over living races of men speaking living languages, and professing to be the handmaiden of civilisation and the teacher of the Gospel, the classic system is as much suited to the wants and purports of the rising generation as would be the monasteries or feudal castles of old.

The same vein of caustic, vigorous satire runs through the various phases of Reuben's career, following him in his harangues at Protestant demonstrations and Polish sympathy meetings; abiding with him as a popular M.P. for Chichester, till he dwindles down to a joint of O'Connell's tail as member for Blarney; becoming luxuriant as the growth of a well-manured soil in the morbid sentimentalism of Quakery, and still holding by him, like some Mephistophelian compact signed in his very blood, when he becomes, ultimately, a useless hanger-on of society, and ends his days in obscurity and poverty. Reuben is manifestly a prose epic, written on Jacob's death-bed prophecy, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." Medlicott is either in ridicule of, or a pander to, the existing love of antithesis; and the "Coming Man," as illustrated in the representative of both names, is a very fair embodiment of the false philosophy of the day.

It would be a pleasant thing to read an Irish novel descriptive of social life in its better phases, either in the lower, middle, or higher classes, which should do justice to the generous impulses, the high moral and intellectal qualities, and the passionate energy of the Irish, without allusion to the national bugbears of politics and religion. But, alas! you might as well seek for the ass's patience without its stupidity, or the lion's magnanimity without its appetite. Politics and polemics are so inseparably interwoven into the Irish constitution, that no effort made from without or within can eradicate the evil. From the time of the intestine wars of

the Danaans, the Belgæ, and the Milesians to the present day, from the time when the idol Cromcruach was first set up to that of vituperative Romanists, this fine but unfortunate country has been ever devastated by grievances of its own creation. The fiery spirit of the Irishman cannot live in peaceful industry. He delights in love and war; he revels in the poetry, the oratory, and the rhetoric of political and polemical antagonism. These are to him at once his food and his fuel; he cares not to live without them; and if it were in his power, so excited does he get by controversy, he would call steam to his aid to annihilate the English; he would burn every Protestant in the realm, and he would wield supernatural agencies to the glorious extirpation of his imaginary enemies—of all except himself—if he had the power! To speak of Ireland, one of the most extraordinary psychological phenomena on the face of the globe, inevitably carries us astray. We have before us a pretty little picture of Irish life, called "Cathal More,"* full of beautiful scenes and delightful characters—a story which depicts the Irish under their more pleasing aspect of a high intellectual and social refinement; but even this agreeable and well-written work is defaced from the onset by the perpetual intrusion of Ireland's wrongs and Ireland's greatness, and of religious discussions, which ends in its hero, Cathal More, erecting a stone cross, upon which was inscribed, "In this place I, Cathal More, of Cappagh, built a Unitarian chapel. This cross witnesses my repentance. July, A.D. 1851." We must wait, we suppose, till charity, goodness, and forbearance contest the land with envy, bigotry, and intolerance, for a spotless Irish novel.

Mr. Nicholas Michell is decidedly one of the most popular poets of the day. His themes are peculiar to himself. They are of a character demanding high intellectual attainments for their successful treatment: true poetic feeling, a comprehensive soul, a cosmopolitan spirit, and great learning and research. Mr. Michell first gave evidence of these combined powers and resources in his "Ruins of Many Lands," a splendid poetic edifice, part of the materials of which were culled from the rich mine of the *New Monthly*. He has followed up this first work by an historical poem in three books, called the "Spirits of the Past,"† and which treats of Scripture characters, military heroes, and celebrated women. The field thus embraced declares its own deep interest—its boundless poetic resources. Mr. Michell has endowed his various "spirits" with a vitality that almost brings the one into rivalry with the other. We do not know whether we are happier revelling in the exploits of an Alexander or a Wellington; sorrowing, yet in admiration, with a Lucretia or a Laura; or reposing in calm and holy love with the minstrel of Salem. The progress of a poet who chooses such themes to popularity and renown has ever been slow; but Mr. Michell seems to be climbing the steep ascent with steady and sure step, and lustrous as those of Brahma, Buddha, or Muhammad, are the traces of the footsteps that he leaves behind him.

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* Cathal More; or, Self-Love and Self-Control. By Arami. 2 vols. W. Shoberl.

† Spirits of the Past. An Historical Poem in Three Books. By Nicholas Michell, author of "Ruins of Many Lands," &c. Tegg and Co.

The "Annals and Legends of Calais"* have pleased and interested us much by their perusal. We like the good old town, with its reminiscences of English streets and English houses; its traditions of Edward, of Eustache St. Pierre, of Anne Boleyn and the Field of Cloth of Gold; its "Cour de Guise," its gate immortalised by Hogarth, and chamber by Sterne; its "Courgain," "the municipal wart of Calais," its pier—fit emblem of France—with ever-varying records—and, finally, its *emigré* notabilities, from the "honourable" friends of the fair Edith Jaquemont to Brummell, Berkeley Craven and Mytton, and even the unfortunate Lady Hamilton. Of all these strange transitions, traditions, and personages, the reader will hear much in these excellently told local annals and legends. There may be some few faults of commission and omission—as Mathilde for Maude, wife of Stephen, and Elinor Cobham as a wife of the Duke of Gloucester, uncle to Richard the Second; there may also be a want of historical consecutiveness in placing the chapter on the early seigneurs of Calais—the Comtes de Guîsnes and Boulogne—after the capture and occupation of Calais by the English; but, as a whole, the work is well done, and is nicely got up, and it will be welcomed by the many who are interested in the good old town, formerly the landing-place in France.

A branch of history seldom treated of in an efficient manner in this country—that of the great empire of the Tsar—has been made the subject of a first charming volume by George Fowler, Esq., under the title of the "Lives of the Sovereigns of Russia."† This is only one of a series, which we perceive is to extend to four in number; and to judge by the execution of the first, the general reader will at length be possessed, at the conclusion of the work, of a complete and classic history of a great country, to ignore whose antecedents is, in the present day, an act of great national superciliousness, and a sad manifestation of intellectual and literary poverty.

We regret not having hitherto noticed, at adequate length, Mr. Thomas Wright's "Celt, Roman, and Saxon."‡ Not being able to do so at the present moment, we still should not feel ourselves justified in further delaying to call our readers' attention to a work which, though modest and unpretending, is, in reality, of deep purport, and of the highest possible interest. Never has the history of the Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon, as a denizen in this country, derived mainly from the monuments of their power and civilisation that they have left behind them, been placed in so complete and so perfect a light before the reader as by Mr. Wright.

We have the ethnology of the British race discussed in as complete a

* Annals and Legends of Calais; with Sketches of Emigré Notabilities, and Memoir of Lady Hamilton. By Robert Bell Calton, author of "Rambles in Sweden and Gottland." John Russell Smith.

† Lives of the Sovereigns of Russia, from Rurik to Nicholas; including a History of that Empire, from its Foundation to the Present Time. By George Fowler, Esq. Vol. I. William Shoberl.

‡ The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon: a History of the Early Inhabitants of Britain, down to the Conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity. Illustrated by the ancient remains brought to light by recent research. By Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., M.R.S.L., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France. Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.

manner as the present state of the question will admit of; but that is far from satisfactory. From the point, however, at which Mr. Wright takes it up, all is archæologically correct, and historically admissible. It is illustrated in its first ages by British antiquities; in its second, by Roman art and literature. The reader will be somewhat surprised, in perusing Mr. Wright's detailed account of the Roman occupation of Britain—accurate descriptions of their towns, walls, towers, and gates—of their houses—public buildings—sanitary arrangements—roads—villas—villages—pottery—coal and iron works—arts and trades—to find that Britain was parcelled out by the Romans among colonies of almost every people who had been subdued by the Roman arms, and that it presented a strangest possible assemblage of races. Mr. Wright actually traces to the very sites of their residence, Spaniards, Sarmatians, Tungrians, Belgians, Germans, Dalmatians, Pannonians, Cilicians, Portuguese, Gauls, Thracians, and even Moors!

The mass of matter brought together, indeed, in this compact little tome, to illustrate the times of the British, the Romans, and the Saxons, is in itself quite a curiosity. When once generally known, it will be the common manual of British antiquities; and had Mr. Wright never penned another book, it would have entitled him at once to take his place as the very best general antiquarian that this country possesses.

Mr. John Chapman has published a concluding volume to his "Catholic Series," being "A Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion," by Theodore Parker, an American minister,* and of which it is scarcely necessary to say more than that it is a work of established repute among Unitarians in America. It is, however, a bold work, which professes to recal men from the transient shows of time to the permanent substance of religion; from a worship of creeds and empty belief to a worship in spirit and life; but it does a great deal more—more than we can venture to intimate.

The same publisher's "Library for the People" contains a third edition of Francis William Newman's metaphysico-theological essay, "The Soul; its Sorrows and its Aspirations."† The lovers of ingenious and bold speculation on matters of philosophy and religion cannot but admire the work, and will be pleased to see its popularity. This is, however, probably owing more to the earnestness of the author's style than to the soundness of his matter.

Mr. S. W. Fullom has added one more to a class of works which have been very numerous of late years ‡—works which, without pretending to enlarge the boundaries of science, labour to place its great truths in at once a simple and elementary, and, at the same time, a graceful and phi-

* A Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion. By Theodore Parker, Minister of the Second Church in Roxbury, Mass. John Chapman.

† Chapman's Library for the People. The Soul; its Sorrows and its Aspirations: an Essay towards the Natural History of the Soul as the true basis of Theology. By Francis William Newman, formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, and author of "A History of the Hebrew Monarchy," "The Phases of Faith," and "Lectures on Political Economy," &c. Third edition. John Chapman.

‡ The Marvels of Science, and their Testimony to Holy Writ. By S. W. Fullom. Colburn and Co.

losophical form before the general reader. Such works cannot but be of the greatest use in seducing the desultory reader into studies of a really beneficial character, and which, while they improve and enlarge his understanding, will, at the same time, humble his self-exaggeration and chasten his heart. Mr. Fullom has accomplished his task with credit to himself and no discredit to the sciences of which he has proclaimed himself the expounder and the prophet. The "Marvels of Science" are duly introduced by the discussion of the relations of science and religion, and open themselves properly enough with the "Empire of the Sun" and the "Regions of Space;" these are followed by "The Ruins of Creation," and "The Two Revelations," in which geology is made to be the handmaiden of Scripture, instead of, as is too usual, the antagonist. Lastly, these are followed by equally interesting chapters on "Natural Forces and Phenomena," "Light," "The Celestial Fire," "The Mysteries of the Deep," "The Atmosphere," "The World of Plants," "The Animal Kingdom," "The Race of Man," and "The Human Frame." Noble themes to write upon in the present day, when science is marching at almost railroad speed across the heavens and into the earth's and ocean's depths, and is marshalling the physical agencies of the imponderables in a way little dreamt of by our forefathers; and Mr. Fullom appears to have felt, and to have been somewhat imbued, with the gravity and the responsibility of his self-imposed task.

In the same field of science we have to notice, of infinitely less pretensions but of quite different import, the second course of Dr. Lardner's "Hand-Book of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy,"* containing Heat, Common Electricity, Magnetism, and Voltaic Electricity. Dr. Lardner is one of the small phalanx of earnest, conscientious labourers in true science, and one of the best practical systematisers of its progress that we possess. This, in respect to the subjects of the present volume, heat, magnetism, and electricity, happened to be particularly wanted, and the modest students of science—those who want facts and not marvels—or to whom, rather, every fact of science is a true marvel, will welcome Dr. Lardner's volume with warm gratitude.

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* Hand-Book of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy. By Dionysius Lardner, D.C.L. Formerly Professor of Natural Philosophy in University College, London. Second Course. Heat, Common Electricity, Magnetism, Voltaic Electricity; with upwards of 200 Illustrations. Taylor, Walton, and Maberly.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ULTRAMONTANISM IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

There have not been wanting those who have attributed the political successes of Louis Napoleon to the partisanship of the Roman Catholic Church, and more especially of the Jesuits. A variety of concurring circumstances would tend to corroborate the fact of an alliance, boding no good to the liberties of mankind, or to the peace of the world. We have seen that in recent Napoleonic publications, the religious character of the prince is much dwelt upon: he is stated to be a believer in every sense of the word. In all the great political events accomplished during the past three years, he has never failed to invoke the assistance of Religion. The name of the Supreme Being is to be met with in all his addresses. In all his different journeys his first care has always been on entering a city to ask the blessings of Heaven in the metropolitan church. He has salaried the bishops, and won over the clergy by giving to them a prominence and importance long since unknown in France. The Bird of Rapine is blessed by a whole army of mitred and robed ecclesiastics, and a climax is attained by the emperor-elect declaring himself to be the protector of the sanctuaries or holy places, thereby assuming to himself by a stroke of the pen a power which the crusading princes of old failed to preserve by the sword; and inevitably renewing those old undying enmities between the eastern and western churches, which have never been totally extinguished since the first usurpation of supreme authority by the bishops of Rome.

Placed in such a position, and with such prospects before them, it is not surprising to find an able pen declaring in a communication made to the daily papers that

> The Jesuits and Ultramontanes are drunk with exultation. The sacerdotal heel is on the neck of France—the garotte prepared for Europe. The Holy Roman Apostolic Church dreams once more of universal empire. Before or behind its ecstatic obscurantism six centuries vanish, and the nineteenth, which we falsely believed this to be, is only really the thirteenth. The *Univers* laments that Luther was not burnt, and sanctifies the Inquisition; Donoso Cortez denounces reason as a damnable impertinence; abbés and bishops aroynt the classics, anathematise Cicero and Virgil, and prescribe for the education of youth the study of the "Fathers," the breviary and pater-noster; Frère Léotade and the Curé Gothland are on the road to canonization, and the land teems with miracles. Winking Madonnas, sweating saints, bleeding altar-pieces, and inspired cow-boys; the gendarme who deposes to the pious lie, and the sub-prefect who endorses it; episcopal charges, archiepiscopal pastorals, and papal rescripts, all testify alike that the favour of Heaven has fallen on the Jesuits, that Louis Napoleon is the "chosen of the Lord," and that "society is saved."

M. V. Schœlcher, the author of the "Histoire du Deux Décembre," a

stern republican, but not the less to be credited on this particular point—for personally hostile to Louis Napoleon, it is not his interest to lighten the burden of responsibility from off the prince's shoulders—declares that the Jesuits played a prominent part in the late *coup d'état;* and the writer before quoted, adds further:

Jesuitism plays the desperate game of double or quits with reason. After the revolution of February Catholic priests blessed the trees of liberty. After the *coup d'état* they chanted a *Te Deum* on its massacre. They sanctified legitimacy until it fell; they consecrate perjury when it has triumphed. Ministers of Christ, they burlesque Christianity; teachers of morality, they deify crime. They have learnt and forgotten nothing. For them Hildebrand may still thunder in the Vatican; the Inquisition is an incomplete experiment; the Reformation is a heresy, and not a lesson, and the war on civilisation must be recommenced. Their black conspiracy against intelligence envelopes Europe, its staff in Rome, its file everywhere. In Italy its banner is "the Pope!" in France, "Society!" in Ireland, "Religious Equality!" The equality which triumphant Jesuitism would dispense is that of persecution and damnation.

Wishing to examine more thoroughly into the state of this question, we have taken as text books two works recently published,* which profess to grapple with Romanism as it exists in France; the one by M. Capefigue, begins with the "Church" as it existed in the Middle Ages, as contrasted with the Church in our own times; the other, by M. le Comte de Montalembert, takes up at once what the author terms "the interests of the Catholics in the nineteenth century."

The "Middle Ages," in that which concerns the "Church," commences in the seventh century and ends with the fourteenth, and it was during this interval that the Church organised itself into its particular institutions. They open with the local administration of the bishops—those old citizens of Gaul, of Italy, and of Germany, who stood at the head of the Roman municipalities as protectors of the city, and ultimately won the power from the conquerors themselves. The episcopacy, and after it the order of Saint Benoît, were the two leading forces of the Church up to the eighth century. From the summit of Mount Cassin, the last-mentioned solitary dictated a code which gave to mankind the spirit of association and of labour united with science and prayer. This epoch was succeeded by the political supremacy of the popes—a dictatorship which, founded by Gregory VII., kept strengthening its dominion to the times of Innocent III. and Gregory IX.

Nothing, according to M. Capefigue, in the history of governments, can be compared to the wonderful activity of the medieval Church in repressing the tyrannical spirit of feudalism, which at that time had established its sway in fortified castles, the crown upon the head, and the sword in hand. The Church fought at that time the battle of the individual against serfdom; of moral authority as opposed to brutal force. The means which popedom employed to obtain such great results were excommunication, or placing the feudal lords under the ban of the Church, nay, even deposing them from power; these, as M. Capefigue remarks, were possibly legitimate means at the confused epoch of these old ages. In the progress of time the papal supremacy established a moral and

* L'Eglise au Moyen Age du vii°. au xii°. Siècle. Par M. Capefigue.
Des Intérêts Catholiques au xix°. Siècle. Par le Comte de Montalembert, l'un des Quarante de l'Académie Française.

intellectual thraldom where had previously existed a simple dominion of brute force; the change was for the better in those early times, there is no doubt; but such a Church could never have attained the perfection of modern times without a reformation. The Reformation restricted the papal dominion within just bounds, and sowed the seeds of moral and intellectual liberty among Romanists and seceders alike, although in different degrees.

But the same arguments that are used to justify the proceedings of the early Church, when the objects to be attained were good, are also applied to the most inhuman persecutions carried on when the objects were simply atrocious, and are made to apply in the present day, when the objects to be gained are still the same the moral and intellectual serfdom of the human race.

Thus, according to M. Capefigue, the orders of St. Francis, the mission of the Dominicans, and especially the Holy Inquisition, were among the things which were more especially justified by the habits, the manners, and the necessities of the time. "We must," he says, "transport ourselves into the midst of those terrible disorders of the Albigenses, Stadingues, Lollards, Wickliffites, Bohemians, rebels against the ties both of family and of property! We must study the noble efforts made by Spanish patriotism against the Moors, in order to comprehend the imperious necessity of a social police indispensable to every age under diverse forms; the same argument applying in the present day to the assumption of power by the emperor-elect of the French, without whom France would no doubt have been a victim to the gravest accidents of a general disorder and anarchy. The disciples of Saint Dominic (the name causes an involuntary shudder) were commissioned to persuade and to convert. Well-informed and active, they travelled through fields and towns alike, proclaiming 'the eternal order of Society.' But when anarchy gained the ascendancy, they constituted themselves into a tribunal to inquire into and to judge cases of heresy. The children of St. Francis, on their part, imposed poverty on themselves; they could possess nothing; to them the terms thine and mine were perfectly unknown. This regular democracy, guided by Providence, seemed to say to the irregular bands of trampers, vagabonds, and Albigenses (a curious classification). 'We are poor voluntaries under a government and an organisation which imparts nobility to misery by placing it under the law of the Lord.'"

"I know," adds Capefigue, "that these are not the ideas entertained in our times; the education of the present day has another direction given to it; and indeed it requires to express such to possess that zealous love of truth, which makes one indifferent to all hopes of a vulgar popularity."

Gregory, surnamed the Great, was the first pontiff who aimed at universal power—unity, Capefigue calls it; but unity under one head, whether in civil, military, or ecclesiastical matters, is simply despotism. Gregory began by imposing the dogma of Nicea and the Roman Catholic symbol on all alike, as the universal faith. The "heresy" of Arius was at that time all powerful among the Lombards: he took measures to coerce and subdue the people to his rule. The patriarchs of Constantinople refused their allegiance to the new seat of ecclesiastical

dominion: he was obliged to temporise, but neglected no means of bringing them under his control. He wished to spread the faith afar, and in unconverted regions, and England was the first country to which he sent his haughty missionaries. Within the Church his hymns and psalms superseded all others; and jealous even of literary or philosophical rivalry—an Omar in pontifical robes—he committed the treasures of the Palatine library, founded by Augustus, to the flames. In a similar spirit, Boniface V., the fifth in succession of the popes of Rome, consecrated the Pantheon—a beautiful edifice, which the Cæsars had dedicated to all the gods—to the Virgin Mary and all the saints—a dedication, Capefigue says, which associated itself, by its yearning towards universality, to the original destination of the work of Agrippa.

Popedom, at its origin, had to struggle not only against what remained of the democratic municipalities of Rome, but also against the exarchs of Ravenna, who represented the Greek emperors on the one hand, and the Lombard kings on the other; but, with the tact of eastern despots in our own times, it played the jealousies of these powers against one another to its own especial profit.

The great struggle of the rising power was, however, with Constantinople. There there was at once rivalry of city and rivalry of doctrine. Honorius struck out the path for the future popes, by advocating Monothelitism, or the unity of the will of Christ and the two natures in one, against the Eutychianism of the East. St. Martin (Martin I.) rejected the Ecthesius symbol adopted by Heraclius and Constans, and died in exile. It was in vain that Agathon demanded a sixth general council, that Sergius exchanged the papal seat for one of stone, or that John VI. proclaimed the absolute sovereignty of the pontiff; the Roman Church would have lost its liberty, had not another Gregory come to its rescue. Himself a Roman patrician, he fought successfully against the capriciousness of the corrupt civilisation of the Byzantines, and the impatience of the Barbarians (Goths), who held Lombardy, and he established the supremacy of the holy seat on a firmer basis than heretofore.

M. Capefigue makes out that the alliance of the Frank-Germans of the north of Gaul materially influenced the progress of papal supremacy. The Frank kings, rivals of the Lombards, became the natural auxiliaries of Roman Popedom. The Merovingian kings became the cherished sons of the "Church," and the Pope repaid their fealty by the grant of immunities and privileges. Whenever a monastery sprang up on the banks of the Seine and the Loire, the Sovereign Pontiff assured to it a special jurisdiction, by a bull sealed with the pastoral ring. By a decree of a council held at Arles, every monastery was declared to be under the rule of its abbot, over whom the count or civil magistrate, held no jurisdiction whatsoever.

The state of society at this epoch, when the Roman Catholic Church, and indeed an early Christianity generally, was perpetually placing itself in antagonism to the feudal principle, and gradually destroying it, by emancipating the serfs, or still more frequently taking them into their own bosom, may be judged of by some of the acts of councils passed subsequently to the great fundamental act, which, by establishing the independence of the monasteries of the feudal counts or barons, assured their immunity under all and every provocation.

For example, it was enacted at the Council of Agde, (A.D. 506), that those who should neglect to present themselves at the sacrament on Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost, should be expelled from communion altogether. In another act, all kinds of superstitions, fortune-tellings, and enchantments are forbidden. It was in vain that the feudal lords and the laity generally exclaimed against their serfs being taken away from them, to be made "clerks," to the prejudice of their lords. Nor does this exchange of serfdom to the soil, for a moral servitude to the Pope, appear to have much improved their morality. By the enactments of the Council of Albon (A.D. 517), the "clerks" were ordered to live with one another a holy life, without communicating with the laity; and it was especially enjoined that no clerk should visit females but in day-time, and that in the presence of witnesses. At this epoch the *Kyrie Elieson* was chanted at every mass. Sometimes, however, the laity exhibited symptoms of rebellion. In a council held at Paris, and which was composed one-half of feudal chiefs, Chilperic, who received the bishops under a "tabernaculum ex ramis factum," ordered the pallium to be torn over the head of Pretextat, Bishop of Rouen. But the bishops kept on steadily gaining in power, and that by means peculiar to a young religion, in which the superstitions of a semi-barbarous people were made to play no unimportant part. We have examples enough of this in our own history, as in the case of St. Dunstan and others. Capefigue himself avows that the middle ages were the times of implicit faith. "Miracles were everywhere; God intervened incessantly; the natural order of things was then an exception, and cold reason a thing that was utterly impertinent." When there were not miracles, there were good deeds—things by which to win over the multitude. Take, for example, some of Capefigue's "immense services rendered by the bishops to the populations of Gaul:"

In the south, Saint Honorat, Bishop of Marseilles, saved his flock from a fatal epidemic; in the north, Saint Waast raised up the walls of Arras, devastated by Attila, and peopled the desolate city; Saint Severin cured the leprous; Gilles (Ægidius) became the patron Saint of all Occitania; Agricola protected Orange, the city of temples, circuses, and triumphal arches; while the Roman province of Limoges adopted Saint Martial for its protecting spirit. No end of miracles were operated at the tombs of Saint Martin, of Tours, nor did Saint Germain yield to him in power over the marvellous. You have ever continued (says Capefigue) to be the great celebrities of Paris, Saint Germain, Saint Denis, Saint Cloud, Saint Marcel, Saint Martin, and Saint Medard, and your names are attached in an indelible manner to the towns, the suburbs, and the hamlets, which bind Paris with a chain of people. Laborious cultivators, active tradesmen, or workmen, never forget your benefactors!

In the midst of these generations of people (continues Capefigue), having a natural tendency to the fabulous, everything was marvellous or supernatural. At every new event, the excited world was agitated from one end to the other, nothing remained of the natural law, and every one was busy in the monasteries writing their legends. The tomb had no longer its inflexible decrees, it opened at the bidding of a pious Cenobite; the shroud was transformed into the purple. Life was an accident; death paved the way to eternal life; who could have put a bridle on the licenses of force, if the legends had not exalted miracles in order to stay and punish the powerful? A poor monk in the desert was stronger than an armed baron, for he had at his command the whole of the marvellous army of Heaven!

From the sixth to the eighth century, two passions, which would appear to be opposed to one another, pre-occupied the mind of the western world—these were solitude and pilgrimage. As to those who secluded themselves in hermitages, Capefigue would have us seriously believe that submissive does protected the recluses, and licked their feet, while birds brought them food in baskets of flowers! The others, who lived in monasteries, gathered around them the runaways from municipal and feudal rule, and thus villages sprang up like tracery round a window. Such was the origin of New France, *Gallia Christiana.* As to pilgrimages, beginning with Rome, they gradually extended to Jerusalem. The most enterprising of the earliest pilgrims were the Saxons. According to Capefigue, "Christianity gave a moral aim to the spirit of adventure among the Barbarians; it presented to their eyes the aspect and the hope of a celestial city, to spare the devastation of a material city."

"The spirit of the Church," says the same writer, "called for active propagandism." So it is with every creed—Romanist, Protestant, Dissenter, or Unitarian; each labours to make converts. Power is ambitioned by all, and numbers are power. "The conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity," says Capefigue, "was one of the finest victories of the 'Church,' which only used a simple monk to bring it about." After St. Augustine was Bishop of Canterbury, where Bertha had before his arrival founded a little place of worship, he addressed himself to Gregory upon questions of dogma and discipline, which he had found to differ among the Gauls to what were acknowledged or practised at Rome. The Pope's advice was characteristic:

I am quite agreeable that you should select, whether in the Roman Church, or in the Gallic Church, whatever you think will contribute most to the glory of God, and that you should adopt it into your new Church; for we must not esteem things on account of places, but the places on account of the things. Make up, then, a bouquet of whatever you shall find that is most holy and most fragrant in the rites of each Church. (Epist. Greg., lib. ii., epist. 52, 54—64.)

Gregory, at such an early period of papal dominion, avoided as much as possible hurting local prejudices and customs, or interfering with ancient national traditions. As in other countries, especially Gaul, wherever there was a Druidic monument, or sacred retreat, a chapel, a monastery, or a church now rose up. "It is grievous, considering all the good done by Gregory," Capefigue remarks, "to observe the hatred which the English bear towards the Pope;" yet, a few pages further on, he himself acknowledges that no one is long a protector without aspiring to power and domination. We, alas! know that too well, it is daily proclaimed to us in trumpet tones by the meek dignitaries of a hostile Church, that never ceases to aim at subjection—that never for a moment wearies in the great struggle for supremacy in unfortunate Ireland, devastated as by plague, war, fire, and famine, by the insatiable hunger and thirst for power and dominion of the ministers of popedom.

The origin of female monastic establishments is not a little characteristic of the evils that sprang up inevitably from the unnatural law of celibacy adopted by the pastors and monks of the Romish Church.

From the sixth to the seventh century the monastery of Lerins had become the most celebrated of solitudes, and the popes consecrated its existence. Emi-

grations became from day to day more numerous; the piety of the monks, the charming aspect of cultivation in the little plains clothed with orange groves, attracted pilgrims; and as the severe rule of the order excluded women from this little terrestrial paradise, some pious virgins asked the Abbot of Lerins for a copy of his statutes, so that they might found a monastery on the neighbouring shores of the Mediterranean, in a place already celebrated in the history of Paganism. The forest of pine-trees, which clothed the shore for a vast distance in that neighbourhood, had long since been devoted to Venus, *la déese des amours;* she had an altar in the wood, *Ara luci.* The Abbot of Lerius replied, "that nothing would be more agreeable to God than to purify a place devoted to profane loves, by the foundation of a holy retreat consecrated to the chastity of virgins and of matrons."

Such was the origin of the monastery of Arluc (*Ara luci*), under the jurisdiction of the abbey of Lerius, and such the permanency given to the purport and traditions of the same grove sacred to amorous mysteries.

At these times monasteries and convents rose up chiefly on islets of the sea, on the crest of rugged precipices, or in the depths of silent groves; there were, however, exceptions, as the Monastery of Asnai, erected in Lyons on the very site of the circus renowned for its scenes of martyrdom. Gregory of Tours—who had witnessed the miracles enacted at the funeral of St. Germain, when "slaves saw their chains break, and paralytics rose up in joyful choirs to celebrate the saint"—distinguished himself by his haughty ecclesiastical disregard of temporal power, even to that of the king himself, whom he threatened with the vengeance of heaven if he did not observe the ordinances of the canons; as also by attaching his name to the worship of the Holy Mary; and by stealing the legend of the Seven Sleepers from the East, and introducing it to the Francs as the *Legende des Sept Dormants de Marmoutiers.* St. Columbanus, who is often confounded with Columbkille, "the dove of the churches," and the converter of the Picts, strengthened and extended the power of the Church in the Jura and the northern cantons of Switzerland. He was succeeded in his pious labours by St. Gall. Like Columbanus, of Breton descent, but Irish by birth, St. Amand was the apostle of Belgium. Assisted by St. Bavon, he studded the country with cells, pious and fertile stations, which became, with the lapse of time, the rich monasteries of St. Amand and St. Bavon. "If," says Capefigue, "Belgium is now splendidly cultivated, it owes it to these monks—laborious workmen—who emancipated the Saxon-Scandinavian race from a savage condition." At an epoch of transition like this, men were at once workmen and missionaries. The legend of St. Eloi, Clothaire II.'s favourite jeweller, written by his friend St. Ouen, exhibits the skilful workman, the charitable philanthropist, and the religious propagandist, united in the same person. In other instances miracles accompanied the installation of the "Church." Thus, St. Romain destroyed a Hydra that ravaged the country around Rouen, and his elevation to the mitre was celebrated by the destruction of a temple consecrated to Venus. Others were politicians, like St. Léger, who was minister of state under Childeric. Others, again, were partial to literary pursuits, as St. Ouen, the biographer of St. Eloi, and the friend of St. Goar, who civilised the banks of the Rhine. St. Bounet, from a magistrate, became a bishop, renowned for his statutes. St. Hubert, from the Nimrod of the Ardennes, became the religious hero of

Brabant. St. Wulfrüm had a still more difficult conquest to make of the Frisons, where human sacrifices were much in vogue.

The greater part of Germany was in the same condition, and an English missionary, Winfred, known to the Romanists as St. Boniface, was selected for the arduous task of spreading Christianity from the Rhine to the Danube; because, as Capefigue says, adventurous audacity was even at that time the type of the Anglo-Saxon race. The history of this English Bishop of Thuringia, and the instructions given to him by Gregory II., and by Daniel, Bishop of Winchester, are among the most interesting records of the period.

How different was the Church in these its early days to what it grew up to be when corrupted by power and wealth! It neglected no means, natural or miraculous, to effect converts; but it at the same time, even in its monastic life, sought the welfare of the people—in its days of overgrown pomp and pride, it laboured only to pander to the ambition of some, the luxuries of all. Monasteries in their origin were undoubtedly good and useful institutions, even when no longer wanted for the original purposes to which they were devoted, they still did good in preserving the chronicles, and recording the literature of their epoch, albeit in a dead language; at last, in many countries, as more particularly in southern Europe, they increased in number, till they eat up not only the poor labourer's means, but even the produce of the land. It seems that every human institution shall have its time, but each leave almost ineffaceable traces behind them, and in countries where monasteries have ceased to exist for centuries, the dead languages in which they disseminated knowledge and faith are still made the vehicle of a kind of education and learning, that is more ornate than necessary.

"Those ruins," says Capefigue, "upon which the traveller sits down in the present day, those broken pilasters and mutilated saints, once witnessed a whole people of solitaries and of monks, who tilled the ground and dug canals. There is nothing so ungrateful as new generations; they destroy the works of the benefactors of the past without regret." We deny this; we look with love upon these time-worn relics, and think with reverence of the calm, secluded piety of the past. Art even exults in the spoiler's defeat; but is not the day of toiling monks and of literary monks, of ascetics and pious gluttons, alike gone by? Have they not fulfilled the purposes for which they were instituted? Did they not in those very institutions trample under foot the noblest attributes of humanity and the great purposes of creation? Supposing a pure and an immaculate monk, he could expect little reward who had struggled against no temptation; and he who during life scorned alike the charities of social life and ignored the mysteries of humanity, had, by not fulfilling his destiny as a human being, taken from, instead of added to, his claims to happiness as a spiritual being.

The sanctity of virtue, and the devotion of the female, partakes of a somewhat different character. It is not natural, and it is not therefore to be defended upon principle; but there is something in the devotion of females to pious works, teaching youth, succouring the afflicted, or tending the plague-stricken, that commands our warmest admiration. It is impossible to peruse the history of the English maiden slave, who poured out mead and wine to the chief of the Franks, who, beloved alike by

King Clovis and by the mayor of the palace, became Queen of France, and used her good fortune to lighten the sufferings of her countrymen and women, at that time trafficked in as slaves, without feelings of strong admiration for the saint and Queen Bathilde, who founded the monastery of Challes; while another Anglo-Saxon girl, called by the Romanists Theodechilde, "of illustrious merit," founded the monastery of Jouarre.

Other pious institutions, besides cells, monasteries, and convents, sprang up in the fervour of an early creed. Thus the Bishop of Paris, St. Landri, founded the Hôtel Dieu upon the occurrence of a pestilence that followed upon a famine; but even the epoch of so truly a religious act was disfigured by one of another and more frequent occurrence—the translation of the relics of St. Benoît—a prodigious procession, at which, to believe the monkish chronicles as revived by Capefigue, flowers covered the bier, incense perfumed the air, a column of fire preceded the body, the blind saw, and the lame and the infirm cast away their crutches, no longer of any use to them!

"In our times," says the same authority, "Providence appears to have given two lessons to men. In one place the monastery has become a manufactory; in another (Mount St. Michael) a prison. Manufactures, which contain in their womb one of the terrible problems of the new generation: prisons which multiply and increase, since men have no longer that curb put on them of a heaven that rewards, and of a hell that punishes. Is not the workman, in modern civilisation, tied to the vassalage of machines, which roll more eternally for him than the hour-glass in the cell of the monk, face to face with the head of death?"

If M. Capefigue does not speak of the eastern Church in the same tones of enthusiasm as of the western—its independence and superior antiquity being sadly at variance with the "unity," upon which popedom would base its supremacy, he still dwells with manifest delight on the evidences furnished to us by Procopius, and other of the lower empire classics, of the splendour and luxury of the Oriental Church when the light of golden lustres was radiated from porphyry, and green, white, and blue marbles, when the Byzantine enamel, or mosaic of precious stones predominated, and the organ first filled the hearts of the faithful, like the voice of angels coming down from heaven itself! It is, however, to the want of unity that the historian of the western Church attributes, not without some degree of justice, the conquests of the Persians, the rise and progress of Mohammedanism, and the subsequent encroachments of the Turks. As a reverse to this picture of dissension, war, and subjugation, we are assured "that the progress of the Kuran was arrested in the west because the 'Church' opposed to it pontifical unity and the powerful organisation of monastic and chivalrous life, grouping itself around the cross."

The Augustan age of the literature of the "Church," strictly speaking, and not the "Church" as M. Capefigue has it, restricting the term to the western or the Roman Church, ended with the sixth century, when the controversies of the great schools of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Athens, were no longer carried on by the "Fathers of the Church," and the Roman bishops, although rejected by all the Churches alike in eastern Europe and in Asia, the birthplace of Christianity, save by a few converted Greeks, Armenians, Chaldeans, Syrians, Copts, and

others, were left free to establish their power over all western Europe, till excess of corruption engendered reform within their own no longer sacred precincts.

For philosophical heresies were not long in springing up in the bosom of the western Church, and disturbing the harmonious "unity" of an infallible Pope. Thus, even in the days of Charlemagne, one Eliprand, Archbishop of Toledo, had the audacity to proclaim aloud the doctrine of the Arians and the Nestorians, as of the modern Unitarians, that Christ was not the son of God, emanating from Him and made man, but the adopted son—the elect of God. Charlemagne was obliged to call a council to put down the new doctrine, and acting as Constantine had done at Nicea, he said: "What do you think of it, holy bishops, this bad leaven has been fermenting for a year, it appears to me necessary to cleave the evil to the root by a high censure." Charlemagne was a zealous papist. "Who are you," he wrote to Eliprand, "that you would dare to struggle against the seat of St. Peter?" The learned Alcuin also took up the cudgels against Felix, the most distinguished disciple of Eliprand's. "If the son of the Virgin was only son of God by adoption, it would result that Mary would not be mother of God, which no one could say without blasphemy," wrote the disciple of Bede and the ambassador from Offa, to Charlemagne.

The Pope already in these early times decided all difficulties that arose within the Church itself, by the easy remedy of an apostolical infallibility. Thus, for example, a nice point arose among the French abbots as to the precedence of the Son or the Holy Ghost. Three of the most distinguished abbots were sent to confer upon the subject with Pope Adrian, who received them in a secret chapel of St. Peter's.

"Holy Father," said the abbots, "does the spirit proceed from the Father and the Son according to the text of the Holy Writ?"

"That is my opinion" replied the Pope; "and I forbid the contrary to be taught under penalty of excommunication."

"Can one be saved without believing in this mystery?"

"One cannot be saved."

Disputes like these, upon mere questions of a text, were often the cause of prolonged schisms and of quarrels in which the blood of the subtle disputants was made to flow as freely as their wit. Charlemagne, although so zealous an upholder of the Pope against the heresy of the Archbishop of Toledo, was himself at variance with the Holy See upon the question of the worship of images, and became a leader of the great party of Iconoclasts.

Already in the seventh century, monasteries had become mere religious offices in which minute records were kept of births, deaths, the events of the time, and more especially of miracles. In the absence of controversial excitement, the monkish intellect dwindled down to be the mere herald of strange voices and of wonders that manifested themselves on such and such an occasion. The monasteries were also asylums, hospices, and hotels especially to persons of rank and title. The Englishman, Alcuist, was at the head of literature, philosophy, and theology. Charlemagne had consecrated a grant of land to the Pope, and Leon III. left the patrimony of St. Peter, as at once a supreme power and a temporal sovereignty, to Etienne IV., who had to follow his predecessor's example,

and place himself under the protection of Louis II., son of Charlemagne, against the turbulence of his own subjects. Popes then succeeded to one another so rapidly that the history of some is involved in the greatest obscurity. Nay, Capefigue declares that it is a real miracle, that amidst so many rapid and repeated mutations of the Pontificate, the series of legitimate Popes should be preserved like a chain of traditions. There is a legend of the middle ages that speaks of a Popess Joan; but what traces, triumphantly asks the Ultramontane Romanist, has she left of her Pontificate? The title of Vicar of St. Peter was first assumed in the bulls of Benedict I.; but when the power and the arrogance of the Popes had so increased, that they could threaten with impunity all the powers of Europe, they assumed the titles of Vicars of Jesus Christ. Had it not been for the Reformation, it is possible that by this time they might have gone further, and called themselves the Vicars of God. Divine honours were paid to them. No difficulties appalled them. "When," says Capefigue, "a power exists in the necessity of the time and of civilisation, all that opposes it is conquered." Thus, the Duke of Spoleto was excommunicated, and Charles the Bald nearly suffered the same penalty for daring to take the part of Hincmar, Archbishop of Rheims. John VIII. assumed dominion over all crowned heads, with all the pomp of divine authority. They no longer considered temporal princes but as the elect of Rome; and while they asserted their right to name emperors, they, under Adrian III., interdicted the emperor to interfere in the election of the Pope. This example of arrogance was soon followed by the bishops, who declared in a council assembled at Aix la Chapelle (A.D. 842), the episcopal authority to be above all other.

It would, however, be vain to attempt to follow M. Capefigue in his details of the perseverance of the Church of Rome to arrive at that universal dominion which it has never been destined to obtain. It was not only the hostility of the Eastern Church which the Popes Adrian and Leo attempted, upon the rise of the Western Empire, to bring under their control, by allying Irene to the emperor of the Franks, but schisms also soon arose in the bosom of the Western Church itself. The period even of the greatest fervour in the Western Church, that of the Crusaders, was marked by schisms. But popedom was then so strong, that a Felix was no longer summoned before a council and reproved; dissension was at once proclaimed to be heresy, and heresy was met by "an inflexible condemnation." Such was the fate of the Manicheans of Orleans, the most audacious, Capefigue calls it, of all the heresies of the tenth and eleventh centuries. The Albigenses were the first to attempt to put a stop to the corruption that had crept into both monasteries, and the Church alike. Capefigue would have us believe that they simply wanted to rob both, like the Normans, Danes, and Hungarians of old. The Popes first anathematised, and then exterminated them, a proceeding which they would, no doubt, still most gladly adopt in any case in which they had the power to do so. Still, even in these early times, the scandal of monastic life, especially among the followers of Saint Benedict, who at Cluny, Ceteaux, and Clairvaux, possessed rich farms, cattle, fish ponds, vineyards, and gardens, and indulged in all kinds of luxuries, became so general that reforms were attempted even within the

bosom of the Church itself, and orders of mendicant and poor friars were founded, Bruno being canonised to shame Benedict. Both Albigenses and Waldenses had, however, anticipated this move, and their clergy paraded their real poverty in contrast with the mock humility of the purse-proud, idle, and luxurious monks. Passive resistance against the progress of reform was soon found to be vain, and an active resistance was brought into play with the order of Dominicans and Franciscans. Schisms had also broken out in England, in the struggle that has everywhere characterised the Roman Church, between the temporal and spiritual power, *la lutte perpetuelle*, as Capefigue has it, *du sacerdoce et de l'empire!* and which, in our country, was well illustrated by the contests of Thomas à Becket against his sovereign; and till Henry VIII. disembarrassed himself of these inconvenient rivals in authority, the contests between the Archbishops of Canterbury and the successive kings of England never knew rest.

The strength of the sovereign pontiff lay, according to Capefigue, in maintaining the symbol which was the formula of faith. But what was the symbol? How was it ever defined? So precise as it is declared to be, the popes were always ready to yield to a certain extent, or give legitimate way, as Capefigue expresses it, to the particular customs, the rites, and the liturgies of people whom they expected gradually to win over to perfect subjection, while to positive dissension or heresy they waged the same uncompromising warfare that they have ever carried on against what are called the "pretensions" of their seniors, the Greek patriarchs. To these schisms were superadded in the middle ages that which followed upon the removal of the pontificate to Avignon, between the latter place and Rome itself; no great proof of the extreme simplicity of the symbol, or of the existence of any real "unity" beyond that of "force." The schism of the "West" (Capefigue says) had its origin in the invasion of the Church by the secular force, an invasion begun by the implacable and violent Philippe le Bel—that is to say, force opposed to force. The growing intelligence of the university and the parliament, even in those early times, also wished to substitute its force to the so much abused power of the sovereign pontiff. The extermination of the Templars was one of the sad incidents of this conflict. A more beneficial one to humanity at large was the establishment of a Gallican Church, without the Roman, if not precisely independent of it. The spectacle of two popes anathematising one another from Rome and Avignon, had also no little influence in engendering scepticism or developing heresies: "A new ordeal, which God imposed upon His Church, in order that the majesty of Rome and of its pontificate should issue from it more powerful than ever!"

From this spectacle of discord at head-quarters sprang up Olive, who, denounced the "Church" to be a carnal institution, as possessing property and temporal power. Olive, and Eikurd, another denouncer of the "Church," were, it is needless to say, vigorously anathematised by the popes; and was the Inquisition wrong (inquires Capefigue) in punishing such damnable errors? Wickliffe, who preached the same doctrine, was not so easily reached; and his teaching had not only a longer life, but, according to Capefigue, met with its natural climax in "John Bull," who advocated the community of goods! The Lollards were, according

to the same authority, but a branch of Wickliffites, and the same principles gave birth to John Huss in Bohemia. All this was consecutive; the German barons afforded the same protection to Huss and his followers that the English had done to Wickliffe, and neither papal bulls nor Inquisition could reach them. The succession of Charles VII., and the calling together the Councils-general of Constance and of Bâsle, only weakened the hands of the Roman pontiff; the Gallican Church was gone for ever, and the seeds of reform sown by Wickliffe and Huss never perished, but bore good fruit in due season. Shedding blood on account of differences of opinion on the mysteries of the Church, or on its secular government, do not appear to have ever answered yet as a decisive way of settling these differences, although so frequently resorted to. Yet, in the face of the exterminations by the sword and fire, and the still more atrocious tortures of the Inquisition, Capefigue, who terminates his work with the above-mentioned three great events—the Councils of Constance and Bâsle, and the Pragmatic Sanction, by which the existence of the Gallican Church, apart from that of Rome, was finally recognised—three acts which terminated the history of the Western Church in the middle ages, by shaking almost to its basis "the strong and holy dictatorship of the popes." Capefigue, who would still heal all doubts and discords among people by the balm of the Holy Inquisition, feels no scruple in asserting that "The immense power of the popes and bishops, who framed society out of barbarism, employed no other force than that moral sword which was held up aloft and motionless as the St. Peter of the Vatican. Excommunication and suspension, the two strong measures of the Pope, were not carried out by the sword; the word, everywhere obeyed, sufficed: the popes never used it but in the interests of society, morality, or of the family!"

We are promised further volumes in which the Western, or Roman Church, in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, will be treated of, in reference to the revival of Paganism and sensuality by philosophy and the arts; the history of the propagandism of Christianity in Asia and America; the Reformation of Luther, "which was the awakening up of the flesh and of rebellion;" and lastly, the history of the two orders, of which one was the glory and the force of the Church, the Company of Jesus; while the other, full of science, by some fatal destiny shook the sacred edifice to its foundations, these were the Oratorians, whose influence was so unfortunately mixed up with the French revolution and the civil constitution of the clergy. Finally, the History of the Church during the last four ages will form the complement of this work, devoted to the re-establishment of Papal supremacy and the benign rule of the Inquisition, showing that the battle fought ages ago may still have to be fought over again in our own times.

As a further proof of this lamentable state of things, let us turn to the pages of the well-known statesman, the Count de Montalembert, who justly enough premises that when we attempt to grapple with a subject which is attached to "the majestic immensity of Catholicism, the difficult thing is to restrict and to contain our efforts within precise limits." He accordingly commences with the year 1800, when there was no pope; for Pius VI. had just died an exile and a prisoner. Then was witnessed the most extraordinary scandal that ever stigmatised the Roman Catholic

Church. The cardinals assembled under the protection of the very Church whose patriarchate they had usurped and contested for nigh twelve centuries—under the protection of Russians of the Greek Church—to discuss what they openly designated as a flagrant state of treason of Catholic Europe! An obscure monk was raised to the pontificate to give as little offence as possible, for the electors of Mayence, Cologne, Tréves, and Saltzbourg, had all united before the revolution, to protest against papal despotism, and popedom itself had now only a nominal existence. It remained within the policy of Napoleon—of him who had imposed upon the pontificate the cruel treaty of Tolentino, who in Egypt had flattered Islamism, and in Europe had incorporated the great seminary of Ghent into a waggon-train—to repair the misfortunes of the Vatican.

Passing rapidly to more recent times, M. de Montalembert proclaims that in placing his hand imprudently upon the Archbishop of Cologne, the Prussian government gave the signal to the whole German Church to arouse itself. The Polish Archbishop of Posen became, like De Droste, a prisoner for the faith. Görres proclaimed a new Athanasius, "and the roaring of this old lion did not remain without an echo." The revolution of 1848 most unexpectedly served the interests of popedom. At Frankfort, Vienna, Berlin, and Erfurt, the priests proclaimed liberty of conscience in political questions. At the very spot where Ronge had prophesied the fall of Papal Babylon, monks, Jesuits, and Franciscans reappeared in their abhorred frocks, and drew anxious crowds around them. At the very spot where Lola Montes, encouraged by the friends of intelligence and progress, had usurped the character of a victim of the Jesuits, a Catholic association saved an ungrateful monarchy. At the very seat of the great central Protestant association of Gustavus Adolphus, have risen up the powerful associations of Pius IX., of St. Charles Borromeo, and of St. Boniface, which march, with raised head and resistless step, to the conquest of Germany by faith and by charity.

Everywhere the sacred fire is being alighted. "A retired cavalry officer," now the successor of St. Boniface, at Mayence, is founding an exclusively Romanist university at Fulda. In Austria, a young and chivalrous monarch inaugurates his reign by the emancipation of the Church, and already "millions" of Slaves have been brought over from being "schismatics" to "Catholic unity." In Belgium, debarred by the constitution from forming themselves into an association, the rebels against the "Church" (for which read the despotism of an archbishop) make the press the vehicle of their outcries, while audacious impostors usurp the governmental power! But M. de Montalembert has confidence in the ancient pride of the Belgian clergy, and that it will ultimately triumph against its enemies.

Even Holland, according to the same authority, shows symptoms of regeneration. The number of Romanists amounts now to two-fifths of the whole population. They have obtained freedom of relation with the great focus of ecclesiastical dominion within, and of rebellion against their princes without—the Roman pontificate. Every day their number and "their courage" increases.

But, according to M. de Montalembert, it is in France especially that the most wonderful change has taken place. The "Church" is now

stronger, more animated, and more popular than at any epoch of modern history! All the powers that succeed to one another invoke its aid and sympathy, and dispute with one another the honour of proclaiming its indispensable influence—whether from motives of policy, or from pure love of the "Church," M. de Montalembert does not make very clear. Education is now thrown into the hands of the "Church." More houses are offered to the bishops than they can direct, more pupils to the Jesuits than they can instruct. They are employed alike in the government of the colonies, of children in Algiers, and in the moral reform of the penal colonies of Cayenne! The bishops of France have given to Christianity surprised the spectacle of thirteen provincial councils; and religious orders long since banished from the soil now establish and develop themselves in full freedom of action. The actual head of the state has also never ceased to renew his protestations of devotion to the Church since his first candidateship to supreme dignity.

Let us, however (says M. de Montalembert), pass the straits, and contemplate with respect and gratitude one of the most astounding spectacles that God has given to the world. England, that sovereign nation, heir and rival of ancient Rome, by the extent of its power, the durable majesty of its institutions, the energy of its policy, and perseverance in its designs; England, so long dear and faithful to the Church, afterwards a rebel against its mother, and nevertheless overwhelmed with material prosperity in the midst of its apostacy; England, to whom nothing resists, and which braves with imprudence and impunity perils before which other states have succumbed—this haughty and all-powerful England feels itself invaded, braved, and conquered by the invincible weakness of that Church which it has so often thought it had annihilated. She carries fastened to her flank, with the ever-living testimony of her capital fault, the instrument of her punishment, and which may become, when she chooses, that of Divine mercy towards her. Ireland, so long forgotten by all Europe, even where Catholic, has never forgotten its faith. It has lived one long life of ordeal, the martyr of her invincible love for the Church of Rome. Three ages of confiscations, persecutions, famine, and degradation, have passed over her head without intimidating her or making her bend. She finished by giving birth to an avenger, but an avenger after the fashion of Christ, who saves us while he punishes us. A man arose, who, without ever having asked or received a favour, a title, or a decoration, has reigned for thirty years over his country—reigned over the hearts, the arms, nay, even *the purse* of five millions of men. He reigned without ever shedding a drop of blood, without having been engaged in a single violent or illegal struggle, by the force of language only—of that language, at once free yet regulated, that the marvellous institutions of England guarantees even to the adversaries of its domination. He has reigned, and his reign has done more than that of any modern king for the Catholic cause. He has received from his countrymen the title of *Liberator*, and posterity will preserve it for him, not for having delivered his country, which others may have done elsewhere, but for having delivered the Church of God in the most powerful empire of the world—a power that has hitherto been given to no one. It is he who, with Ireland at his back, came and knocked at the door of the English parliament. It opened, and the Catholics of the three kingdoms entered with him and for ever. The conqueror of Napoleon gave up his arms to the moral chief of a disarmed nation, but who became invincible by the force of right, and who preluded the defeat of his oppressors by the victory which he won over his own intemperance. The great and glorious Act of Catholic Emancipation was carried after fifty years of debates.

The Irish race, as fruitful as it is faithful, while it precipitates itself on all

sides into the manufactures, the workshops, and public works, and still more especially the colonies, carries with it the true faith, emancipated for ever; and that immense British empire, spread over the five parts of the globe, and upon which it can be truly said the sun never sets, becomes, as did once the Roman empire, one vast nursery of episcopal seats and Catholic missions. (There are, says M. de Montalembert, on the authority of Petri, author of the work entitled *Gerarchia della S. Chiesa in tutto l'orbe; Roma*, 1851, eighty-nine bishopricks or vicars-apostolic in the countries subjugated to the English crown.)

And that England should not be humiliated by this victory of a foreign and conquered race, God has permitted that there should have arisen, in the very bosom of the Anglican clergy itself, an unforeseen and prodigious movement towards tradition, towards authority, towards Roman unity. The faith of the great Alfred, of St Anselm, and of St. Thomas of Canterbury, is reclaiming its rights in the minds of its repentant sons. After a long and useless struggle, inspired by the vain hope of finding a mean term between truth and error—between unity and division—the select of the Anglican Church are seceding, and sacrificing benefices, riches, friendships, and family—are recruiting the legitimate militia of the sanctuary, or edifying the world by the humble fervour of their laical virtues. We have never participated in the dangerous dreams of those who have predicted with laughable assurance the total and immediate conversion of England; still less do we participate in the passions of those who would arouse dormant and bygone antipathies against a nation so essential to the destiny of Catholicism in the whole world. But we hail with pleasure the gradual conquests of truth upon that soil, from whence it has been so long banished; those churches, those convents, those schools especially, which, under the shadow of the most complete freedom in education, rise up daily by the side of the old cathedrals and the old universities founded by Catholicism, and from which Catholicism is excluded; those twelve bishopricks, which barely suffice for the spiritual wants of a kingdom in which, a century ago, a single vicar-apostolic was sufficient for a handful of the faithful, scattered about or secreted in by-places. These are the promises of a gradual and a sure revival. The return of England to Catholicism no longer depends, as in the time of James II., upon the will of a sovereign or an intrigue of court or cabinet; it is placed with liberty itself under the guardianship of that truly glorious constitution, founded in the first instance by the Catholics, and then sanctioned at their expense in 1688, but now become their shield and their safeguard.

Ah! truly, the fanaticism of heresy will not allow itself to be conquered in a day. Vulgar prejudices, the apprehensions of statesmen, the perfidious hatred of legislators (almost everywhere enemies of the Church), lay in store further ambuscades and further struggles whereby to try the patience and the courage of English Catholics. They will have more than one insult to put up with—more than one fine to pay—more than one campaign to undergo, like that of the bill against Ecclesiastical Titles. But it will all be of no avail, no more than the bill itself; nor will anything that can be done give rise to any serious obstacle. Nothing can alter the tendency of events. Nothing can weaken the incomparable strength which the Catholic cause derives from publicity, from equity, from discussion so inseparable from the political habits and liberal institutions of England. Already, in the two chambers, the most eminent statesmen, the supporters of the great political principles of Sir Robert Peel, have generously maintained, at the price of their popularity for the moment, the rights of their Catholic countrymen; and, since the last elections, the Catholic phalanx sent by Ireland to the House of Commons becomes, in the midst of the struggle of parties, mistress of the situation. If these Catholic members can only conduct themselves with prudence and loyalty—if there arises a chief capable of guiding them—the future of Catholicism in England is assured. Oh mystery of the mercy and the power of God! Not a

century has elapsed since the first petition which aimed at obtaining the emancipation of the Catholics was kicked over the bar of that very House of Commons in which the elected of the Catholics are in the present day the arbiters of English policy!

It is well, at all events, to know what the Ultramontanists predict to us of our future. The claim for "Religious Equality" will not come to us in the usual guise of an appeal to the just and liberal sentiments of Englishmen. It is here made to stand forth in its real and undisguised aspect of one step more towards a general conversion, and towards bending the British neck beneath the intolerable yoke of popedom. Let the Dissenters mark this fact. There is no telling how far nations may retrograde in their struggles towards freedom—moral and intellectual, and political and religious—witness France: its emperor and its Ultramontanists—the sword and the crozier once more ruling all things; but freedom dearly bought is not easily scattered to the winds by Englishmen, nor are they as yet so disloyal as to wish to see their beloved queen under the dictatorship of a cardinal; or are they so weary of their liberty of conscience as to be anxiously awaiting for their own bodies or those of their friends and relatives being delivered over to the tender mercies of Franciscan or Dominican inquisitors. It is evident that if, according to the Ultramontanists, the Inquisition was more than justified by the trifling schisms of the early Church, and that persecution, torture, and extermination were pleasing to the Saviour and his Vicar, that in the case of the wide-spread, flagrant, and stubborn heresies of the present, something still more terrifying and convincing must be had recourse to—something, for example, after the Irish fashion, compounded of the steam-engine and the balista, by which whole hosts of recreant heretics may be smashed at a time, and heresy itself extirpated wholesale from the land.

It is not a little agreeable that, in return for these well-wishes of an adverse sect, we have it in our power to remark that with liberty of conscience we have at least some religious feeling extant in this country. In France, on the contrary, with all the blessings of a true faith, the protection of the Vicar of Christ, and a certain salvation, there is little or no sentiment of religion remaining. Had such been in existence, rebellion, communism, socialism, and red republicanism, which required so strong a hand to put down, could never have reared their gory heads.* Better than such a state of things, in politics, a military dictatorship—better than such a state of things, Franciscans and Dominicans, and all the militia of the Pope, to drill the consciences and subject the bodies and intellects of the people. But, during very trying times, there have been no evidences of infidelity or disloyalty in this country,† and during the

* Monseigneur Rendu, Bishop of Annecy, in his work entitled "De la Liberté et de l'Avenir de la République Française," says: "Do you know why, as is acknowledged by politicians of every description, America is a country with a future? It is not because it has a virgin, fertile, boundless soil, but because it has not, by disgraceful laws, shut the doors against truth. Neither has it proscribed error; but when error does not enjoy the privileges of monopoly, it soon disappears and gives way to truth. Our corrupt civilisation cannot bear the idea of truth, because it has no longer the courage of virtue."

† "In an age of slavery," said Macaulay, in his "History of the Revolution of 1688," "the English were possessed of liberty; that is why, in our days, they have order in an age of anarchy."

rebellion that but a short time ago involved the length and breadth of the continent of Europe, the Protestant countries, generally, exhibited a wonderful lesson of moderation and reserve. What, on the contrary, was the state of Paris, Vienna, Pesth, Milan, and, worse than all, the very seat of Papal dominion—if that can be called a seat which is supported by French, Austrian, and Neapolitan bayonets?

If modern, or rather recent, instances are objected to as exceptional, we would appeal to the whole history of Roman Catholicism. Even as developed by Capefigue himself, it is but one continuous struggle, prolonged by the most powerful of all institutions—a succession of life kings or pontiffs, and carried on against every human liberty alike. Empires, monarchies, seigneuries, counties, magistracies, and popular confederacies, had alike to succumb before this new religious despotism, at least so far as they could be brought under its influence. The Greek Church, and the Churches of the East, except in the instance of a few converts, have never acknowledged the paramount authority of the Bishop of Rome; yet under the Greek and Syrian patriarchs rebellion is almost unknown. What is Ultramontanism itself? The exaltation, beyond the mountains or the dominion of the Pope, of the authority of the Pope and the Roman Catholic Church above that of temporal sovereigns. Ultramontanism appears to have succeeded in our times to the ambition of popes individually, and to have replaced the claim of supremacy so long insisted upon by the popes, by a similar claim on the part of the Roman Catholic Church generally, and of France particularly. It is possible that popedom may last till it finds itself shorn of its highest glory by its own children. To assume the title of Protector of the Sanctuaries, is to assume the title as well as the reality of protectorship of popedom. The days of Charlemagne are for a moment revived, soon, probably, to be supplanted by those of a King Louis II. or an Emperor Henry IV., unless, as has generally been the case in the history of popedom, the power of the Pope has diminished as that of the bishop's has increased.

M. de Montalembert, the avowed advocate of Ultramontanism, is evidently more afraid in the present day of imperial ascendancy than of popular rebellion; he would, in his anxiety to establish papal supremacy, even in part, put the middle ages out of the question, and found his argument on what he asserts to be a great fact—that Catholicism alone has profited by the crises in modern society. Arguing from this that liberty is in want of religion and religion of liberty, he does not, like most Ultramontanists, reject a constitutional or parliamentary government altogether, although he admits such as at present constituted to be the focus of all kinds of vices and crimes. But he admits the occasional utility of a counterpoise to absolutism, as lately evidenced in England.

Where (he inquires) would be the Catholic cause in England in the present day, if, instead of having to do with a parliament where the Catholics and the truly liberal Protestants can speak in tones that must be listened to, it found itself in presence of the offended majesty of Queen Victoria, jealous to excess, as every one knows, of her spiritual prerogative? No doubt we should have witnessed acts of violence analogous to those which consecrated that prerogative under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, when the parliament was a mere court wherein to register the despotic will of royalty. In our times,

on the contrary, all the fury of popular prejudices let loose against "the Church," encouraged by a licentious press, and by the guilty complicity of the Whig minister, what has it been able to give birth to? Nothing, except that famous bill of Ecclesiastical Titles, the discussion of which was morally annihilated before it was promulgated; which the eloquent protestation of the Grahams and the Aberdeens had marked with the seal of reprobation, and which has remained to the present as a dead letter.

Granted, then, that even to the Ultramontanists some counterpoise to absolutism is wanted, what can be substituted in modern times to parliamentary and constitutional assemblies, so vicious in their nature, so criminal in their acts? Capefigue, and others of the same school, would revive what they are pleased to designate "the strong guarantees, the solid and secular institutions of the middle ages;" and even M. de Montalembert avers that all that constitutes the strength and durability of the representative system in England, is precisely that which it has preserved from the middle ages in its laws and in its manners. Others would replace "the odious and despicable system of parliamentary guarantees" by an empire, a military dictatorship, or an absolute monarchy. This, it can be easily imagined, is totally opposed to Ultramontanism, which seeks solely for the supremacy of the Pope. "Such a hope," says M. de Montalembert, "never will be accomplished, and never can be. It will not be, because ancient royalty is dead, dead as the feudal system which it triumphed over. It must not be, because nothing would be more fatal to the reviving ascendancy of the Catholic Church than the revival of the ancient monarchical system."

Others, again, advocate the "provincial liberties." "Where are they?" asks M. de Montalembert. "In the grave, and for ever. It may be regretted—no one regrets it more bitterly than I do; but we must be trebly blind to deny it." The departmental spirit has, according to the same writer, entirely replaced, in France, the provincial. What, then, is the system selected by M. de Montalembert to replace the odious parliamentary system, and to act as a counterpoise to the empire or to absolute monarchy? A Roman Catholic representation! That is to say, an assembly of cardinals, bishops, abbots, and inferior clergy—*un régime représentatif au point de vue Catholique*—and which would watch over public liberties as tenderly as it would over the supremacy of the Pope and the rights of the "Church!"

Thus it is, as it has ever been, Roman Catholicism openly proclaims universal dominion. It does not stop at the people; it repudiates all parliamentary and constitutional action. Its own advocates differ how that is to be replaced, some demanding an ecclesiastical synod, others the feudal system and the Inquisition, but all advocating religious despotism —the worst of all despotisms—and the humiliation of monarchy.

The power that every man enjoys in that society of which he constitutes a part is what is called liberty. Thus, there is religious liberty, which is itself composed of liberty of conscience and liberty of worship; civil liberty, which comprises liberty of the person, liberty of residence and property; political liberty, or the intervention of persons in the making the laws and disbursing the public funds; educational liberty, whether by writing or by books, by word or by example; administrative liberty, in the state, the county, the municipality, the parish, and the family; and,

lastly, liberty of association, liberty of speech, and liberty of the press. How many of these liberties, thus defined, would a papal supremacy and a firmly-established despotism of Romanist prelates, monks, and inquisitors leave to the world? Not one; nor, if it had its own way, the shadow of one. Ever since the claim of the Roman Catholic Church to supremacy and dominion over emperors and kings, over people and people's consciences, there has been one incessant struggle, renewed under various forms, between popes and emperors, cardinals and kings, the clergy and the people. That in Roman Catholic countries it is possible to propose seriously, in the present day, to return to the holy times of the Inquisition, and to supplant even imperial power (the representative power being dead in France) by ecclesiastical dominion, is barely comprehensible; but still less so is that the main argument, for such a retrogression is founded upon the assumed proximate conversion of Great Britain!

England has, no doubt, had its revolutions as well as France; but even in the instance of the Great Rebellion, the leaders of the constitutional party were men of marked piety. But what spectacle did Roman Catholic France—the country so especially of the only true faith—exhibit to the astounded world under similar circumstances? Let us borrow from M. de Montalembert himself:

> The whole of the episcopacy was in exile; the clergy decimated by the guillotine and transportation; the faithful ensnared and harassed, condemned to choose between apostacy or death, scarcely allowed to breathe, or to enjoy in silence the toleration begat by contempt.
>
> Not a resource material or moral remained; the vast patrimony of the Church, accrued by love and the free gifts of forty generations, reduced to dust; the religious orders, after a thousand years of glory and of good deeds, lying torn up and annihilated; three thousand monasteries of the two sexes abolished, and with them all the chapters, all the sanctuaries, all the asylums of penitence, retreat, study, and prayer!

Where in our own days is the Church less reverenced, its head more despised, and its clergy and monks more detested, than in the Papal States? Where is there less piety than in Roman Catholic countries? Why, the unlettered Muhammedan, the prejudiced Brahmin, and the bigoted Buddhist, has more piety in him than is to be found in our times in a hundred followers of the infallible Church—the one without which there is no salvation.

What is there then to tempt Great Britain to a change? What can possibly be gained by placing the monarchy under the control of a Roman bishop, the constitution under the protection of Anglo-Romanist hierarchs, and individual liberty and freedom of conscience under priestly captains and monkish executioners? If the people under the yoke of the Roman Church exhibit everywhere an irritability and discomfort that leads them on to revolt and to rebellion, do the hierarchs and priests of Roman Catholic Ireland manifest that meekness and forbearance which would be best calculated to allay such tendencies, and which should, according to their own showing, characterise a true Christianity? The contrary is the case; the Roman Catholic pontiffs meet a just rebellion at home with foreign bayonets—abroad, as, for example, in Ireland, they goad a generous and impulsive people to revolt and rebellion, solely to

increase their own power. Such a "Church" is a dangerous Church, and always has been so. It is opposed to the moral and intellectual progress of the human race: it is opposed to all freedom of conscience: it is opposed to all constitutional and liberal monarchical government: it is opposed to all individual happiness and domestic peace. It stirs up discord in the palace and the hut: it eats up alike the profusion of the rich and the last fragment of the poor: it will neither let man live nor die but as it likes. The annals of the Roman Church herself pronounce her ample, emphatic, unqualified condemnation; and England will not give up her religious freedom, her liberty of conscience, her constitution and her monarchy, at the bidding either of a few Irish blusterers, or of a handful of medieval Ultramontanists.

ANNIE LEE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SEVEN YEARS IN THE WEDDED LIFE OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC."

I.

SOME half-dozen miles beyond the chief town of one of our midland counties, a traveller may observe a solitary farm-house rising in the midst of promising-looking lands. As it stands now, so it has stood for the last seventy years, and the aspect of the place in all that time has in nowise changed. The house is dreary and comfortless-looking; a tall, slender, red-brick building, straight and thin, and long and narrow, suggesting few ideas of cosy apartments within. Not a tree or a shrub is near it, not even a leaf of ivy; not a rose-bush outside, or a geranium in. The kitchen-garden might have caused a little set-off to its barren dreariness, but it was hidden from sight behind the house, being a strip of land long and narrow, like the house itself.

But in proportion as the house looked bare and comfortless, were the inhabitants of it industrious and thrifty; and that, perhaps, was the secret of its forlorn appearance, they having little time to bestow on outward embellishment. The tenant of it was an industrious, careful farmer. He was born in the house, and had succeeded his father in its occupancy. He was by no means of that class called "gentlemen-farmers;" a thrifty, hard-working, careful man was Benjamin Lee. Only to look at the highly-cultivated lands, the well-kept fold-yard—in fact, at the condition of all appurtenances to the farm, was sufficient to proclaim that it had a never-tiring and experienced master. He had two daughters—we are now alluding to little less than twenty years ago—buxom, grown-up young women, persevering in toil as he was; and there was another, whose delight it would have been to banish all work and its accompaniments out of sight and hearing.

Farmer Lee had been twice married. His first wife, a clever, active woman, was well suited to be the mistress of his farm, and to bring up her two daughters in her own industrious steps. But she died; and the farmer married again. His second wife was a lady, and a Roman Catholic; a very great lady in the eyes of the neighbourhood around, with her accomplished education, her gentle voice, and her delicate hands.

She was from a distant place, and did not know, and perhaps little anticipated, the home of toil she was about to enter. It was a matter of surprise to many that she should marry Farmer Lee, homely-spoken, plain, honest Farmer Lee. But some hazarded an opinion that the lady, being already on the shady side of forty, deemed that to be the wife of Farmer Lee was better than being no wife at all. She struggled along for eight years, doing her best, poor lady, towards the occupations of her house, and that best was but trifling, for her frame was delicate and ailing; and at the end of that period she died, leaving a little girl behind her, a lovely plaything.

The years went on, and with it the work of the farm. From the 1st of January to the 31st of December, it could scarcely be said that one day, except in the change of its particular domestic duties, was marked by any event not common to all. The farmer was up at four, and out in the fields; his daughters, Joan and Judith, rose at five, churned the butter, made the cheese—on busy days had been known to assist in milking the cows, and prepared the breakfast, not only for the parlour but for the kitchen, no light matter, considering the number of labourers to partake of it. As to their occupations for the remainder of the day, the enumeration of them would but tire the reader. Not a moment, as they often said, did they get for themselves till bed-time; it was a continued scene of bustle, scuffle, and toil. Every Saturday Judith would mount their old bay mare, and ride to the county town to keep market. No fair country lass in the market-house was in more request than Miss Judith Lee; and with justice, for rarely were plump barn-door fowls so well fed as hers, never was butter sweeter, or cheese richer. Miss Judith, too, with her pink cap ribbons and smart cloth dress, half-habit, half-pelisse, was, in herself, an object of no mean attraction, especially to the young farmers around; for, as they would knowingly repeat to themselves, she "come of a good stock, and was possessed, no doubt, of substance as well as thrift."

But we must turn to Annie. Never was there seen a more lovely child; and, if truth must be told, never one more wilful. A laughing, blue-eyed, romping little fairy, with delicate features and gold-shining hair. She grew up half-petted, half-snubbed by her sisters; sometimes indulged, sometimes punished. When she was of a sufficient age, they put her to work like they had been put, but it seemed that they might have spared themselves the trouble, for none would she do. Anything in the shape of work assigned to Annie was left untouched, or only half-finished, bringing, as Miss Joan would scoldingly observe, nothing to pass. In vain Farmer Lee remonstrated; in vain Misses Joan and Judith slapped, boxed, and coaxed; Annie could not and would not attend to household duties, and the house was kept in a perpetual ferment. In the midst of this, and when Annie was about fourteen, her mother's sister, a widow lady of the name of Henniker, who lived in the west of England, came to pay them a short visit, her chief purpose being to see her own niece, Annie. Ere she had been there a day, she was destined to hear innumerable complaints of Annie's idleness, interspersed with tearful declarations from herself, that she detested the work of a farm-house, and everything connected with it.

"If you dislike household work, child," said Mrs. Henniker to her, "what do you like? You ought not to sit idle. Do you like sewing?"

"I don't know, ma'am," grumbled Annie; "I don't know much about it. Joan and Judith give me the stockings to darn, and I hate that."

"Not know much about it!" exclaimed Mrs. Henniker. "Can you make a shirt, child?"

"Goodness, ma'am!—no. Judith was mending one the other day, and she gave me the tails to hem: I did one of them."

"Perhaps you read and write a good deal, Annie?" proceeded Mrs. Henniker, who, being a starched and stately lady, always dressed out in rich black silk, was regarded by Annie with more awe than affection: "your mamma was fond of both."

"I don't like writing, ma'am, and I never get any pretty books to read," was Annie's reply.

"Pretty books!" cried Mrs. Henniker; "who was talking about pretty books? I was not, my dear. Are you fond of studying history, and grammar, and geography?"

"That's school learning, ma'am," exclaimed Annie, opening her large blue eyes widely at the question. "I had a book one day that told about the stars, and of the earth moving round and round the sun, but my sister Joan said I was a little fool for reading such a parcel of stories as that."

"Are you clever at arithmetic?" asked Mrs. Henniker, with a dash of impatience in her tone.

"At summing, ma'am?" hesitated Annie. "I know part of the multiplication table pretty perfectly: the twos—and the threes—and the fives—and the tens—and the elevens."

"The child is an utter dunce!" ejaculated Mrs. Henniker, in dismay. "Fourteen years of age, and to be ignorant of the common branches of study, not to speak of more polite accomplishments! What in the world is to be done? If her poor mamma could look down and witness this neglect!"

That something *should* be done Mrs. Henniker was determined, and after weighing the matter in her own mind, she called a council with the farmer, and it was resolved to place Annie out at a good school.

She went; and remained there two years. Upon her return home, she was wonderfully improved in person and manners, and, the schoolmistress assured her family, had amply made up for her former deficiencies in education. Her sisters had long anticipated the time of her return. Sundry light jobs, such as feeding the poultry, washing up the breakfast-things, making the puddings and pies, skimming the milk, sorting the eggs, rubbing the furniture, getting up the fine linen, aiding to make the beds on a busy day, filling the bottles at hay-making time, doing all the sewing, and writing all the letters, had been confidently set aside in their own minds as the pastimes of Annie, all to be turned over to her from the moment of her arrival. And great was their exasperation when she declared she was more averse to such work than ever, and would not touch it.

And she did not. But would pass her time roaming about the garden, or figuring off before the glass, or would be found reading in all sorts of holes and corners. She was fond of music: it was known she had an ear for it as a child, and during these two years Mrs. Henniker had caused her to be taught, the farmer himself having rather objected to it.

There was an old square piano in the best parlour, which had belonged to the second Mrs. Lee, and there she would sit for hours, as Miss Joan expressed it, "strumming their ears out."

"What dost thee think is to become of thee, child?" demanded the farmer, upon hearing the oft-repeated complaints of his elder daughters; "dost think thee'st going to live like a lady?"

"The work was all done before I came home," answered Annie, "and it can be done now. Or if Joan and Judith have too much to do, why don't they keep two maid-servants instead of one? I never did make any hand at this sort of work, and I never shall. They say my dear mamma did not; perhaps I am like her."

The farmer looked at his child, and thought of his late wife. Annie *was* like her; at least, like what she must have been in her youth. "But," he reasoned with himself, "if she cannot take to farm-house work, she must take to something. It would be a stain upon our family amongst the neighbours, to have one of its members brought up to idleness."

"But what else is there that Annie can do?" questioned Miss Joan, one day upon hearing her father's suggestion that Annie had better try "something else."

"I do not know what there is," replied the farmer; "but I don't like this scolding and crying in the house from morning till night. Annie has now been at home some months, and I think you have scarcely passed a day without it."

"But there is nothing else that we *can* put her to do," persisted Miss Joan, crossly.

"Perhaps the dressmaking?" hesitated Miss Judith.

"The dressmaking—ay!" cried the farmer; "that's a capital thought. I never 'lighted upon that. Shouldst like it, Annie, lass?"

Annie had turned round full upon them in dismayed astonishment, her eyes sparkling, and her cheeks flushing crimson.

"You are not serious?" she uttered to them.

"It would be a good thing, I fancy, Annie," said her father, surprised out of his familiar way of speaking, "even if you only made your own gowns and your sisters'."

"But think of the degradation, sir!" retorted Annie.

"The what?" asked the farmer.

"The degradation of learning a trade! Oh, father, you surely never will think of it!"

"Highty-tighty!" exclaimed Miss Joan, dropping an egg on the floor in her anger, "so you have picked up fine notions at school, Miss Annie!"

"Father," continued Annie, earnestly, "do not put me to learn the dressmaking. Think how mamma would have disliked it: you never could have thought of doing it had she lived."

"Why should I not have done it? How do you know your mamma would have disliked it?" reiterated the farmer.

"Because mamma was a *lady*," answered Annie, with tears in her eyes; "every lady here says so, and I can remember that she was. My Aunt Henniker is a lady too, and I know she would disapprove of it. Real ladies do not think of placing their children with a dressmaker."

"Your poor mother was a woman of sound sense, Annie," observed Mr. Lee; "and if you think she nursed a pack of fine, foolish notions within her, you are mistaken. Any proposition for your benefit she would have fallen in with."

"For my benefit, yes," answered Annie; "but this would not be for my benefit."

"Annie," interrupted the farmer, speaking more seriously than usual, "I do not wish to push you on to an occupation you would dislike; but I will have no lazy person in my house. If you are willing to help your sisters in their duties, let it be so, and then you can stop at home."

"It is of no use promising it," said Annie, "for I know if I promised I never should perform. You might as well put me to plough and to reap as to do the things that Joan and Judith do."

The subject dropped for the time, and soon afterwards the farmer departed for London, upon business connected with his farm. He remained absent about ten days, and on his return brought news for Annie.

It was night when he arrived, nearly nine, and the family were thinking of retiring to rest. They did not particularly expect him on that evening. The fire was getting low in the every-day sitting-room, and they were gathered round it. Miss Joan was making up her cheese and butter accounts for the month, and Judith was putting her fine and abundant black hair into "curling leads," paper being found scarcely strong enough for its exuberance: for to-morrow would be market morning, and Miss Judith had no objection to appear to advantage before the numerous farming blades collected on that day in the county town. Annie had been told five or six times to go to bed, but she chose to sit on, doing nothing, as usual.

They were surprised when their father entered. Joan and Judith rose and bustled about, laying out for him substantial refreshments, and directing Annie to do this, and to do the other. But Annie did nothing, save stir the fire into a blaze, and chat with her father. He told her then that it was all settled, and that she was to go to London at once to learn the dressmaking.

She did not believe it at first; but when the conviction came upon her that it was really true, she shivered as if an ague had taken her, and, drawing into the furthest corner of the room, gave way to tears.

She probably was no believer in presentiments, but that shiver—was it a forewarning of what was to come?

She sat sullenly by whilst the farmer gave her sisters the particulars of his journey; but when he came to speak of the splendid home which awaited her, she gradually dried her tears and listened. Mr. Lee had been furnished with an introduction to Madame ——, a "court-dressmaker," they styled her, living at the West-end of London. The farmer thought this home might suit, for madame was a Catholic, and Annie, it should be observed, had been reared in her mother's faith. But when he continued to descant upon the perfect palace—for so the house of the Frenchwoman had really appeared to the farmer—that was to be Annie's home; the wide, gay street in which it was situated, crowded constantly with beautiful equipages, beside which the lord of the manor's would look no better than a "po-chay;" madame's own carriage that he

saw at the door; the footman, covered in lace, who had opened the door to him, and bowed him in; the carpets he had been ashamed to walk upon; the elegant furniture, all crimson velvet, and gold and china vases, and costly mirrors, amidst which he could not find a place plain enough to sit on, or to place his hat; the fascinating manners of madame, who had gently pushed him down on one of those costly sofas, as if it had been of no more moment than a haycock; the delicious cake and wine handed to him on a silver waiter, such wine that he had rarely tasted, and the cake as rich as that they had at neighbour Bumford's wedding; and the glimpse he had of two handsome girls dressed out in silk attire, who madame said were two of her young ladies—all this perfectly aroused Annie; and after asking once and again if this enchanting place was really to be her home in London, she began now to tremble lest any untoward accident should prevent her departure.

Joan and Judith for once in their lives sat idle as they listened in astonishment to the tale, and almost envying Annie. An indistinct vision passed before their eyes—one which had already visited the farmer—of Annie's return to her native place, an accomplished milliner and dressmaker, and setting up in business in the county town, drawing all the first-rate custom into her hands, and showers of gold pouring into her lap.

"For how long is Annie to be there?" inquired Judith.

"Three years," answered the farmer.

"But won't this cost a power of money?" asked Miss Joan, in a tone of disapprobation.

"A prettyish sum," rejoined Mr. Lee. "But if Annie is attentive, I guess it will be money well laid out."

"Then all there is to do now," said Judith, "is to let Mrs. Henniker know, and to get Annie ready."

"And to pay over the money," added Joan, sharply.

"To pay over the money," assented the farmer, "when Annie goes. But Annie, child," he continued, drawing her towards him, "I said I would not force you against your inclination, and you shall decide still. Will you go or not?"

"Oh, father," she returned, her eyes filling with the tears of delight, "if you do not let me go to this beautiful place I shall never be happy again."

Opposition, however, arose from a quarter least expected. No sooner was Mrs. Henniker made acquainted with the intended change, than she started, post haste, from her own residence for the farmer's, bitterly protesting against the measure. Her first argument was that which had once been used by Annie—that if her poor sister, Annie's mother, were living, she would never suffer it to take place.

Mrs. Henniker found she could make but little impression. Her step-nieces did not so much care, they observed, that Annie should go there, but she would do nothing at home, and where was the profit to her, or to them, in keeping her in idleness?

"Do you know," cried Mrs Henniker, sharply, to the farmer, "that girls in those fine London establishments are worked into consumptions? How would you like to see your bright Annie laid in a London grave?"

The farmer thought and hoped his sister-in-law was mistaken. He said she could have no conception what a splendid house it was, or of the kindness of madame.

"How can you answer for what associates Annie will meet with?" pursued Mrs. Henniker. "She may be drawn, for all we can tell, into some dreadful thing or other that never can be redeemed. Sending her there without a protector!"

"Madame would be her protector," answered the farmer. "She assured him that her young ladies were taken as much care of as they could possibly be at home."

"Set phrases!—set phrases!" ejaculated Mrs. Henniker. "I know how these establishments are conducted. The superior has neither time nor inclination to overlook the moral conduct of her pupils. They are not without opportunities of going out—they are not kept shut up for ever, as in a prison. And you little know the deceitful vice and wickedness prevailing in London, or the numerous temptations that beset a handsome girl placed in the position Annie will be."

The farmer drew his hand over his perplexed brow, and looked at Annie—at her graceful form and lovely features. There was a confiding, innocent look about her, telling of nought but girlish purity. "A blight fall upon *her!*" he exclaimed to himself. "Mrs. Henniker must judge harshly of the world. I should trust," he added, aloud, "that Annie will always regulate her conduct by the remembrance of her sainted mother: she will need no other safeguard."

"Annie," interposed Mrs. Henniker, "I came this long, hasty journey, determined to make you one proposal, in case I failed to set aside your London scheme by other means. Will you come home with me, and be unto me as a daughter? You shall enjoy a good and peaceful home—and it is probable that what I die possessed of will, in that case, be left to you. Yet understand me: I do not promise this. It may be many years yet before death shall overtake me; and to give a solemn promise of this nature so long beforehand is what I cannot and ought not to do. Neither is it much that I shall have to leave: your father knows that the greater portion of what I enjoy is only mine by a life interest. But I do promise you a happy home—one where you will be indulged and cherished, and in which you will have a fairer opportunity of exercising the offices of your religion than you have had in this."

That Mrs. Henniker's proposition was considerate and generous could not be denied; nevertheless, Annie heard it with dismay. She had paid a visit to Mrs. Henniker, of some months' standing, immediately after her mother's death, when she was between seven and eight years of age, and she remembered to this day how dull and dismal she had found the house. A formal visit to the Catholic chapel most mornings—for Mrs. Henniker was strict in the observances of her religion—then lessons till dinner-time, and sewing afterwards, varied by a quiet country walk when it was fine, during which, it seemed to Annie's recollection, they never met a soul. For amusement, there was an occasional tea-visit to some old dowager, where Annie regularly nodded asleep in a corner, while the general company took a hand at whist. The old servant too, she recollected perfectly, precise and respectable as her mistress; and Mrs. Henniker had her still. Compare this sober home with the glowing description

of the one offered her at the Frenchwoman's, and judge which a gay-hearted, thoughtless girl would fix upon.

Joan and Judith, the keen, thrifty managers, eagerly caught at this proposition: Annie would be desirably provided for, and without expense to them. But the farmer, truth to say, had been fascinated by the splendours of the West-end establishment, a secret voice within him whispering, that perhaps in time his little Annie might possess just such another. He therefore neither opposed nor seconded Mrs. Henniker's proposal, but said that it should be left entirely to the decision of Annie.

And the upshot was, that Mrs. Henniker departed for her home more keenly hurt and offended than she had ever been in her life, and Annie Lee was transported to London.

II.

It is London, and the month April, but the day is warm and bright—more like a sunny day in June. What an exciting scene it is! Men of rank and station are riding and driving through the handsome streets, and carriages, of various makes and degrees of elegance, throng past. But only to look at the beautiful faces they contain, beaming, beaming faces; some haughty, some smiling, but all *looking* as if they had not a care in the world. What a splendid mixture of colours their attire presents—pink, blue, green, violet, primrose, and, the most becoming of all when judiciously mingled, the one relieving the other, black and white. Delicately-fringed parasols are thrown up to the sun, and waving feathers flutter in the air. Where can they all be going to? Oh, some are bound for one spot and some for another; a few are stopping at this very door. What door is it?—it belongs to a substantial, nay, fashionable-looking house. A servant dressed in a showy livery throws the door open: suppose we enter it with these distinguished women, who are alighting from their coroneted carriages.

The man closes the door behind us, shutting out the gay world, and we pass on. We catch a glimpse of large apartments and tasteful decorations, and there is a handsome staircase, towards which the ladies, who entered with us, advance, and are now ascending. We would follow, but we are impeded in the hall by a dazzling group, who have come down it. Let us draw aside whilst they pass, and admire the various hues thrown upon their rich attire by that painted window. The first lady is of the highest rank in England short of royalty, and that beautiful girl by her side was introduced at last week's Drawing-room. Another is a foreign princess, and the rest—but they are already gone; the carriages are rolling away now. Who is this elegantly-dressed woman advancing to meet the new comers? She seems to belong to the house. Why that is madame herself, the same madame who so fascinated Farmer Lee; and those noble ladies, just departed, have been giving her various and valuable orders, which she must execute with all despatch. She returns to wait upon her new customers, and others are pouring in. She did an enormous business, did madame, for she was just then *the* fashionable dressmaker, *par excellence*. Other establishments were in the vicinity, but their houses have not a hundredth part of the run that distinguished hers. There was probably some peculiar merit in the establishment of madame: her taste was more distinguished, or her artists were more skilful; or it was that her charges were less exorbitant, or even possibly

that she herself bore a higher character? Not a bit of it: madame's extensive patronage was accorded her because—she was not English.

But the run of custom has for the moment abated, and madame finds an instant to dash down into the hall, and opening the stained glass-door, painted in unison with the high window, she steps into the court outside. It is paved, save just round the edges, where are planted a few flowers. Upon the pavement stands shrubs or plants in large ornamental pots; some look like orange-trees—but never mind them now, we must follow madame. Traversing this court, she opens a door at the opposite end, and again passing an antechamber, a confined room, filled with human beings, is disclosed to view. They are mostly young girls of ages varying from fourteen to twenty, and are stooping, bending over needlework in that position so hurtful to the chest, and which a medical man would tell you induces so many cases of consumption. The girls look pale, and their eyes are heavy; some complain in an under voice of headache; and many a one stops to press her hand upon a back making rapid strides towards deformity; whilst one, that fair girl with the bright colour working at a mourning dress, coughs frightfully. Before madame has spoken to the forewoman half her wishes, a bell rings, and she hastens away to receive more customers and fresh orders.

One amongst these girls is our old friend Annie Lee, but how changed! The blooming, high-spirited girl, who a few months before left her father's house, expecting she was about to enter a second paradise, had found—what? The splendid residence described by the farmer was her home, it is true, and she saw it in all its grandeur when she first entered the house, but that was all she did see of it. There was a back door opening into another and more obscure street, which was for the ingress and egress of the pupils, and there were small, dull, back rooms appropriated to their use. The gay streets and the handsome apartments, the liveried servants and costly furniture, might as well have been a hundred miles off for all the gratification that Annie could derive from them. She, who at home had found the slightest task irksome, was now compelled to pass her days, and almost nights, in incessant labour. Some nights they did not go to bed at all, and on those when they did go it was but to snatch three or four hours of unrefreshing sleep.

When Annie entered madame's house, some months before the commencement of the season, it was what they called the "slack" time, but their hours of work then were from seven in the morning till ten at night. Her fatigue was, or it seemed to be, unbearable; and her disappointment and mortification chafed her spirit with a bitterness that few can tell of. She had come up to London indulging in all the attractive visions that can delight a young girl; and when they came to be realised she found herself to be little better than a prisoner in a small, gloomy house—to all intents and purposes a working slave. She wrote home, describing her trials, and imploring to be removed forthwith, unless they wanted to see her die of work and grief. This letter produced an answer from the farmer—a somewhat angry answer; for he put all her complaints down to the score of her old laziness. Other communications produced no better result. Miss Joan herself once condescended to write, inquiring whether Annie had gone clean out of her mind, that she should ask to

be removed, and so forfeit the large sum which had been paid with her. As a last resource, Annie wrote to Mrs. Henniker; but that lady had been too deeply offended to return anything but a cool reply, declining all interference. So poor, dissatisfied, overworked Annie had no choice but to remain; and now the London season was reaching its height, and she was worked ten times harder than before

"Vhat for are you doing dat?" cried the French assistant, glancing towards a young girl of fifteen whose head had dropped upon the table, and who, not having been long in the establishment, was scarcely inured to the fatigue—"vhat for are you doing dat, Miss Villiams, I say?"

"I think I was dropping asleep, mam'selle," said the girl, rousing herself and resuming her employment.

"You out-doors," continued the Frenchwoman, "are good for nofing; you go home at ten of de clock at night, and you come at I know not what late hour of de morning, and yet you preten' dat you have fat-igue."

"The room is so hot and close," exclaimed Annie Lee; "that of itself would make us feel sleepy, even if we had our night's proper rest."

"There is no time for talking, Miss Lee," said the forewoman. "There are numbers of new dresses ordered, madame says, not to speak of the alterations; and most of them to be home to-morrow night."

"And dere vill, more dan likely, be numbers to dat, besides mantilles and de like," added the Frenchwoman. "I declare if the season did last much longer dan it does, it vould kill me; and if it vere not for de salary——"

"Look to Miss Williams's work, mademoiselle," interrupted the forewoman, in an awful tone of voice.

On sped the hours of the afternoon. The girls had dined at one o'clock, and at five they snatched a moment for tea, and to wash their heated hands, resuming immediately their work until nine, when they supped. Then came heavy countenances, and eyes kept open with difficulty, telling how greatly they were in need of rest; but until three o'clock in the morning there was no rest for them. Strong coffee was brought in more than once, and plentifully drank of. It was madame's favourite antidote to drowsiness.

At half-past six in the morning they had re-assembled, to the tune of harsh words and much scolding, for six was the hour stipulated, and they ought to have been ready for it—jaded, careworn girls, about to drag on another of their miserable days. Now and then a gleam of admiration would escape them at the costly and beautiful fabrics they were making into form; but the pervading spirit was silent, hopeless dejection. Confused brains were theirs, aching heads, backs, and chests, from the incessant stooping, terribly painful, trembling fingers, a hopeless consciousness that the same toil, unless released from it by death, or by some most unforeseen event, would be their portion, more or less, for years; and, worse than all, an innate conviction in the minds of some few, that they were capable of better things, had not Fate, with her iron decrees, tied them down to this.

The bright morning passed away, and the dinner came—for that break, short and hurried as it was, they were always thankful—and then the

afternoon, warmer but less fresh, brought additional fatigue. They could hear the distant noise of carriages rolling along in the gay streets, and they thought of the enviable beings who occupied them, for whom *they* were toiling, and who were now on their way to purchase more labour for them.

So the day sped on to a close. Lights were placed upon the tables before they were absolutely required, that the poor workwomen might not lose one precious moment of toil. For a little time the streets were comparatively still—the world was at dinner; and then again the equipages might be heard, bearing their titled freights to the Opera, or to other places of amusement. The supper was late this night—the workroom was so busy that there seemed to be no time to partake of it. Madame herself was there, directing and working as hard as the rest. By ten o'clock, however, the meal was over, and then slowly went on and struck the several hours of the night—eleven—twelve—one—two—three—four—and five. The only divertisement to their painful length being the handing about of coffee, and, at two in the morning, bread and butter. One of the girls fainted—the one with the cough and the bright colour, and, do what they would, she could not be sufficiently aroused to work again. How the others envied her! So two of them half-carried, half-led her up-stairs to bed, the superintendents grumbling at the interruption this occasioned in the workroom, for there was a deal to do still. And so they worked on, and the glorious sun was rising on that peaceful Sabbath morn ere those prematurely-injured girls could be permitted to seek their pillows for repose.

This is no exaggeration. Things may be partially ameliorated now—it is said they are; but this is a faithful picture of the system pursued at the much-vaunted establishment of Madame —— some fifteen or sixteen years ago.

They were suffered to lie late on that Sunday morning—as long as they liked, in reason; and most of them only got dressed in time for dinner. They had a very nice dinner—they always had on Sundays—with a glass of wine and fruit afterwards. Annie Lee, however, did not partake of it; she had been invited to spend the day at the home of one of the "out-doors," as the French assistant called them. And as she walked with this young girl in the park after dinner, and saw the splendour exhibited in the dress and equipages; the many marks of wealth, of a life of luxurious ease, which the scene betrayed, she contrasted it with the wearing toil to which she was doomed, and looking upon the shining water close by, felt tempted to wish she could lie there—for that had rest.

Annie sat silently, the tears rising to her eyes, for her spirits had been sadly subdued of late, and she looked listlessly enough at the passers-by. Amongst others, an elegant-looking man, young and handsome, walked rapidly by them; he had a riding-whip in his hand, and seemed but just to have left his horse. He nodded slightly to her companion, and glanced at Annie with a wondering look of admiration, surprised that so lovely a girl should be there on foot, and unprotected. It was one of those glances that tell of admiration, seldom unacceptable to a woman, and Annie raised her head, and slightly shook back her silken ringlets as she inquired of her companion who he was.

"It is Captain Stanley," was the reply; "the gentleman who occupies our drawing-room floor. He is a very good lodger."

"Do you see him often?" rejoined Annie.

"I scarcely ever see him," was the reply. "He has not left his room when I leave home in a morning, and is always out when I return at night. He dines at his club. I wonder he knew me."

Before anything more was said the same gentleman again passed, still looking at Annie; and later in the afternoon, when they happened to have strolled to a more unfrequented part of the park, he came up and accosted them.

Never had Annie met with any one who so excited her imagination. His handsome person, his elegant style of dress, and his polished manners, would have been sufficient charm to her eye, and it needed not the genuine admiration he evinced for her to enhance it. Her companion seemed all-conscious of the honour done them by his notice, and openly expressed her wonder at it. She declared to Annie that he was very grand and great—related to one half the nobility, and intimate with the other half. Prince George of Cambridge, whom they had that day seen, and who was at that time growing into manhood, evidently held quite an insignificant position in her estimation compared with this Captain Stanley.

He must have watched for Annie's going home at night, for he joined her then, and again conversed with her. Never—never had Annie been brought into contact with one so fascinating; the very tones of his voice wore a charm such as she had never heard; and when she gained the back-door of madame's establishment, and timidly glanced after his receding form, she thought he must be of a superior order to the general beings who walk the earth.

But she had to resume her week of toil—more tolerable now, perhaps, than it had hitherto been, for it was interspersed with dreams of Captain Stanley. She longed to see him again, and trembled lest she never should.

"Do invite me to your house again on Sunday," she exclaimed to this young girl. "To go out from this wretched place into that sunny park seemed to me like entering a different world."

"Certainly you can come on Sunday, and every Sunday if you like," was the answer. "I shall be delighted, and my mother says she is glad I have found so desirable and pleasant a young lady for my companion here. I am sure she will be pleased to have you, for since my sister married we have found it dull on Sundays."

And Annie went Sunday after Sunday, and each time she saw Captain Stanley. He had changed his lodgings for others, but that was nothing—in fact, more favourable for their meetings; and part of every Sunday she spent walking about with him. Whether he was a systematic betrayer or not, is of little consequence; the result was the same; and that he had grown passionately attached to her was the very contrary to offering an excuse for his conduct. Annie was a long time before she fell, but she fell at last. How could she, an inexperienced, country maiden, have hoped to escape the toils of a man like him? She had rarely heard of such things—she scarcely knew there were such in the world.

And oh, the glowing pictures he painted of the life she would lead with him! For he was endeavouring to entice her to leave madame's house; and what was the use, he argued, of severing herself from him now. Her days should be passed in one round of luxurious enjoyment; her attire of that richness hitherto only seen when making it up for others; the jewels it should be his privilege to lavish on her; the nights at the Opera, hitherto a sealed place to her; the drives in the park in his own carriage, and how he would love and cherish her!

At length she yielded to his prayer, and left the dressmaker's house to take shelter in his; for what he said was true, that she could not be more degraded than she already was. Far be it from me to extenuate guilt, but let those who blame Annie Lee without extenuation, reflect upon her life of painful slavery, and compare it with the prospect of ease held out to her—*there* lay the all-powerful temptation to yield to a life of sin. Few, none of the hundreds of toilworn dressmakers who exist, will read this, for how should they have the opportunity; but let me suggest to those young and favoured women, sheltered in their luxurious homes, who will read it, that, however they may turn from Annie Lee with a shudder, had circumstances placed them in her position, overworked as she was, their days one continued scene of never-ceasing toil, their natural rest forbidden them, their spirit chafed, rebellious, repining, even they might have found their moral rectitude to be as weak as hers was had temptation assailed it.

A short whirl of delirious happiness, mixed with a still, small voice, was passed by Annie. She loved Captain Stanley with all the strange passion of a first attachment. The change in her life had been like passing from earth to heaven. When she retired to rest at night there was no heart-sickening certainty of being compelled to rise after an hour or two's unnatural and death-like sleep to resume her toil. When she awoke in the morning she would start with fear and trembling, dreading to hear the harsh voice of the forewoman; but a moment's reassuring recollection, and she could turn upon her pillow to sleep again, and dream of peace and rest for the weary.

But this was not to last—believe me, such purchased happiness never does. In this case the break was given to it by Captain Stanley's being ordered on foreign service. There seemed to be no time given him for preparation, or Annie thought there was not, before he was gone.

What was to become of Annie now? Oh! how she wished, now that such regrets were useless, that she had never listened to the tempter. A terrible remorse took possession of her. She lay for days in bed, her burning temples buried amongst the pillows, and her drooping eyes shunning the clear light of day. Why, what a wretched, guilty thing she was! What blind infatuation could have possessed her? Oh, she saw things now in their true colours. The veil which sophistry and *his* specious arguments had cast over her conduct was lifted, and she knew how wild and inexcusable had been her sin. What would she give, now, to be restored to what she had been—to be toiling night and day, as she then was, but with a mind at rest! How was this disastrous news to be broken to her father; to her cold, stern, but most correct sisters? They imagined she was still in the house of madame, for Captain Stanley had so managed

matters that, to prevent any startling communications, the unsuspicious Frenchwoman had been led to believe Annie was withdrawn by her relations. "A messenger would call occasionally to receive such letters as might arrive for Miss Lee from any stray acquaintances," he had caused to be communicated to madame. Break *this* news to them! No, no! the burning blush of remorseful shame dyed her brow at the bare thought of it, and she felt that she would far rather perish in the street than go home with her tale of sin. And so she lived on alone. In reality, not much more than three months, but it seemed to Annie like so many years. How she got through the days she never could tell, the dreadful days; one after another, one after another. In looking back upon this period in after years, it seemed to her like a lengthened-out horrible dream, only to glance at which turned her sick even then. She never went out during the whole time; she shunned as much as possible the face of the servant who attended upon her; and when her money was quite exhausted, and she had none wherewithal to purchase food, or to pay for the rooms she occupied, she felt it almost a relief, for surely it would be no crime now to lay herself down and die. But the landlady thought differently. She divined how matters were at present, and she gave a pretty good guess as to the past. She was a kind-hearted woman, resolved, plain spoken, and, in her manner, authoritative; and she came in one day to demand the address of her friends, and so cross-questioned Annie, and startled and unnerved her, that the latter, like a little child who feels its own self-will glide away and vanish in the presence of its masters, handed over to her the address of Mrs. Henniker.

The landlady's summons was urgent, and Mrs. Henniker hastened up to London. To describe her dismay when she saw Annie, and learnt the facts given here, would be beyond the pen of the most powerful writer. She was a proud woman, had always lived in great respectability, and she felt the disgrace keenly. But what availed her regrets and reproaches? Nothing. Regrets were lamentably useless, and reproaches fell upon the passive girl who listened to them without apparent effect. Once only she answered, answered meekly—that her aunt could not think worse of her than she thought of herself, and her only hope now was to die: it was all the expiation remaining to her.

But however openly Mrs. Henniker blamed Annie, it could not equal the inward blame she bestowed upon herself. Had she not taken pains, but little more than fifteen months before, to convince her brother-in-law that London, or at least some of its ways, was only another name for vice, and angrily remonstrated with him for sending Annie thither, inefficiently protected, almost prophesying that the result would be what it had now proved? Yet, because the unfortunate girl, but a child at best, had embraced the deceitfully alluring prospect opened to her, and shunned the less specious one offered by Mrs. Henniker, she had shrouded herself in her indignant pride and anger, and when the repentant letters of her niece came to her, setting forth her bitter disappointment and the weary life she had rushed upon, and imploring to be removed from it, she—*she*—the well-conducted, and self-deemed religious Mrs. Henniker, had turned a deaf ear to the prayers, and had presumed to say, "For that

girl's ingratitude she shall be punished, and receive no help from me." Alas! alas! the punishment was worse than she had bargained for. What would her departed sister say, she asked herself, could she look down and behold Annie now? But she would make atonement—so far as it was possible, she would now make atonement.

The first step towards doing so was to conceal the disgrace not only from their relations but from the world. She inwardly resolved that Annie should never see her child. When all was over she would convey her to her own residence—there would be no resistance on Annie's part *now*—and tell the farmer and his elder daughters that she had removed Annie from London, finding she still continued dissatisfied with her employment, and had had a dangerous illness.

The time of trial soon came: it had wanted but a few days to it when Mrs. Henniker arrived in London. And if Annie could have foreseen before her fall the sufferings she now went through, that fall might never have taken place.

Two days afterwards, Annie, who had been too alarmingly ill to speak or think before, inquired timidly after the baby.

"The child is dead," replied Mrs. Henniker.

"Dead!" gasped Annie. "Well, well, perhaps it is best," she sighed. "But may I not see it, aunt—only for a moment?"

"Compose yourself to sleep, Annie," said Mrs. Henniker. "The child is dead and buried."

"It was not born dead," observed Annie, faintly.

"No," answered Mrs. Henniker, "it lived to be baptised. Go to sleep, if that be possible, and say not another word, or your own life may not be spared."

"And happier for me if it be not," she murmured to herself. "Was it a boy or a girl?" she asked aloud; "it is my last question."

"Annie," answered the lady, "it was a boy. But," she continued, sorrowfully and sternly, "these questions are of no moment now; it would have been different had the unfortunate child lived. Let the subject drop between us for ever, and resolutely dismiss it from your own mind. And let us pray that in time we may be brought to look upon it as a dream—a thing that has never BEEN."

MORTEN LANGE.

A Christmas Story.

FROM THE DANISH OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

By Mrs. Bushby.

Each midnight from the farthest Thule, to isles the South Sea laves,
To exercise themselves awhile the dead forsake their graves;
But when it is the Christmas time they stay much longer out,
And may in the churchyard be seen, then, wandering about;
And as they dance their merry rounds, the rattling of their bones
Produces, 'midst the wintry blasts, somewhat unearthly tones.
Poor things! For them there's neither wine, nor punch, nor supper there,
The icicles are all they have, and a mouthful of fresh air.
When shines the moon strange forms are seen, tall spectral giants some:
Such sights as these might even strike a chattering Frenchman dumb.
Scoff not at my poor hero, then, though once in a sad fright—
He is a most discreet young man, and Morten Langè hight.

One Christmas night the fates ordained a journey he must make,
So, for despatch, 'twas his resolve a horse and sledge to take.
Dark was the hour, and in the skies the ranks of stars looked pale,
While from a tower near hooted owls, as in a German tale.
And Morten Langè, by-the-by, was not unlearned, for
About Molboerne's exploits*—also the Trojan war,
"Octavianus," Nisses, Trolls, Hobgoblins well he knew,
And all about "the spectre white," whose story is *so true*.

Too soon the sleigh stood at the door, with many a jingling bell;
But ah! these sounds to his sad ears seemed like his funeral knell.
Yet, though the snow-flakes fell around, of them he took no heed,
But like a British runaway pair, he started at full speed.
He passed a regiment of old trees, whitened from top to toe,
And soon he gained an open plain, where nought he saw but snow.
Like Matthison's "Gedichte," 'twas very, very cold,
But still our hero tried to think that he was warm and bold.
He did not care to gaze about, and so half-closed his eyes;
Yet, spite of this precaution—lo! a curious sight he spies:
A muster of the Elfin-folk enjoying a gay spree,
The men were just five inches high, the women only three;
And though 'twas at the chill Yule-time, when cold reigns over all,
In clothes of flimsy cobwebs made they capered at their ball;
The ancient dames, however, wore some more substantial gear,
For of bats' wings their shawls were formed—but, softly—what comes here?

Twelve harnessed mice, with trappings grand, fit for a monarch's own,
They draw a car of fairy work, where a lady sits alone.

* For these, and "Octavianus," see Ludwig Tieck's works. They have been translated into Danish by Adam Oehlenschlæger.

It stops, and Morten Langè sees the lady getting out—
"Heav'n help me now! Heav'n help me now!" he sighed, for he dared not shout.
"I'm no poltroon, and yet I feel the blood within my veins
Is freezing fast." In mortal fear, his cold hand dropped the reins;
Then stooping to recover them out of the sleigh he fell,
And with it scampered off the horse, whither he could not tell.
He felt that his last hour was come, all helpless as he lay—
And with such thoughts upon his mind he fainted quite away.

At length, when consciousness returned, and when his swoon was o'er,
He heard a fearful buzzing sound, that frightened him still more.
What had he done to be exposed that night to such alarms?
A troop of demons round him thronged—one imp secured his arms,
Another seized his lanky legs, another caught his head—
And powerless to resist them then, away with him they sped.
They carried him to some strange place, flames shone upon the walls,
Into another fainting-fit, half dead with fright, he falls.
But when the pains of death seemed past, and trembling he looked round,
He saw that in the other life a sad fate he had found.
The vaulted roof was black with smoke, and awful was the heat;
The devils stood with naked arms—he dared not scan their feet.
One held a hammer in his hand, and threatening, waved it nigh,
And in a burning furnace there, red flames were flashing high.
Soon guessed our hero where he was, and set himself to kneel,
And lustily for mercy prayed—but they laughed at his appeal.

Then to his side an angel came, benignant was her smile,
And holding out her small white hand, she said to him the while:
"Well, Heaven be praised, you're better now! But why are you afraid?"
Shaking with fear in every limb, in a faint voice he said:
"Oh, angel! 'tis not death I dread, but help me out of hell!"
The angel laughed: "You're in good hands—you ought to know us well.
This is the smithy—from your sledge thrown out upon the ground,
Lying alone amidst the snow half-frozen you were found;
And I'm no angel, bless your heart! I'm Annie, don't you see?"
Rubbing his eyes, and staring round, up Morten jumped in glee;
And that he soon forgot his fright 'tis needless to declare—
The roasted goose, the foaming ale, and other Christmas fare,
As might be guessed put all to rights—and Annie by his side
At supper sat, that Christmas night, as Morten Langè's bride!

Note by the Translator.

The ghost-story alluded to—"Den hvide Qvinde" (The White Woman)—is to be found in Thiele's collection of Danish "Folkesagn." This spectre is said to haunt some old ruins near Flensborg. Two soldiers, long, long ago, were keeping their night-watch on the ramparts of the castle; one of them left his post for a short time, and when he was gone the other sentry was approached by a tall female figure in white, who

accosted him thus: "I am an unblessed spirit, who have wandered here for many hundred years, and have never found rest in the grave." She then informed him that under the walls was buried an immense treasure, which could only be found by *three* men in the world, and that *he* was one of the three. The soldier, fancying his fortune made, promised to obey her in all things, and received her command to be on the spot the following midnight. In the mean time the other sentinel had returned to his post, and had overheard what the spectre had related to his comrade. He said not a word, however, but the next night he went to the appointed place, and concealed himself in some recess close by. When the soldier who was to dig for the treasure arrived, with his spade and other implements, the white spectre appeared to him, but knowing that he was watched, she put off the *digging* till another night. The man who had intended to act as a spy was taken suddenly ill as soon as he got home; and feeling that he was about to die, he sent for his comrade, confessed that he had watched him, implored him to avoid witchcraft and supernatural beings, and recommended him to consult the priest, who was a wise and good man.

The soldier took his advice, and laid the matter before the priest, who directed him to do the spectre's bidding, only taking care that *she* should be the first to touch the treasure. The man accordingly met the ghost at the appointed time and place, and she showed him the spot where the treasure was deposited; but before taking it up, she told him that one half would be for him, and the other half must be divided between the Church and the poor. But the demon of avarice had entered into his heart, and he exclaimed: "What! shall I not have the whole of it?" Scarcely had these words passed his lips, than the spirit uttered a fearfully thrilling cry, and disappeared in a blue flame over the castle moat. The soldier was taken ill, and died three days afterwards. The story became noised about, and a poor student determined to try his luck. He repaired to the old castle at midnight, saw the wandering "White Woman," told her his errand, and offered his services. But she informed him that he was not one of the chosen three, and could not assist her, and that the walls would thenceforth stand so firmly, that hand of man should never overthrow them. However, she promised at some future time to reward him for his good intentions.

One day, long after, when he happened to be loitering near the old castle, and thinking with compassion of the fate of the restless spirit who haunted it, he stumbled over something; and, on stooping to see what it was, he discovered a large heap of gold, of which he forthwith took possession. As foretold by the spectre, the walls of the castle are still standing, and the story goes, that whenever any portion of them has been overthrown, it has always been raised again by invisible agents during the night. Matter-of-fact people assert that the locality of this ghost tradition is a *hill*, not a *castle*.

DOUBLE VUE.

BY FREDERICK MARSHALL.

ALL London has been to the top of the Haymarket to see Robin's conjurings, and his wife's "second sight;" and the ingenuity of papas and mammas has been most painfully strained in their efforts to explain to their puzzled offspring the astounding doings of the necromancer and his spouse.

It would much edify the curious public to learn the crafty processes by which half-crowns are made to jump into an empty box, or live pigeons out of a thin portfolio; but the secret of such delusions is the stock-in-trade of Bosco, Houdin, Robin, and their fellow wizards; and though it would amuse the readers of the *New Monthly* to learn the simple means by which such apparent impossibilities are effected, they must remember that their wonder is the consequence of their ignorance, and that all the conjurors would starve if the rest of the world were as wise as they.

The secrets of "*magie blanche, magie noire, et autre,*" shall therefore, for the present, retain their mystery; and the British nation, unenlightened, shall go on staring and gaping at delusions which most children could produce if only they once knew how.

There is, however, one branch of the science of recent professors of the black art which may, without injustice to their interests or rights, be examined and explained; for some of the less worthy among them have claimed for it the attention and respect which is due only to great discoveries.

"Double Vue," or "second sight," was first put forward in Paris some six or seven years ago, and was announced as a new evidence of the prodigious effects of mesmerism and magnetic influence. Performances of it were given, before astonished audiences, in the principal towns of France; and it was introduced into England (though only as an acknowledged trick) by Robert Houdin and his son. It has since become familiar to everybody from the admirable representations of M. and Madame Robin.

As "double vue" is simply a perfectly contrived mechanism of words, and has no more to do with "electric sympathy" than with the botany of the fixed stars, and as it is still largely employed to impose upon the credulity of those weak people who believe whatever they see or hear, it will be useful, as well as amusing, to set forth its principles and process.

It is, perhaps, prudent to observe that there may, very possibly, be a great deal of reality and valuable truth in what is generally known as "Mesmerism;" it is by no means intended to assert the contrary; but it is, at the same time, certain that most of the results of the so-called magnetism, somnambulism, and "lucidity," which have lately been exhibited in England, have been obtained by means almost exactly analogous to those about to be described: and though of course it is not pretended that the key now published is the identical one employed by all professors of supernatural knowledge (it being obviously capable of great variation), yet the principle is the same throughout, and they who have

once acquired a knowledge of it can easily detect the form in which it is applied.

In "experiments" of second sight the "subject" is generally blindfolded, and placed at a distance from the operator, sometimes even in an adjoining room, but always within easy earshot; the operator receives from the audience the questions to which they desire answers, or the objects which they wish to be described; and he asks the subject, in apparently the most natural and meaningless words, for the required reply.

Those natural and meaningless words convey, with infallible exactness, the answer which it is necessary to give.

The first letters of the consecutive words in the operator's question stand for the required letters or figures; and the whole science of "double vue" consists in nothing more than a clever pre-arranged use of initial letters, which signify either numbers or other letters than themselves, according to the nature of the question.

Let us suppose, for instance, that the number 12 is asked for. The operator calls to the subject "Dites le nombre,"* or, to utterly destroy suspicion, he may even say to the questioner, "Demandez-le vous-même." In either case the subject would unhesitatingly and instantly answer "Twelve."

The following table will show how simply this is effected:

1 is conveyed by the letter	D.
2	L.
3	C.
4	P.
5	Q, or "Quel est."
6	A, or "A present."
7	F.
8	V.
9	N.
0	M.

In the example given above the first letters of the consecutive words, "Dites le nombre," and "Demandez-le vous-même," are D L, which, as the table shows, stand for 1 and 2, or 12.

It will, however, be at once observed that the question must be so arranged as not only to announce the figures themselves to the subject, but also to tell him how many of them there are; as, otherwise, he might suppose that every consecutive initial letter in a long question stood for a required figure. This difficulty is got over by a very neat expedient.

When a single figure is asked for, the operator employs in his question the word "chiffre." If, for instance, a 9 be wanted, he would say, "Nommez le chiffre;" and the subject perceiving, from the use of "chiffre," that one figure was all he had to give, would at once name 9, which is the figure represented by N. If this guide were not before him he would give the equivalents of all the initial letters in the sentence, N, L, and C, and would say, 923.

The following table of questions shows how all the single figures may be conveyed:

1. Dites le chiffre.

* The key is given in French, as nearly all performances of second sight are carried on in that language; but it may of course be easily arranged in English.

2. Le chiffre posé.
3. Connaissez-vous le chiffre ?
4. Pouvez-vous dire le chiffre ?
5. Quel chiffre a-t-on posé ?
6. Annoncez le chiffre posé.
7. Faites connaitre le chiffre.
8. Voulez-vous dire le chiffre ?
9. Nommez le chiffre.
0. Monsieur vient de poser un chiffre.

In like manner, if two figures are required, the operator uses, instead of "chiffre," the expression "nombre;" and the subject being thereby warned that he has a double number to declare, announces the value of the initial letters of the first two words.

The following examples will make this clear:

22 Lisez le nombre posé.
2 2

99 Nomme nous le nombre.
9 9

34 Citez promptement le nombre.
3 4

62 Annoncez le nombre.
6 2

00 Maintenant, mon ami, dites le nombre.
0 0

To indicate to the subject that three figures are required, the operator commences his question with the seemingly valueless word "Bien" (the initial of which represents no figure).

Thus:

139 Bien—Dites ce nombre.
1 3 9

732 Bien—Faites connaitre le nombre.
7 3 2

009 Bien—Maintenant, monsieur, nommez le nombre.
0 0 9

When four figures are wanted, the question opens with "Très bien:"

5906 Très bien—Quel nombre monsieur a-t-il posé ?
5 9 0 6

7280 Très bien—Faites-lui vous-même la demande.
7 2 8 0

1725 Très bien—Demandez, faites la question.
1 7 2 5

For five figures the operator begins with "Eh bien."

52950 Eh bien—Quel-est le nombre que monsieur vient d'écrire ?
5 2 9 5 0

"Bien, très bien," announces six figures:

629506 Bien, très bien—Annoncez le nombre que monsieur a posé.
6 2 9 5 0 6

For seven figures the operator begins by using the word "Faites" in some apparently innocent question, such as, "Faites savoir le nombre de chiffres posés;" and when the answer, 7, is given, he would add, supposing such a number as 1912953 to be required, "Dites-nous donc le nombre que cela produit."
1 9 1 2 9 5 3

Such high numbers are scarcely ever asked, but eight, nine, and ten figures are expressed by the previous use, in the same manner as for seven, of the words, "Voyez," or "Voyons," "Nommez," and "Dites moi."
8 8 9 1
0

Whenever the number consists of a repetition of the same figure, the guiding expression at the beginning of the sentence is followed only by one word announcing what the figure is; thus, if 333 be asked, the question would simply be, "Bien—Calculez." "Bien" shows that there
3
are three figures, and the C must be multiplied to that extent. If 888,888 were required, the operator would say, "Bien, très bien—voyons."
8

The ordinary fractions, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, and $\frac{3}{4}$, are expressed by "Dites," "Dites donc," and "Dites le donc;" $\frac{1}{3}$ and $\frac{2}{3}$ by "Eh, dites," and "Eh, dites donc." Large fractions are announced by the word "Maintenant," and are expressed by the already given process, with a marked hesitation between the two terms.

Thus:

$\frac{183}{950}$ Maintenant—Dites vite ce—nombre que monsieur a écrit.
1 8 3 9 5 0

Such is the key to second sight in numbers. It is certainly vastly ingenious, and is very creditable to M. Gandon, who is supposed to have been its inventor. It is extremely easy to practise, and the young lady readers of these pages will do well to get it up as a drawing-room amusement.

The key to the announcement of objects, flowers, cards, and names, is not quite so simple, and requires in its working a considerably greater effort of memory and calculation.

It consists in changing the meaning of all the letters of the alphabet, and in composing the questions which are addressed to the subject of words commencing with the letters which, in regular alphabetical order, immediately follow those which form the name of the object to be described. If the name of the object begin with C, the operator must employ the letter D to commence his phrase; and if the second letter of the name be O, the second word in the phrase must begin with P. With the exceptions named in the following table, this rule is acted upon throughout the alphabet.

A signifies V, because the letters X, Y, and Z, which follow V, cannot be used to commence a word of interrogation.
B .... A
C .... B
D C
E .... D
F .... E
G .... there are very few words beginning with G which would be serviceable in questions; the word "Regardez" is therefore employed, as a conventional sign, for the letter F.
H .... G
I .... H
J I
K .... has no value.

L	K
M	L
N	M
O	N
P	O
Q	P
R	Q
S	R
T	S
U	T
V	U

X, Y, Z, W, are all expressed by the following conventional phrases; X, " C'est facile;" Y, " C'est bien facile;" Z, " C'est très facile;" W, " Annoncez à present."

If, for example, the letter X were asked for, the operator would remark, " C'est facile de dire cette lettre."

It will be seen from this table that, with a fluent command of words, any idea whatever may be unmistakeably conveyed by the operator to the subject without the slightest apparent trace of collusion. As, however, many different words commence with the same letters, and have nearly the same sound, it is necessary to indicate by the form of the question whether it refer to an animal, a card, a flower, or other object.

The possibility of any mistakes from such a cause is prevented by an arrangement that if the question refer to any part of the body of a man or an animal, the verb " indiquer" is used;

If it refer to dress, " toucher" is employed;

For all immoveable objects, furniture, &c., "regarder" is made use of;

All large objects are referred to by " en quoi;"

All small portable objects, rings, fans, &c., are distinctly spoken of as " objets."

For example: one of the audience points to his own body, the French word for which (*corps*) has its three first letters, and its sound, in common with another word (*cor*) which means a horn.

The operator asks, " Dites promptement si—vous voyez ce que *j'in-*
c o r
dique."

The use of the word "indique," tells the subject at once that the question refers to the body; but if it had been expressed "Dites
c
promptement si—vous connaissez cet instrument," he would have per-
o r
ceived that his reply must be " a horn."

The hesitation in the question shows the limit of the words which convey the point.

In cards, diamonds are expressed by "C'est bien" (before the question); spades by " Très bien;" clubs by "Parfaitement;" and hearts by "Bien."

The nine of hearts would thus be conveyed by " Bien nommez la carte;"
9
the king of spades by "Très bien—savez-vous la carte;" the six of dia-
r (roi)
monds by "C'est bien—annoncez la carte."
6

The facility of such means of giving secret information about cards should be remembered by young gentlemen who (of course to their own great astonishment) invariably have bad luck at *écarté* when they play with doubtful strangers.

Examples might be given in every possible form, so as to show the extent and capacity of this well-arranged system: but a very few will be sufficient to fully explain its nature, and to enable those who are blessed with good memories and ready tongues to astonish their less learned friends with an exhibition of "double vue."

The following words are selected as being in ordinary every-day use:

Couteau—Dites, pour vous un pareil—objet n'est pas difficile.
c o u t o

Montre—Nommez promptement—l'objet.
m o

Epingle—Facilement—quel objet (conventional phrase for a pin).
e

Livre—Maintenant jugez—ah! sachez faire—connaitre l'objet.
l i v r e

Savon—Très bien, annoncez promptement—l'objet.
s a v o

Parapluie—Quel objet ai-je pris à monsieur (convention)?
p

Verre—Ah! faites savoir—l'objet.
v e r

Tabac—Voyez bien, citez bien—l'objet.
t a b a

Lys—Madame, je tiens—à ce que vous demandiez vous-même le nom de
l i s
cette fleur.

Camélia—Dites bien; nommez facilement; madame, je balance—
c a m e l i a
quelquefois pour des noms de fleurs difficiles; mais, &c., &c.

Iris—Jugez, sachez juste trouver—la fleur.
i r i s

Angleterre—Bien—oh! hâtez vous maintenant, faites savoir le nom
a n g
de ce pays.

Italie—Je voudrais savoir le nom de ce pays.
i t

Asie—Bien, trouvez juste le nom de cette partie du monde.
a s i

Hollande—Il peut, monsieur, bien dire le nom de ce pays.
h o l

Argent—Bien, savez-vous en quoi, &c.
a r

Plomb—Quel métal? parlez, nommez-le.
p l o m

Or—Parlez—savez-vous en quoi, &c.
o r

Ecaille—Facilement; dites bien juste maintenant en quoi, &c.
e c a i l

Noir—Oh! précisez juste si vous voyez cette couleur.
n o i r

Blond—Citez-moi promptement le couleur.
b l o

Champagne—Dites immédiatement; bien, nommez quel vin.
c h a m p

Hermitage—Il faut savoir nommer juste le nom de ce vin.
h e r m i

Coq—Dites promptement, regardez—quel est l'oiseau.
c o q

The names of the months and days are conveyed by their order in the year or week.

Mai—Quel mois?
5

Septembre—Nommez le mois.
9

Vendredi—A présent le jour.
6

The operator may vary his performance by asking aloud, "Will any gentleman present, who has been in the army, be good enough to write down the number and name of his regiment:" the subject hearing this prepares accordingly.

The 10th regiment of Cuirassiers may be named:

The operator says, "Demandez; vous jugerez s'il peut répondre sans
c u i r
que je parle—demandez, monsieur."
1 0

The separation here between the two parts of the sentence serves to indicate the nature and number of the regiment in question.

It only remains to show how correct answers can be obtained from the subject when the operator does not speak, but simply touches a bell.

This is done by holding up preconcerted objects, in alphabetical order; and though, at first sight, it may appear improbable that the objects wanted can always be obtained, yet it will be found that in a crowded audience no difficulty will arise on that ground.

Objects beginning with alternate letters, for instance, may be taken:

A NNEAU.
C HAPEAU.
E PINGLE.
G ANT.
K very few common words begin with K; it may therefore be arranged to answer "nothing" at this point, which will produce a marvellous effect.
M ONTRE,

and so on.

It is unnecessary to add more to this explanation of "second sight;" the simplicity of the trick will astonish everybody, but most people will be generous enough to admire the dexterous perfection of the mechanism by which they have been deluded.

If it were never directed to any other purpose than the amusement and astonishment of the public, this exposition of its nature would not have been given; but it has been often employed with very different ends, and the believers in magnetism will possibly be henceforth disposed to a little more scepticism about the all-seeing power which they fancy its subjects to possess.

LITERARY LEAFLETS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. III.—Kingsley's Phaethon.

Theory and practice do not always assimilate, or even dovetail together. The theory may be severely and logically correct, and yet be contradicted to its august face by the actuality of which it professes to be the principle and the philosophy. An honest gentleman tourist, as the story goes, was once most illegally apprehended and put in the stocks by a village beadle, one fine Sunday morning, because he was loitering through the hamlet during service, and declined to satisfy the fussy dignitary with a full and particular account of himself. The penalty was discordant with the theory of Englishman's law, but never mind—there he was in effect, had by the leg, or legs, as unmistakeably and uncomfortably as the stout Earl of Kent himself. However, a passenger of rigid abstract ideas, curious to know what hath brought him to this pass, makes up to our captive friend, and, as a speculator in stocks, begs to be informed of the origin of this exhibition. The origin is indignantly explained. "But," with equal indignation remonstrates the critic, "but, my friend, they *can't* put you in the stocks for that!" "They have, though," rejoins the victim; "whether they can or no, you see the thing's done." "But, my good fellow," insists the other, "they can't do it; it's out of the question; nobody could put you in the stocks for *that*." "All very good," replies the half-amused captive, "but seeing's believing, you know; and here I am, whatever you may say or think of it." "Nonsense, nonsense," reiterates his excited visitor; "man alive! I tell you they can't do it—the thing's impossible—you *can't* be put in the stocks for that!" And so theory and practice went on jangling—the lofty logic of the idealist growing more and more peremptory in the teeth of facts.

Scores of parallel antinomies occur in every-day life. Among them is the ever-agitated question of the true dogmatic character of the Church of England. She is High Church beyond a doubt, says one goodly company; and overwhelming citations from her formularies, her confessors, her apologists, her scholars, her *clara et venerabilia nomina* from Ridley down to Denison, are tendered as evidence, and defy all cross-examination from the wiliest of counsel. She is Low Church without all controversy, shout crowds of the opposition benches; and they ply you with ponderous excerpts from the literature of *their* favourites, beginning with the Parker Society, and ending with the voluminous authorities of Bickersteth and Birks. The theory of each party is considered intangible, infallible, self-evident. Meanwhile the practical aspect of things favours neither party, and this by harbouring both. In effect, the Church is neither high nor low, but, as it has been said, broad. A. may tell B. he has no business within its pale; yet B. is all the while eating its bread, and, as *he* believes, preaching its doctrines. B. may assure A. that he does not belong to the Church, that he has no jot or tittle of belief in common with it, that he is not and cannot be in it; yet A. *is*

there, in spite of perfect demonstration to the contrary. We say nothing as to the theoretical, or doctrinal dispute between High and Low; but we do say that in practice, in fact, in the actual working of things, the Church is Broad to a remarkable degree. On the same episcopal bench sit right reverend representatives of the most antagonistic opinions. It supports uncompromising champions of orthodoxy, and is not too hot to hold pliant and plastic latitudinarians. From diocesan Exeter to diocesan Manchester is a distance the very mention of which suggests something akin to the expression, "From Cornwall to Caithness." If you are an eclectic in your ecclesiastical tendencies, and have itching ears for a brilliant succession of novelties in the sermons you hear, then take a tour of the parish churches in your neighbourhood; and in one you will hear the follower of Dr. Pusey, in another of Dr. Hook, in a third of Dr. M'Neile, in a fourth of Dr. Arnold, in a fifth of Dr. Maitland, in a sixth of Professor Maurice, and so on, with an illimitable series of spirits, black, white, and grey, mingling as they may.

Mr. Kingsley, perhaps, stands out with too clearly pronounced a development of his own, to be referred to either of the sections to which we have just assigned, in each case, a real or imaginary head; otherwise his position is at the feet (as he would place himself), or by the side (as others would place him) of Professor Maurice. And Mr. Kingsley is just the sort of man about whom opposite thinkers unhesitatingly affirm that he can't be in the Church. Nor is it easy to deny that, on the face of it, there does appear something odd, something eccentric and abnormal in his position. A rector and canon, he yet perplexes old-fashioned Church-people, and minds not given to change, by his adventurous essayings in the literature of the day. As Parson Lot, he writes letters in *Politics for the People* and in the *Christian Socialist*, and in a tone and style which divide the honours (as an examination of the placards at the John-street Institution, and similar places, would show) with Messrs. Harney and Holyoake, Bronterre O'Brien and Thomas Cooper, G. Reynolds and Ernest Jones. He is advertised (on whatever pretence) as a contributor to the *Leader*, in common with the names of Thornton Hunt and G. H. Lewes, Francis Newman and Frederic Foxton. He bewilders matter-of-fact readers by a life of "Alton Locke," Chartist tailor and poet; he puts them in a ferment with "Yeast;" he incurs public rebuke from the reading-desk, while he is himself standing in the pulpit,* for expounding "untruths" in his "Message of the Church to Labouring Men." Little marvel, therefore, is it, if a prediction of episcopal prosecution is perpetually uplifted *in terrorem* against him—if he is continually threatened by more orthodox brethren with the alarum, "The Bishops be upon thee, O Socialist!"—if he is periodically warned to look out for squalls extraordinary from his cloud-compelling ordinary—as though in the words of the Theban princess,

Σιγα· πορευονται γαρ ὡδε δη τινες
Χρονῳ παλαιοι, στης ἑδρας ΕΠΙΣΚΟΠΟΙ.

* At this painful exhibition in one of our metropolitan churches it was our ill-fortune to be present. Whatever our opinion of the merits of the case, there was, at least, one thing we could respect; and that was the demeanour of Mr. Kingsley under so novel and distressing an infliction.

Mr. Kingsley has recently published a little book called "Phaethon; or, Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers."* The name will not, perhaps, recommend it to those who only regard his previous writings as "Free Thoughts for Free Thinkers." Yet it is much more of a conservative and anti-revolutionary character than his earlier works—less imbued with Carlylism, and more definitely hostile to the Emerson *doctrinaires.* It has a more decided air of adherence to established creeds and systems, a deeper voice of religious conviction, a firmer hold of positivism in the philosophy of the Church. Nevertheless, it is sufficiently pervaded by the old leaven to make it suspicious to those who were distrustful of yore. There is too frank, and feeling, and favourable a presentment of scepticism in the person of one of the interlocutors to be otherwise than distasteful, if not alarming, to persons of what Charles Lamb calls "imperfect sympathies." That an accomplished, and influential, and earnest clergyman should so cordially appreciate and so faithfully delineate the mind of the doubter, is to them an afflictive, an ominous thought. Grant that his book is designed to relieve doubt, to confute scepticism, to remedy modern unbelief; still the uneasy conviction remains, that he has a very exceptionable and new-fangled way of doing so. The very straws which he scatters before him, and which show which way the wind lies, seem to refer it to an ugly quarter—and in a day fruitful of hot controversy, when there needs but a spark to kindle a "great matter," men have their misgivings aroused by the faintest "blast of vain doctrine," come whence it may. As Sainte Beuve says, "Quand la paille sèche jonche les rues et tourbillonne au gré du vent, il y a à prendre garde aux moindres étincelles, même quand l'étincelle jaillirait d'un foyer sacré." And by speaking of Mr. Kingsley as somewhat more "conservative" and moderate in his present performance, we do not imply his retraction of those principles, or, indeed, of that general tone which have made him obnoxious in many quarters. He is more opposed to certain ultra-teachers among the so-called spiritualists. But he continues, to all appearance, steadfast in his own characteristic creed. His zealous philanthropy is unquestionable, his perception of social sufferings keen and practical. And less

Than other intellects as his been used
To lean upon extrinsic circumstance
Of record or tradition; but a sense
Of what in our Great Cities has been done
And suffered, and is doing, suffering, still,
Weighs with him.

He seems to have that sense, or inward prophecy, which—it has been said—a young man had better never have been born than not to have, and a mature man had better die at once than utterly relinquish—"that we are not doomed to creep on for ever in the old, bad way, but that, this very now, there are the harbingers abroad of a golden era." To his ear there is solemn, sweet, and not mere dreamy music in the chimes which are already heard, by some, to ring out the false, and ring in the true, to ring out the feuds of class interests and "ancient forms of party strife"—

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

* Cambridge: Macmillan.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

In the sense of which last line Mr. Kingsley's theology is devoutly millennarian.

"Phaethon" is a dialogue within a dialogue, the outer case being by far the more interesting and valuable of the two. Dialogue No. 1 is conducted by the author and his friend Templeton, once his Cambridge chum, and now a Herefordshire squire, blest with substantial acres, and a sweet [but] Low Church wife; and the theme of their converse is the doctrines, if doctrines they may be called, of Emerson and his *freyschützen* brethren, transatlantic and cisatlantic. Dialogue No. 2 has for its great gun Socrates himself, and for minor canon, Alcibiades, and eke Phaethon (so that our use of the term dialogue is, numerically speaking, a solecism). These "auld-warld" worthies discuss the right of private judgment, and of public expression of it, in a somewhat *neo*-platonic method and accent. This No. 2 is supposed to be introduced by Mr. Kingsley in the course of No. 1, as the product of the previous night, with the design of convicting Templeton's American visitor, a certain Professor Windrush (already known in "Alton Locke") of illogical, unreasonable, and indefensible sophistries. In perusing controversial fiction, one always suffers, more or less (according to the ability, or candour, or both united, of the *fictor*), from an uneasy consciousness that the whole thing is one-sided, and that full justice cannot be done to the losing side, simply because it is predestined to lose. Thus the dialogue by right becomes a monologue by fact—the logic merges in a sort of rhetorical hendiadys. One feels this in reading Plato himself. One of our most distinguished Greek scholars protests against the "disagreeable form of composition" adopted by Plato and Xenophon, on this very ground. "It is always Socrates and Crito, or Socrates and Phædrus, or Socrates and Ischomachus; in fact, Socrates and some man of straw or good-humoured nine-pin, set up to be bowled down as a matter of course. How inevitably the reader feels his fingers itching to take up the cudgels instead of Crito for one ten minutes! Had *we* been favoured with an interview, we can answer for it that the philosopher should not have had it all his own way."* And in reading Mr. Kingsley's performances, "something too much of this" same feeling pervades the mind—a mis-

* The same critic—and there is no mistaking his style—owns to a "sneaking hatred" to the entire *Domus Socratica*—viz., to the old gentleman himself, the founder of the concern, and his two apprentices, Plato and Xenophon, this hatred being founded chiefly in the intense feeling he entertains that "all three were humbugs." He contends, that so hard a matter would it be found at *Nisi Prius* to extract any verdict as to what constituted the true staple of the Socratic philosophy, that any jury, rash enough to undertake the question, would finally be carted to the bounds of the county, and shot into the adjacent county like a ton of coals. The divine right of Plato has met with at least two eminent nonconformists amongst us, in Mr. de Quincey and Mr. W. S. Landor.

giving that collusion is going on—that the jury is packed—that the dice are loaded. Even those who detect no palpable flaw in the dialectics employed, have a notion that better trained dialecticians can and will. Had Crito been, or engaged, his own reporter of the Socratic debates, they might have read very differently; and should Squire Templeton publish *his* version of the Windrush talkee, scepticism may look up a little higher in the market. It is astonishing how little a Romanising curate has to say for himself in a Low Church novel, and how poor a figure the Clapham devotee cuts in a High Church one—how easily this disputant annihilates heterodoxy, and how summarily that one deprives orthodoxy of a foot (unless cloven) to stand on; so that, in the cleverest books of this type—the "Eclipse of Faith," for instance—the conclusion is one wherein nothing is concluded, so far as the purpose of the controversy is practical and proselytising.

Professor Windrush has had introductions, it seems, to Mr. Templeton from some Manchester friends of his: Manchester being, by Mr. Kingsley's account, a place where all such prophets are welcomed with open arms, their only credentials being that, whatsoever they believe, they shall not believe the Bible. This professor is characterised as a veteran whose fifty winters have left him a child, in all but the childlike heart which alone can enter the kingdom of heaven—audaciously contemptuous of all centuries but the nineteenth—propounding phrenology and mesmerism as the great organs of human regeneration—showing the most credulous craving after whatever is unaccredited or condemned by regularly educated men of science—careless about induction from the normal phenomena, and hankering after theories built upon exceptional ones—retailing second-hand German eclecticisms, now exploded in their native country—having no definite, formal, lucid notions on any topic whatsoever, but seemingly imbued with this one principle of faith, that it is the spiritual world which is governed by physical laws, and the physical by spiritual ones; that while men and women are merely the puppets of cerebrations and mentations, and attractions and repulsions, it is the trees, and stones, and gases, who have the wills and the energies, and the faiths, and the virtues, and the personalities. Templeton has been slightly infected—being predisposed thereto by sceptical tendencies—by the eloquence of his American guest. "I am disturbed and saddened," he confesses, over his morning's fishing, "by last night's talk;" and the said talkative evening has also affected "Parson Lot" sufficiently to send him to his desk instead of his bed, and impel him to draw up a "smashing" article against the professor, in the shape of Socrates *redivivus.*

This neo-Christian Socrates is commissioned to pull to pieces the tenet of Protagoras the sophist, that "truth is what each man troweth, or believeth to be true." And he sets to work with as much relish as Father Newman does with modern latitudinarianism. Poor Alcibiades has espoused the sophist's theory of the objective and the subjective, of truth absolute and individual opinion; and he is sadly mauled in the passage-at-arms. His assumption of the right of private judgment to publish abroad its creed or no-creed, is the object of assault; and the upshot of the argument, so cosily conducted to a triumph by Socrates, is, that if a man believes things derogatory to the character of the gods, not having seen them do wrong himself, and assured of his error by

competent inquirers, he is bound to restrain an inclination to speak such things, even if he *does* believe them; otherwise, he commits an insolent and conceited action, and, moreover, a cruel and shameless one—by making miserable (if he is believed) the hearts of many virtuous persons who have never harmed him, for no immediate or demonstrable purpose except that of pleasing his own self-will. Socrates adds a panacea for scepticism—a prayerful spirit and a pure life. The sound heart will cure the unsound head; the shifting subjective retire before the eternal objective; the phenomenon merge in the absolute.

The Phaethon trio having said their say, Templeton and his clerical comrade renew their conference. Templeton typifies a large class of this generation. He is a cleverly selected and highly finished Representative Man, whom, indeed, we have previously met with, once and again, in Mr. Kingsley's writings, but who is too real and interesting a person to be voted stale or weary, much less unprofitable, for the present uses of the world. How many hearts will he touch in sympathy with his description of his early education by an ever-beloved, open-hearted, yet narrow-minded mother! "She demanded of me," he says, "as the only grounds on which I was to consider myself safe from hell, certain fears and hopes which I did not feel, and experiences which I did not experience; and it was my fault, and a sign of my being in a wrong state—to use no harder term—that I did not feel them; and yet it was only God's grace which could make me feel them; and so I grew up with a dark secret notion that I was a very bad boy, but that it was God's fault and not mine that I was so." As he grew older, and watched his mother, and the men around her—some of them as really pious, and earnest, and charitable, as human beings could be—he began to suspect that religion and effeminacy had a good deal to do with each other; since the women, whatever their temperaments or tastes, took to this perplexing religion naturally and instinctively, while the very few men in their clique were not men at all—not well read, or well bred, or gallant, or clear-headed, or liberal-minded, or, in short, anything (generally speaking) but "silky, smooth-tongued hunt-the-slippers."

"I recollect well asking my mother once, whether there would not be five times more women than men in heaven; and her answering me sadly and seriously that she feared there would be. And in the mean time she brought me up to pray and hope that I might some day be converted, and become a child of God. . . . And," adds poor Templeton, with mingled irony and *naïveté*, "and one could not help wishing to enjoy oneself as much as possible before that event happened." And thus he has come to regard religion as something which definitively cuts a man off from all the interests of this life, and to stifle the best yearnings of his soul, and to stagnate into poco-curantism, becoming more and more of an animal—fragmentary, inconsistent, seeing to the root of nothing. His sympathy for a man so unlike himself as Professor Windrush is caused by the fact, that the professor too has broken loose in desperation from the established order of things, and can give him a peep into the unseen world, without requiring as an entrance-fee any religious emotions and experiences—an irresistible bait to one who had been for years shut out, told that he had no business with anything pure, and noble, and good, and that to all intents and purposes he was nothing better than a very cunning animal who could be damned; because he was still

"carnal," and had not been through his teacher's mysterious sorrows and joys.

Mr. Kingsley's method of curing this patient by a stringent course of dialectics is not very promising, in the book itself, or out of it. There is something significant in the *finale* of the dialogue: "Here come Lewis and the luncheon." Templeton is fast settling down upon his lees. Long has he been getting fonder and fonder of a good dinner and a second bottle of claret—for about their meaning, says he, there is no mistake; he has taken the hounds, in order to have something to do in the winter which requires no thought, and to have an excuse for falling asleep after dinner, instead of arguing with Mrs. T. about the *Record* newspaper. "Have a cigar," he proposes to the parson, when the dialectics are getting deep—"have a cigar, and let us say no more about it." Yes, he is right in protesting, "There is more here, old fellow, than you will cure by doses of Socratic dialectics," though the "old fellow" is more sanguine. Can *they* administer to a mind thus diseased? Meantime it is fain to seek relief in the advent of Lewis and the luncheon.

In the strictures on Emersonianism with which "Phaethon" abounds, Mr. Kingsley does not omit the acknowledgment that the Windrush school have said a great many clever and noble things about man, and society, and art, and nature. "And moreover," says Templeton, "they seem to connect all they say with—with—I suppose you will laugh at me—with God, and spiritual truths, and eternal divine laws; in short, to consecrate common matters in that very way which I could not find in my poor mother's teaching." To this also his "guide, philosopher, and friend" in black, assents—confessing that therein is one real value of them as protests in behalf of something nobler and more unselfish than the mere dollar-getting spirit of their country. But, on the other hand, he sees in Emerson's teaching, as a whole, nothing better than a "cosy and tolerant epicurism," which, hearing men cry for deliverance from their natures, as knowing that they are not that which they were intended to be, because they follow their natures, answers that cry, and ignores that misgiving by the *dictum*, "Follow your natures, and be that which you were intended to be." He sees a fearful analogy between the tendencies of this school and those of the Alexandrian Platonists—a downward lapse from a spiritualism of notions and emotions, unmistakeably materialistic, to the appalling discovery that consciousness does not reveal God, not even matter, but only its own existence; and then onward, "in desperate search after something external wherein to trust, towards theurgic fêtish worship, and the secret virtues of gems, and flowers, and stars; and, last of all, to the lowest depth of bowing statues and winking pictures;"—the probability moreover being, that in our nineteenth century re-enactment of Neo-Platonism and nature-worship, "the superstitions will be more clumsy and foolish, in proportion as our Saxon brain is less acute and discursive, and our education less severely scientific, than those of the old Greeks." Whether this Saxon inferiority in dialectical equipments threatens to deepen the calamity, admits of doubt in this particular case. The general protest, however, against the morbid developments of Emersonianism, whether in matter or manner, doctrine or form, system (?) or style, has a special value as coming from an apostle of Christian socialism, a Church messenger to working men, an inditer of politics for the people, and a biographer of

Chartist martyrs. Among the toiling classes, there is a large and thickening host of reeds shaken with the wind, too ready to bow before any Professor Windrush who may set up his unstable banners for tokens. Against the hybrid produce of mysticism and materialism, "Phaethon" comes with power. Mr. Emerson is not responsible for all the vagaries of his fellow-prophets. Not unfrequently, it may be supposed, there are laid to his charge things that he knows not. But his great authority over the minds of many thinking persons, suggests a keener jealousy of whatever may be directly or indirectly pernicious in his method. To many he bears the aspect of an inspired and oracular seer—and if surrounded by clouds and thick darkness, it is but from excessive bright, and the silver lining is patent to all faithful souls: and so they paint him

——— Leaning on the Present, standing on the Past,
Gazing o'er the furthest Future deep into the stormy *Last;*
Gazing where on the remotest verge the nether mists are riven,—
A giant with an oak-tree staff, looking from sea-sands to heaven.

He has his band, too, of "splendid" writers, who illuminate the periodical press with their effulgent critiques on his greatness;—for example, weigh the golden sentences of the following delicious balderdash from the *Boston Post* (U.S.):—"He [Mr. Emerson] comes and goes like a spirit of whom one just hears the rustle of his wings. He is a vitalised speculation—a talking essence—a bit of transparency broken from the spheres —a spiritual prism through which we see all beautiful rays of immaterial existence. His leaping fancy mounts upward like an india-rubber ball, and drifts and falls like a snow-flake or a feather. He moves in the regions of similitudes. He comes through the air like a cherubim with a golden trumpet in his mouth, out of which he blows tropes, and figures, and gossamer transparencies of suggestive fancies. He takes high flights, and sustains himself without ruffling a feather. He inverts the rainbow and uses it for a swing—now sweeping the earth, and now clapping his hands among the stars." Would old Mr. Disraeli have inserted such a quotation among the "Curiosities" or among the "Amenities of Literature?" Probably in the chapter devoted to the "Calamities of Authors" —for that an author should be liable to critical inflictions of this kind, is surely a tragical fate. Remembering all the extravagances of Boston spiritualism, one might almost ask, Can anything good come out of that school of the prophets? But that were a stupid sceptical query— if only convicted as such by the well-known criticism on Emerson, in quite another style, as—

A Plotinus-Montaigne, where th' Egyptian's gold mist
And the Gascon's shrewd wit cheek by jowl co-exist,—

who converts a select few to hearty faith in a *nescio quid*, and subjects life, and love, and nature, and God, and things of that sort, to a *post mortem* examination, and idealises the wide, universal Cosmos, with all its details,

As parts of himself, just a little projected.

Hawthorne's graphic sketch of the "Old Manse," to which we owe pleasant

——— Mosses many O!

tells us how singular a giddiness Emerson, one of its denizens, wrought

in the brains of his neighbours, by his strange revelations—"new truth being as heady as new wine"—and how Emersonians sprang up and multiplied, queer and affected mortals, who took upon themselves to be important agents of the world's destiny, yet were simply bores of a very intense water. "Such, I imagine," appropriately adds the Blithedale Romancer and Scarlet Letter-writer, "such is the invariable character of persons who crowd so closely about an original thinker, as to draw in his unuttered breath, and thus become imbued with a false originality. This triteness of novelty is enough to make any man, of common sense, blaspheme at all ideas of less than a century's standing; and pray that the world may be petrified and rendered immovable, in precisely the worst moral and physical state that it ever yet arrived at, rather than be benefited by such schemes of such philosophers." The Professor Windrush clan are unquestionably *de trop*, whatever we may think of their *chef*. *He*, perchance, is a lion, whose genius—shaggy and forest-like as it is—can command the summons, "Let him roar again, let him roar again." But *they*, his self-constituted satellites, are but jackals to his majesty, and, as such, fair game to clerical Nimrods like Mr. Kingsley, albeit his present heat in the chase is not accounted, by some of them, "wondrous kind" in one who was supposed, with or without reason, to have a "fellow feeling" with their pack.

WOODTHORPE.

A REMINISCENCE OF A PHYSICIAN.

By Kelly Kennyon.

Part IV.

Old Godfrey shuffled his chair, thinking it monstrously ridiculous that his friend Captain Sommerton could have entertained notions of an alliance with a stranger—a person in all probability without fortune, of no connexion, who might indeed, for aught he knew, be an individual of dubious character. To marry any one without the mention of parchments! thought Godfrey—and in the army, too! In his younger days, when they were brothers in arms, he always thought Tom Sommerton to be possessed of sense. Spenser was, indeed, roused by it, and he evinced some of that restless impatience which children manifest as they listen to a ghost story. The colonel went on:

Well, I got into bed, but not to sleep so soundly as I had done on the night before, nor dream of merry England, and the sunny days which the coming summer in its course would bring. Nothing could I think of but Madeline; I saw in fancy those features formed to beauty—that being who, in a few short hours had stolen away my heart—(here the colonel heaved a sigh)—this heart which till then had never felt the influence—the power of love! When grey-eyed morning streamed its pale beams through the little window of my berth, tired nature sank into the oblivious arms of repose. In the brief slumber I was by the side of Madeline, with her who was the haunting spirit of my waking thoughts, and who was shadowed first by busy dreams.

It was late when I awoke, and the bright sun had well-nigh climbed the meridian. I rubbed my eyes; gazed for a time out of the little window on the vast, the boundless ocean. I asked myself if I had been dreaming—and if that form, so full of loveliness, lived—moved—existed? She did; and on springing from my feverish couch the first of my orisons were a blessing for Madeline. I dressed, arranged my toilet with more than common care, looked at myself again and again in the mirror: it reflected—what? Not the quondam full and fresh cheek of Tom Sommerton: these were features, pale, wan, and sickly; emaciation and disease were evident instead of health—the sombre look instead of the merry smile. I despairingly turned from the glass, ejaculating, "She cannot love *me*—no, she cannot. My days are numbered, and I feel the festering talons of corporeal decline preying on my vitals. Oh! could she read this bosom's inward thoughts—know only——" My hand was on the latch; I had unconsciously opened the door, and was in the cabin. My fellow-passengers were not there. Jules was on his knees re-packing a travelling-box, many of the articles belonging to which were scattered on the carpet. He apologised for the litter, and on asking if I would take breakfast, hurried to the cook to say I had got up. Casually casting my eye upon some of the contents laid on the floor, I did not fail to observe some costly apparel, a few pieces of richly-chased silver plate, a sword, the hilt of which was studded with precious stones, and some three or four frameless portraits piled one upon the other, and from a certain similarity of features, I conjectured those to be the likenesses of De Berryer's family. Jules in a few moments returned.

"How is Monsieur de Berryer this morning?" inquired I of the domestic, who recommenced his packing; "and the ladies, too—are they all well?"

"Monsieur is, I thank you, quite well; and madame and mademoiselle have been on the deck these two hours."

Having swallowed a cup of tea, and eat a rusk, I threw on my military cloak, and was, in a few moments, ascending the companion-ladder. Monsieur was, with arms folded in a stately manner, pacing to and fro, and from the deep and settled thoughtfulness of his face it was evident he was buried in reflection.

"Good morning, captain, good morning," said monsieur, addressing me. "You have lain late," he continued, whilst in true continental politeness he raised his cap; "I hope you feel well this morning?"

"I am better, I thank you, monsieur," replied I, returning his polite greeting.

I then turned towards the ladies to pass the compliment of the day. It was indeed a lovely morning! The clear sky—its cloudless blue—the glittering rays of the now hot sun as it danced upon the heaving waters—the fresh but invigorating breeze—made it indeed cheering and pleasant. Madeline had on a mantilla, which she wore in Spanish fashion, which I have described, by turning the hood over her head and in part hiding her face; yet still those bright eyes, shining tresses, white teeth, and—and those smiles, were not entirely hidden. They both inquired in kindness after my health, and expressed their hopes that the voyage would do me more good than a college of physicians. Madeline had in her hand a telescope, having been busily employed in tracing the different objects on the far-off Algarvean coast. Madame

Vauville stood by her side with a book of travels laid carelessly on her arm, and to which she had evidently been referring.

"You have slept till noon, Captain Sommerton," said Madeline, jocosely, and at the same time slightly putting back the hood of her mantilla, by which her face was brought into fuller view. "Doubtless," continued she, "your dreams have been of merry England, whither I can well imagine you are with no small pleasure progressing. It is indeed a happy thing to return to our native land after years of absence!" As she concluded these words her gay features somewhat abruptly subsided into an unexpected calm.

"No, no, mademoiselle, my thoughts did not roam quite so far as our merry England, as you term it," returned I.

"It is said, Monsieur Sommerton, though I know not with what truth, that dreams are caused by the last impressions upon our waking moments —at least, are connexions of those impressions; therefore, I should say, dearest Madeline, Spain and the Spanish were more likely to take precedence in the captain's brain," observed Madame Vauville, as she turned with an arch look towards mademoiselle.

"Very, very like," smilingly replied the beauty, first looking at madame, and then glancing at me.

"Young ladies, believe me when I affirm I have had too much of the Rock, of Spain, and the Spanish, for the last few years, to love to revert to them in my dreams."

They smiled, the conversation took another turn, after which Madame Vauville recommenced the book she had been reading, and Madeline again raised her glass towards the blue hills in the distance. De Berryer coming up at this moment, I joined him in his walk on deck, and we entered engrossingly upon various topics of discourse, nor did it require much penetration upon my part to discover that I was conversing with an individual who, and whatever he might be, was possessed of no ordinary understanding, and who had in the ample storehouse of his well-cultivated mind an amount of lettered attainments seldom met with. He expressed himself lucidly, in diction choice and appropriate; his style was vigorous and animated, at times eloquent; and it was at once indisputable that he was a profound and an original thinker. The revolutionary disasters in France, and the influence which that, the mightiest of social eruptions, had exerted not only in Europe but throughout the civilised world, were, from their recent occurrence, and the national or rather continental excitement to which they had given rise, topics upon which strangers readily entered. Politicians watched with straining eye every step taken by the Gallic champions, as they vauntingly declared themselves to be, of liberty—reason—mankind. Public journals teemed with every-hued opinion relative to future destinies of nations, but France—France alone was the leader in all those insane innovations with which men's minds were perverted. Hence that this subject should be hit upon in our desultory conversation was more than probable.

"Political writers have observed," said I, "that Louis XVI. inherited a revolution from his ancestors."

"That is to say," quickly returned De Berryer, "that the corruptions of previous ages, the abuses that had insensibly crept into the system of society, was sure, at some period, to burst out into an uncontrollable

flood of passion and fury, smiting, in the torrent of destruction and anarchy, all grades and all classes, not even sparing sovereignty itself. Human institutions will ever be liable to contract corruptions; it should therefore, at all times, be the watchful care of those who make laws and rule empires to guard against the calamities in question that are inevitable. It should be their solicitude to remedy as much as possible existent evils; to make in time the fit côncessions, or the ills, in accumulation, will acquire multiple power, and at length crush those who would avert, as well as those who are regardless of a nation's fate. It cannot be denied, that under the ancient *régime*, the noblesse, from immemorial inheritance of privileges, the congested increase of their wealth, and the perversion of morals, had become arbitrary and vicious. They thought of little save of luxurious pleasures, and the continued rounds of amusement or dissipation. All real power was vested in the sovereign and themselves, whilst the people were in thraldom and oppression. I would to God it had been otherwise; then those who suffered alike the penalties for others misdoings, might not at this hour have been obliged to endure the miseries of their guilt and folly. It must not, however, Monsieur Sommerton, be forgotten that there were amongst the noblesse some men of well-thinking and rightly-constituted minds—men who had no sinful desires for monopoly and exclusivism—who would not have rejected legal relaxations—who would not have voted against the temperate introduction of more extensive privileges for the people—men who well knew that institutions framed for the spirit and exigencies of one age are incompatible with the wants of another. Yet, at the same time, they were not insensible to the honour and superiority conferred by an ancient lineage, and were not willing to forego those honours in the whirlwind of democratic frenzy—who would not subscribe to that doctrine of fraternity and equality, and tamely be robbed by rapine and tyranny of possessions and dignities which virtue and bravery had bequeathed, and which, in the eye of justice and morality, ought to have been revered and maintained inviolate. Spoliation and violence have stalked from one end of France to another; institutions have been overturned; rights ruthlessly swept away; a venerable aristocracy, many of whose houses were as ancient as the days of the great founder of the long line of Carlovignian kings, were annihilated; the altars of religion desecrated by the sacrilegious hand of the plunderer and the scoffer; and every feature of once *la belle France* has been marred and defaced. Her glory is set for ever; her loyalty an empty sound; her religion a mockery; the pride of nations has fallen; and it seems as if she had reached the climacteric of her greatness, and is now following the slow but certain course of kingdoms, which flourish for a time, and then, like man and all in nature, sink piecemeal to decay," concluded De Berryer, with much warmth, and with some agitation of expression.

"From all I have read and heard of France," replied I, "this great social change was sure in time to result. Louis XIV., more than any sovereign, paved the way to the calamity, and the nobles since his time have more and more tended to bring on the same. Ranked amongst the causes were an unjust monopoly on the part of the aristocracy of all public situations, to the exclusion of talent and fitness in every other class; the grievous weight of an overloading taxation; the lavish and profligate expenditure of a voluptuous court; the pertinacious mainte-

nance of laws and institutions formed in feudal times; the few inducements for energy and enterprise held out to the masses, whose capabilities and ambition led them to aspire to improvement in station, to a greater sphere of usefulness and the acquisition of wealth; in fine, freedom to the many was more in name than reality. Splendid extravagance in the few ill-contrasted with the widely-diffused and galling misery of the people. The comparison led to jealousy, and fanned the smothered flame for revenge. With the advance of civilisation and the diffusion of knowlege, the deep consciousness of wrong rankled deeper and became more insupportable. The conviction of physical superiority created the desire for resistance, and when the torch was lit, a few daring minds applied it to the pile of national frenzy. The scourge was then put into the hands of the fanatic and assassin, and in their levelling notions they used it with merciless vengeance. Men's minds became exasperated, and when they thought of chill penury and half-starved oppression, they were inflamed at the paraphernalia of place, disgusted at the ostentation of power. The blood of thousands was shed—nay, every part of the country ensanguined in the rage of popular fury and democratic madness. It never was, nor can be, the intention of Providence that an insignificant fraction of a people should arrogate to itself the prerogatives which nature has given for the common good. The subdivision of landed property, and the prohibition of the law of primogeniture, must destroy the conservative interest of the higher order of the state. Redundancy of population, and an increase of poverty amongst the lower orders, must result. Voltaire and Rousseau pictured in the visions of social equality a state of positive happiness; they erroneously imagined that classes and orders in society were arbitrary and unjust distinctions, and that the working of the social machine required no such differences amongst its integral parts. Their doctrines were eagerly embraced by enthusiasts and democrats; they very potently tended to the bringing on of that strange catastrophe, the revolution. Those doctrines are now seen to be full of error and falseness; and France seems rather to be following the destinies of Eastern kingdoms than progressing towards improvement."

Such was the strain of conversation for some time carried on between us; and from the general tenor of De Berryer's argument, and the agitation under which he spoke on what I at first conceived was to strangers a general subject, his history and other particulars, I became more anxious, if possible, to know. He had defended the noblesse. Was he one of their order? or at least a Frenchman?

The day pleasantly passed away; we dined early, and after dinner, at the request of monsieur, contested another game at chess, in which I was soon and signally beaten. The victory pleased my antagonist, and seemed to give him much real satisfaction.

The evening was ushered in with all that calm serenitude and tranquil quietness which twilight shades impart. The sun had bathed his head in the ruddy west; the stars began to twinkle brighter, and become more numerous in the high blue vault of heaven, and in the east the gentle moon gave intimation of her coming. We were now passing those shores over whose craggy rocks lay the cloud-capped mountains of romantic Cintra, whose distant peaks were just discernible in rugged outline against the far-off heavens. Yes! and this was the hour—this the

place to feel the hallowing influence which the associations of history and the chain of poetry inspired. The vast ocean was without a ruffle; the vessel progressed slowly, but silently, on her watery way, leaving behind her a silvery track—now discernible—then lost for ever! reminding the beholder of man's pilgrimage here as onward he sails through life, his deeds, his glories, leaving a transitory glare on the surface of Old Time; wave after wave of years succeed in obliterating course, and ere long the tide of Forgetfulness erases every vestige of his existence!

As it was now exceedingly agreeable to inhale the freshening air, madame and Madeline had come from below, and were seated on a bench on the quarter-deck. I accosted them, and, at their solicitation, joined them on the seat. They had on their mantillas, but Madeline had not with sufficient caution protected herself against the damp air of the evening.

"I fear, mademoiselle," said I, addressing myself to her,—"I fear you will take cold; had you not better draw your mantilla more closely around. Although it is a fine evening, there is a chilly feel in the air," her fine neck and part of her left arm being exposed.

"Thank you—thank you, monsieur, I will take your advice; yet, I must say I have not always been accustomed to take such precautions. In my early youth the rude winds of winter have often chilled my cheek, nor did I take harm then. I would not be the lady-bird caged in the house, and if I could but roam again——"

"You would do well to wrap yourself up more closely," interrupted Madame Vauville, "for if you take cold, Monsieur de Berryer will, on the morrow, chide us both. Are you fond of music, Monsieur Sommerton?" observed madame, as she turned towards me.

"Exceedingly, madame—exceedingly!"

"Madeline," said she to the beauty by her side, "will you oblige us?"

"In what, my dearest Vauville?"

"In favouring us with a strain," returned madame.

"Why—yes, if Captain Sommerton will not be too censorious a critic."

"I shall, indeed, be delighted if Mademoiselle de Berryer will be so kind. As regards to my criticism, I am sure I shall be incompetent. I know nothing of the theory of music to pronounce any decided opinion. I love music—have a very passion for it; and this is, indeed, an hour meet for harmony!"

"Then I'll sing you a ditty," said mademoiselle. "Jules, go fetch my guitar. Make no noise, mind, lest you disturb your master."

De Berryer had, according to his custom, retired to his dormitory, and was engaged in his evening devotions, which he performed with all that regularity and scrupulous observance so common to enthusiasts of the Romish faith. For hours he was secluded, communing with himself and engaged in prayer and reflection. In society he made no parade of piety, nor was his conversation seasoned with Pharasaic sayings. If man's measured span is threescore years and ten, and if beyond that time life loses its once absorbing interests, and its hopes of here decay, De Berryer's thoughts had more to do with the future than the present. His sojourn could not be long, and doubtless he rightly conceived that with age and grey hairs grave thoughts and serious musings were in keeping. Perhaps he loved, too, to be alone, and quietly indulge in re-

flections that brought back on Fancy's airy wing other and happier times. He might have an inward comfort in these thinkings, and say, as Napoleon said after, when an exile on the rock, "I will live on the past!"

Jules soon returned, and placed in the hands of his young and accomplished mistress the costly instrument for which he had been despatched. From the ornamental inlayings of silver and pearl, it must have been purchased at a high price. Trying for a few moments its chords, and feeling if they were set aright, she then, with graceful elegance, threw her delicate fingers over its tuneful strings, and, in an air of plaintive sweetness, sang, with much taste and warmth of feeling, the following words:

MADELINE'S SONG.

When at eventide Hesper shines brightly afar,
And is Night, her dark shadows beginning to shed,
Oft alone do I gaze on that silvery star,
While my soul to the past by pale Fancy is led,
To the land which I love, that is still dear to me,
To the home of my youth—o'er the dark rolling sea!

Then I see there once more the old hall of my sires,
Roam again 'mid the hills where my forefathers dwelt;
Recollection reviews, too, the holy grey spires,
Where they worshipped their God—at the altar they knelt:
In the land which I love, that is still dear to me,
At the home of my youth—o'er the dark rolling sea!

Other climes they may boast of bright scenes full as fair
As that vale which in infancy's hours I have known;
But my spirit yet wanders—ah! lingers still there,
Over shadows of bliss, that for ever are flown,
O'er the land which I love, that is still dear to me,
O'er the home of my youth—o'er the dark rolling sea!

Then, oh! tell me, ye Fates, by your mysteries tell,
When the hand of the Tyrant shall stay in its deeds;
Or, have I now waved a last, lingering farewell!
Of my native vale's woodlands, its streams, and its meads—
To the land which I love, that is still dear to me,
To the home of my youth—o'er the dark rolling sea?

Godfrey, those verses I shall never forget, and whenever I do happen to repeat them it makes me melancholy. The pathos with which the song was sung, the silver-toned voice of Madeline, the skilful way in which she touched the chords, eliciting soul-stirring strains, made an impression to this hour remembered. The mystery connected with my new acquaintances was augmented by the verses I had heard. When Madeline had concluded, she became sombre and taciturn. Madame Vauville dropped on her knee the book she had been reading, and looked with dejected air upon the swelling waves, whose "gentle roar" murmured in unison with her feelings of that moment. Were the words of the song, thought I, merely those of some casual lyric? had they anything to do with Madeline? had she left the "land which she loved, o'er the dark rolling sea?" or were they idle fiction? or—or, did they tell the tale of her own misfortunes? If my surmises were wrong, why were they both sad and despondent? These questions internally obtruded themselves, nor could I dispel them. Having in repetition thanked the beautiful performer, a turn was abruptly given to the conversation, and we were cheerfully chatting on various subjects as before.

FEMALE NOVELISTS.

No. VIII.—Mrs. Crowe.

In that shadowy borderland which separates the things which are seen and temporal, from the things which are unseen and eternal—where the eye dwells on a swarth canopy of clouds, and the ear catches stray cadences of ineffable speech, and the feet stumble on the dark mountains—there, on the Night-side of Nature, loves Mrs. Crowe to pitch her tent. Thence she dispenses her dark sayings—thence publishes her revelations of matters in heaven and earth not dreamt of in our philosophy, or dreamt of only *as* a dream.

> Rich are her walks with supernatural cheer :
> The region of her inner spirit teems
> With vital sounds and monitory gleams
> Of high astonishment, and pleasing fear.*

Montaigne tells us he was once tainted with that presumptuous arrogance which slights and condemns all things for false that do not appear to us likely to be true—the ordinary vice of such as fancy themselves wiser than their neighbours ; and that if he heard talk of dead folks walking, of prophecies, enchantments, witchcrafts, or kindred story of *somnia, terrores magicos, portentaque Thessala*, he refused credit point-blank, and pitied the credulous vulgar who were abused by such follies ; "whereas I now find," quoth the older-and-wiser-grown Gascon, "that *I* was to be pitied at least as much as they ; not that experience has taught me to supersede my former opinion, though my curiosity has endeavoured that way ; but reason has instructed me that thus resolutely to condemn anything for false and impossible is to circumscribe and limit the will of God and the power of nature within the bounds of my own capacity, than which no folly can be greater."† And such a position of suspense, of readiness to investigate and slowness to repudiate *à priori*, is the mental *status* upon which Mrs. Crowe insists, at the very least, as essential to every student or observer of the mysterious. Her illustrations of this subject, her contributions to the romance of dream-land and ghost-seeing, are instinct with cordial good faith, so positive and real that her readers are commonly moved to go some way with her, and to commune each one with himself, after being plied with her accumulations of stirring evidence, in the poet's strain :

> ——Dare I say
> No spirit ever brake the band
> That stays him from the native land
> Where first he walk'd when clasp'd in clay?‡

The veriest sceptic in these matters, to whom a ghost is airy humbug, and a dream dyspepsia, and presentiment a cunningly-devised fable, and mesmerism a preposterous sham, will yet hardly escape the influence of a qualified sympathy while perusing one of Mrs. Crowe's best tales of terror, and will incline to pay her the compliment of saying,

> C'est à vous de rêver et de faire des songes,
> Puisqu'en vous il est faux que songes sont mensonges.§

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* Wordsworth. † Essays. Book i., chap. xxvi.
‡ Tennyson. § L'Etourdi., iv., 3.

It has been observed that an absolute scepticism on the theme of an invisible world can be maintained only by the aid of Hume's often repeated sophism—that *no* testimony can be held sufficient to establish an alleged fact, which is at variance with common experience ; for it must not be denied that some few instances of the sort alluded to rest upon testimony in itself thoroughly unimpeachable. "At least let indulgence be given to the opinion that those almost universal superstitions which, in every age and nation, have implied the fact of occasional interferences of the dead with the living, ought not to be summarily dismissed as a mere folly of the vulgar, utterly unreal, until our knowledge of the spiritual world is so complete as shall entitle us to affirm that no such interferences can, in the nature of things, ever have taken place. The mere supposition of there being any universal persuasion, which is totally groundless, not only in its form and adjuncts, but in its substance, does some violence to the principles of human reasoning, and is clearly of dangerous consequence."* So writes Mr. Isaac Taylor, adding, that whether such and such alleged facts happen to come to us mingled with gross popular errors, or not, is a circumstance of little importance in determining the degree of attention they may deserve—the one question to be considered being this : Is the evidence that sustains them in any degree substantial ?† He is, indeed, of opinion that almost all instances of alleged supernatural *appearances* may easily be disposed of, either on the ground of the fears and superstitious impressions of the parties recording them, or on that of the diseased action of the nervous system, which, in certain conditions, generates visual illusions of the most distinct kind ;‡ but he contends that no such explanations will meet the many instances, thoroughly well attested, in which the death of a relative, at a distance, has been conveyed, in all its circumstances, to persons during sleep;

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* Physical Theory of Another Life. Chap. xvii.

† "Shall we allow," he asks, "an objector to put an end to our scientific curiosity on the subject, for instance, of somnambulism, by saying, 'Scores of these accounts have turned out to be exaggerated or totally untrue ?'—or, 'This walking in the sleep ought not to be thought possible, or as likely to be permitted by the Benevolent Guardian of human welfare ?'" Our business is, first, to obtain a number of distinct, and unimpeachable, and intelligent witnesses ; and then, to adjust the results of their testimony, as well as we can, to other parts of our philosophy of human nature.

Mr. Taylor, let us add, gravely conjectures, what we cannot so gravely quote, that, as almost all natural modes of life are open to some degree of irregularity, and admit exceptive cases, so the *pressure* of the innumerable community of the dead, toward the precincts of life, arising from a yearning after the lost corporeity, or after the expected corporeity, may, in certain cases, actually *break through the boundaries* that hem in the ethereal *crowds*, and that so it may happen, as if by *trespass*, that the dead may, in single instances, infringe upon the ground of common corporeal life. If so, it is inexcusable that the "residuary establishment" of ghosts, though "non-intrusionists," or rather because they are so, should not despatch after the stray ghost the ghost of a "Peeler," armed with special warrant, or whatever is *their* analogue to our "Habeas *corpus*."

‡ By the way, it was once observed by Coleridge, that in all the best attested stories of ghosts and visions, as in that of Brutus, of Archbishop Cranmer, that of Benvenuto Cellini, recorded by himself, and the vision of Galileo, communicated by him to his favourite pupil Torricelli, the ghost-seers were in a state of cold or chilling damp from without, and from anxiety inwardly. "'Twas bitter cold, and they were sick at heart, and not a mouse stirring." See his "Literary Remains" (Notes on Shakspeare).

nor, again, to those instances in which some special information, buried in the bosom of the dead, has been imparted, in sleep, to the living.* In maintaining the affirmative side of the vexed question concerning supernatural experiences, Mrs. Crowe occupies a foremost place among modern agitators.

Nor can *she* be accused, as many of the latter, not always unjustly, are, of deficiency in shrewdness, sagacity, and hard common sense. These qualities are as characteristic of her style of mind as is a love for the marvellous.

Her acute faculty of observation, and cool-headed tact in eliminating a mystery through devious mazes, are seen in her frequent and favourite tales of circumstantial evidence. Give her a case of that kind, as one of her reviewers has said, and she will draw out every scrap of it so cunningly that, during the progress of the story, you will fix the guilt on half a dozen individuals in succession; nor is it always, apparently, quite clear to Mrs. Crowe herself who is the real delinquent, until she is compelled to decide the question towards the close of the third volume.† There is, nevertheless, room in her constructions for an ingenuity of design and arrangement which shall be more artful, or rather artistic, and less artificial, and which shall have the *ars celare artem*.

About a dozen years since, a great "hit" was made at the circulating libraries by the production of "Susan Hopley," with the fascinating *alias* of "Circumstantial Evidence." On a work so widely read, there is little for us to remark, at this time of day. Undoubtedly it was read and commended up to the pitch of its deserts, and perhaps a little beyond. It was just the book for ordinary *habitués* of the Temple of Novel-ty—not a whit beyond their comprehension or reflective powers—demanding no pause on their part to mark as well as read, or inwardly digest as well as swallow; and at the same time cramming them with incident, scheming and cross-scheming, ravelling and unravelling, plot and counterplot, to the very top of their bent. A huge favourite was Susan with provincial matrons, who daily scan the lights and shadows of human nature in its avatars at the police-courts and assizes. Her adventures were as good as a twelve-columned murder case, with the speeches by Bodkin and Ballantyne, and the cross-examination by Serjeant Wilkins into the bargain. The *imbroglio* of confusion worse confounded, yet so sure to be agreeably dispersed and cleared up, was delightful matter for those whom it concerned. The perplexity was not, however, managed with consummate art; for too much light was cast upon the process—the wires of the machinery were slightly hid, and creaked in undue tell-tale fashion; you were not kept in suspense as to the issue; you felt, in a degree calculated to injure a work of fiction, that when things were getting to be at the worst, they would inevitably mend, and that it was a law of the work that the darkest hour should be the immediate precursor of sunrise. Mrs. Crowe's next story, "Men

* Southey writes: "I never fear to avow my belief that warnings from the other world are sometimes communicated to us in this; and that, absurd as the stories of apparitions generally are, they are not always false, but that the spirits of the dead have sometimes been permitted to appear." He adds, to his correspondent. "Perhaps you will not despise this as a mere superstition when I say that Kant, the profoundest thinker of modern ages, came, by the severest reasoning, to the same conclusion."

† *Westminster Review.*

and Women; or, Manorial Rights," showed a similar wealth of invention in melodramatic action, and a similar defect of skill in the apparatus for the evolution of its plot. Circumstantial evidence was again the pivot of its progress; but that Groves, the Courvoisier of the tale, should never have been suspected, while so many respectable people *were*, puzzled such readers as saw from the first "how the land lay."

"Lilly Dawson" belongs to the same "excitement" school. In construction, it showed no advance of tact upon its predecessors. But its tone was, on the whole, more healthy, its observation of life more keen and probing, and its array of characters more true to both nature and art. Nowhere, probably, has Mrs. Crowe wrought up scenes of terror with more grisly effect than in this romance—for example, Lilly's unobserved presence amid the smugglers who bring home the corpse—and its repetition in the case of the murder of Charlotte Littenhaus by her brother Luke. But then, again, she has nowhere, probably, evidenced such care and mastery in the development of character and the by-ways of the human heart. The gradational transition of Lilly from a state of dense, crass, impenetrable obtuseness, and the adjustment of the means necessary to this revolution, are effected with remarkable talent, and testify to the author's acquaintance with psychology, and, we may add, to her ability to sustain a loftier part than has usually been her choice in fiction—even had we not the instance of her neglected, but meritorious play, "Aristodemus," to give confirmatory witness on this point. How Lilly's heart awoke her intellect—how a few days of sunshine swelled the bud that had been nipped by bitter east winds—how kindness made her begin to feel, and feeling induced thought—how a sudden impulse of affection unfolded to her some faint ideas of what human life was, or should be, and of how the world was held together—and how the vibration of a chord thus struck, by exciting her love, awakened dormant faculties of keen vitality and large compass—this educational process is ably portrayed. There is consistent reality, too, about the character of May Elliott, kindly yet selfish, imposing and dashing—"a riddle far beyond Lilly's guessing," who is too happy in being permitted to adore May, and in believing nobody to be so clever, and wise, and good, and handsome—so great is the effect of her fashionable dress and fine ladyism. Old Abel White, again, interests us, with his fond memory of his dead and gone Matty, and his ready love for the humblest of God's creatures. Winny and Shorty manage the low comedy with tolerable success—Luke and Jacob Littenhaus are still better in the tragic business—and of the other actors, Philip Ryland and his mother, Giles and Martha Lintock, Colonel Adams, and Master Freddy, not one is a mere lay figure, or even *marionette*, but they all tread the stage with appropriate demeanour, and contribute to the *nexus* of the drama.

A veritable *bonne bouche* for epicures in supernaturalism is the "Night-side of Nature; or, Ghosts and Ghost-seers." Its bill of fare contains many a dainty dish to set before the king—of terrors himself. Highly spiced *entremets* abound, and certain formidable and, to some constitutions, indigestible *pièces de résistance*. Spectres, wraiths, doubles, presentiments, and mesmerism in all its phases of faith, are served up ungrudgingly, and never under-done; for the purveyor is *au fait* in the mysteries of her art. Committing ourselves to her guidance, we enter darkling a region of

Substance and shadow, light and darkness, all
Commingled, making up a canopy
Of shapes, and forms, and tendencies to shape,
That shift and vanish, change and interchange . . .
Strange congregation! yet not slow to meet
Eyes that perceive through minds that can inspire.*

Even if we hold that she makes too much of her materials, and that, like Racine's Hebrew queen,

D'un vain songe peut-être elle fait trop de compte,

there is yet no gainsaying the *vraisemblance* of her narrative art, or the contagious influence which it engenders. She almost compels you to feel, if not own, the strange awe of

—— spiritual presentiments,
And such refraction of events
As often rises ere *they* rise.†

She has been said to be enamoured of her *revenants* and *restants*, because they convey to her soul the dear assurance of a world to come—the purpose of this book being the conveyance of that grand conviction to other minds: she is eager for the investigation of any new facts, in how questionable a guise soever they may come, which may, perhaps, let in some more light upon the darkness which encompasses the mystery of life. Famous company would she have been for John Leyden, who, when he got upon this topic, used to rivet the attention of Scott and other *beaux esprits*, by "maintaining powerfully," and "with great learning," the effete traditions of ghost-seeing, and the "exploded doctrines of demonology," and sometimes "affect to confirm the strange tales with which his memory abounded, by reference to the ghostly experiences of his childhood." In him she would have hailed an M.D. who, in spite of his diploma, would claim exemption from the stern strictures she passes on scientific "critics and collegos" *en masse*, as systematically and most ignorantly "putting down" every new discovery—mesmerism and clairvoyance, for instance—which opposes the *textus receptus* of their inspired rule of faith, or which "promises to be troublesome from requiring new thought to render it intelligible." Against these doctors throughout all the world Mrs. Crowe uplifts a ringing, protestant cry, as stiff-necked and dull-pated partisans, who, having declared against any new theory or discovery in the outset, find it "important to their petty interests that the thing shall not be true; and they determine that it *shall* not if they can help it." Her principle is—as expounded in another of her works—that on subjects connected with the invisible world, all *à priori* reasoning is perfectly worthless; the possibility of the reappearance of the dead, for instance—that is, of their rendering their presence sensible to us, who are yet in the flesh, and whose gross organs are only calculated and designed to take cognisance of material objects—is a question that can be argued only by experience; while this very experience, in all ages and countries, is, she contends, in favour of the fact; and although allowing herself ignorant of the peculiar conditions under which "preternatural" recognitions take place, whether depending on the state of the seer or the seen, or the mutual *rapport* of both, she states her perfect satisfaction that such

* Wordsworth: "Prelude." † Tennyson: "In Memoriam."

occurrences are more frequent than is commonly imagined, and valiantly protests against that "human pride and scepticism, and a reaction from the superstitions of a preceding age," which caused them to be concealed or denied, or explained away. In her polemics in favour of mesmerism, she scarcely does her *spiriting* gently.

The collection of stories published under the name of "Light and Darkness," comprises specimens of Mrs. Crowe's manner in its "all and sundry" varieties. There is more darkness, indeed, than light; more of grave than gay; less of lively than severe. The book is beloved of those who relish a supper-full of horrors, and who find special entertainment in the simultaneous experience of the chimes of two in the morning ("not a mouse stirring," look you!), and the death-throes of a flickering lamp, and the alarms of a ghost-tale—all contributing to a shivering crisis of excitement, which sends the reader, with the perturbed gesture and dilated eyeball and stealthy tread of *Queen Macbeth*, "to bed—to bed—to bed!" Thus, "The Monk's Story" relates with "dreary" circumstantiality the uncomfortable mania of a somnambule for roving about o'nights, and sticking decent people in their first sleep; "The Surgeon's Adventure" pleasantly sets forth the unpleasantries of Italian banditti, with their pastoral inns, and ragouts of the flesh stipulated for in *Shylock's* bond; "The Lycanthropist," or wolf-man, who essays, with success fully equal to his merits, the part of the vampire; "The Bride's Journey," with its strange series of *contretemps* and narrow escapes; and "The Priest of St. Quentin," a romantic police report after the own heart of police report students. "The Poisoners" furnish similar matter, calculated to be highly welcome to "The Society of Connoisseurs in Murder," who, as their natural history and unnatural tastes are expounded in the English Opium-eater's memorable Lecture,* profess to be curious in homicide; amateurs and dilettanti in the various modes of bloodshed; and, in short, murder-fanciers, and who, whenever the police annals of Europe bring up a fresh atrocity of that class, meet and criticise it as they would a picture, statue, or other work of art. Then, again, Mrs. Crowe's knack in getting up a case of circumstantial evidence, and

* This Lecture is one of the cleverest and most characteristic of Mr. de Quincey's writings—replete with humorous irony, ingenious illustration, erudite gossip, and philosophic burlesque. The sustained gravity of the lecturer, and his keen zest in explaining a recondite beauty, are inimitably fine. To readers of this generation, lamentably unread in the periodical literature of five *lustra* since, we may be permitted to explain, that the *jeu d'esprit* in question expounds the æsthetics of Murder—methodically ranging from Cain to Mr. Thurtell—from barbarian ages, when the art was little understood, and distressing bungling disgraced the profession, to the present age, when masterpieces of excellence have been executed, and when, to quote the Lecturer himself, "people begin to see that something more goes to the composition of a fine murder than two blockheads to kill and be killed—a knife—a purse—and a dark lane. Design, gentlemen,—design," continues this earnest and eloquent professor, "grouping, light and shade, poetry, sentiment, are now deemed indispensable to attempts of this nature. Mr. Williams has exalted the idea of Murder to all of us. . . . Like Æschylus or Milton in poetry, like Michael Angelo in painting, he has carried his art to a point of colossal sublimity; and, as Mr. Wordsworth observes, has in a manner 'created the taste by which he is to be enjoyed.'" The "as Mr. Wordsworth observes," is here delicious, all things considered, and must *almost* have ravished a smile from the poet himself. But to Wordsworth a sense of the ludicrous was as absolutely wanting, as the sense of smell.

tangling a web of mystery, is displayed in such narratives as "The Accusation," "Beggar and Burgomaster," and "The Tile-burner and his Family." Her revelations of social life are represented in "The Money-seekers," and her comic vein, not very broad, or deep, or richly flowing, is traceable in the head-gear afflictions of "The Two Miss Smiths." On the whole, the contents of these volumes read better in their original fugitive form, as magazine papers, than in the more imposing guise of guinea-and-a-half glorification. And, speaking for ourselves, we must own that these tales of terror did not cast over us such a spell as to elicit an unconditional assent and consent to their assumed right of reappearance in another form—of revisiting thus the glimpses of the moon, in the hope of making night hideous, and a second edition pay.

Nor are we over well-affected towards Mrs. Crowe's last venture, "The Adventures of a Beauty." If the invention of a labyrinthine plot is all-in-all, this novel is a triumph of high art; and as there *are* readers who decide in the affirmative, and who postpone all other qualities to that of intricately-woven story, it is sure of its section of the myriad-minded public. But if characterisation is of importance—if deep searchings of heart are in request—if the anatomising art of Hawthorne is desired, or Currer Bell's sounding of the soul's dark and heaving waters, or Thackeray's ironic cautery of conventional life,—then is this history of Agnes Grosvenor null and void. In this respect, it is a decline from "Lilly Dawson." "L'originalité des caractères a disparu, et c'est elle qui seule peut rendre une fiction vivante."* To this axiom, however, not all subscribers to circulating libraries will *ex animo* subscribe; some even have a notion, uttered or unexpressed, that the less *une fiction* has of philosophic character-delineation, the more *vivante* it necessarily is. "The Adventures of a Beauty" we have seen aptly compared to one of those puzzles in which you discover a number of rings shut up one within another; you cannot for the life of you tell how they got there, and are still more bewildered to know how they are to be got out again; but to Mrs. Crowe all this is perfectly easy. In her hands, "the perplexities of a plot through which the tangled threads of circumstances overlay the humanity, and render moral truths subordinate to a machinery of intricate incidents, may not only be endured with complacency, but enjoyed as one enjoys the feats of a conjurer who can make a card fly out of the pack into a gentleman's pocket or a lady's reticule, and restore it into its proper place with a wave of his wand."† Yet one is scarcely resigned to a result which classes the author of "Aristodemus" with professors of the legerdemain of romance—though the seat assigned her be shared by the Houdins and Döblers of their craft. The Wizard of the North—we mean Scott, not "Professor Anderson"—would never have attained to that title of *facile princeps*, had he confined his orbit to going round about the caldron of magic such as this.

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* Madame de Staël. † *Westminster Review*, April, 1852.

THE LATE EARTHQUAKE.

The earthquake which occurred in England and Ireland on the morning of Tuesday, the 9th of November, presents features of marked interest, not alone from the great rarity of the phenomenon in the British islands, but also from the wide diffusion of the disturbing power, and the peculiar circumstances under which it manifested itself. Happily, the force of the earthquake, or amount of tremulous action, was everywhere very slight. As far as can be gathered from various reports, the area included within the influence of the force in question extended from north-west to south-east, from Newry and Tandragee in Ireland, some sixty miles north-west of Dublin, to the neighbourhood of London. Its centre of intensity appears to have comprised Dublin and its neighbourhood, North Wales, as far as Shrewsbury and Aberystwith, and the basin of the Mersey, including Liverpool and Manchester. It was felt at the Isle of Man, but not, as far as is known, at sea, which may, however, have arisen from the disturbance of the sea itself by other causes at the same time.

The shock appears to have manifested itself in Dublin at about four o'clock in the morning. As in other places, although hundreds of persons distinctly felt the vibration consequent upon the shock, yet, from the novelty of the phenomenon, but very few were aware of its real nature; and it was only as the day advanced, and as people met in the streets and compared observations, that a general conclusion was arrived at, that what at first seemed mere surmise was in truth a stern reality.

It appears that the houses in the city and its neighbourhood were simultaneously shaken to their foundations, and the greater number of their inmates aroused from sleep by the sudden noise and motion. In all cases the windows shook violently, and the delf, glasses, and candlesticks, and in most instances chairs, beds, and furniture, rattled audibly. The motion seemed to pass from north north-east to south south-west, which does not tally with its apparent line of prolongation to North Wales and the basin of the Mersey, nor with the supposition of the British earthquake being the outer wave of some great earthquake which may have shaken cities or kingdoms at a distance from us. The duration of the shock is variously given at from fourteen to twenty seconds. Some described the sensation as that arising from two rapidly succeeding shocks, and not one continuous one. The day was uncommonly mild for the season of the year, and everybody was conscious of the closeness of the atmosphere. The maximum of the thermometer was, on the day previous, 63 deg., the minimum 54 deg., the barometer, 29·820, wind south-west, with occasional rain.

In one instance, a portion of the ceiling fell; in several instances, more particularly at Howth, at Newbridge, and elsewhere, persons were actually thrown out of their beds. At Phibsborough, a stack of chimneys fell, and at Kingstown a portion of the boundary wall of the quay was levelled. In some places the noise was like that of the arrival of a train, at others like an explosion. Sparrows were killed by the shock.

At Kilbride, in the county Wicklow, and at an elevation of 700 feet above the level of the sea, the houses are said to have rocked in a most fearful manner, and the beds to have pitched like a ship at sea.

Subsequent information has shown that the earthquake was not confined to Dublin and its vicinity, but that it was felt also at Newry and Tandragee, some sixty miles north of the metropolis. As also at Carlow, fifty miles to the south-west. Castle Howard, at Arklow, was shaken to its foundations. The western and more southerly counties appear, however, to have escaped the unusual visitation.

The earthquake is described as having been felt at Liverpool at 4.30, and the shock appears to have been strongest along the line of the river, particularly at Bootle, a village at the north end of the docks. The vibration was also felt at Birkenhead, and in the villages on the Cheshire side of the Mersey. The phenomena accompanying the shock were confined mainly to rumbling noises, tremulous motion of houses, shaking of beds and furniture, and stopping of clocks. In one case only a soap-box was shaken from a dressing-table, and broken to pieces. In Liverpool, as at Dublin, the earthquake was less sensibly felt without the houses. A police-officer, leaning against one of the landing-waiters' huts, describes the hut to have shaken so much that he thought he and it would have fallen into the dock. The weather had been wet and sultry for some days past; on the 9th the day was dark and misty, with a drizzling rain.

Pretty nearly similar phenomena were experienced at Manchester at, or about, the same time, and very naturally caused no small consternation.

Earthquakes, which have been very justly described as "the most terrific of all natural phenomena," are happily of such rare occurrence in these realms, that we cannot feel surprised at the sensation caused by a first intimacy with a visitation of such a fearful description. These feelings are well portrayed in a private letter from a young lady visiting at the time a relative in Manchester, and with the perusal of which we have been favoured:

"I fear I shall scarcely be believed when I say that I felt the shock very distinctly. I was awakened by the room shaking violently; I started up, and felt (for I could not see, as we do not burn a light) the furniture in the room was vibrating in a very strange manner; this, however, I naturally attributed to the passing of some heavy waggon. The vibration appeared to continue for about a minute after I awoke. There was no rumbling or any perceptible noise accompanying the shock, but the windows shook as they do at home when a heavily-laden luggage-train is passing. One of the servants was awakened with the idea that the house was on fire, and falling down. The city of Manchester is thrown into a great state of excitement, and people can talk of nothing but the earthquake: we might be living in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius. The weather continues excessively warm and damp, and not a breath of wind to stir the air; the evening before the earthquake was extremely oppressive. The thunderstorm of Friday, though it did not do any mischief, is generally acknowledged to have been as severe as any experienced here this year, and seems to have been a kind of a forerunner of the earthquake, for, instead of cooling the atmosphere, the heat has been increasing ever since."

The earthquake was, it appears from the reports of the newspapers, the subject of much conversation in the Exchange throughout the day, and in all places of business. A gentleman at Sale, who, from a previous

residence at Saint Domingo, was familiar with the phenomenon, recognised the sensation immediately, and, like our correspondent, describes it as lasting about a minute. A young lady residing at Davyhulme Hall, having a lighted lamp in her room, saw the dressing-table vibrate. Several persons spoke of a sensation of sickness. Dogs trembled, and were much frightened.

The great physical geographer De Humboldt argues that the deep and peculiar impression left on the mind by the first earthquake which we experience, even where it is not attended by any subterranean noise, is not the result of a recollection of those fearful pictures of devastation presented to our imaginations by the historical narratives of the past, but is rather due to the sudden revelation of the delusive nature of the inherent faith by which we had clung to a belief in the immobility of the solid parts of the earth. We are accustomed from early childhood to draw a contrast between the mobility of water and the immobility of the soil on which we tread, and this feeling is confirmed by the evidence of our senses. When, therefore, we suddenly feel the ground move beneath us, a mysterious and natural force with which we are previously unacquainted is revealed to us as an active disturbance of stability. A moment destroys the illusion of a whole life; our deceptive faith in the repose of nature vanishes, and we feel transported, as it were, into a realm of unknown destructive forces. Every sound, the faintest motion in the air, arrests our attention, and we no longer trust the ground on which we stand. Animals, especially dogs and swine, participate in the same anxious disquietude; and even the crocodiles of the Orinoco, which are at other times as dumb as our little lizards, leave the trembling bed of the river, and run with loud cries into the adjacent forests. ("Cosmos," Bohn's edition, vol. i., p. 212.)

Comparing the different accounts from Manchester and its neighbourhood with one another, it would appear that the shock was mainly characterised by a sort of upheaving motion, followed by others horizontally, which are variously described as shakings, undulations, vibrations, tremblings, and such concussions as would be caused by a heavily-laden waggon passing close by a slightly-built house. Though it shook doors and windows, agitated pieces of furniture, and made crockery-ware rattle, it does not appear to have been accompanied with any very audible sound of its own. It was preceded for some days by a temperature unusually high, close, and oppressive; but, as in the last observed earthquake at the same place, in March, 1843, it does not appear to have caused any sudden rise or fall of the barometer. On the former occasion the barometer gradually fell; on the present it seems to have risen gradually till after the earthquake, when it began to fall. That kept by Mr. Casartelli is registered thrice daily, at ten A.M., and four and ten P.M.; and at these hours on Sunday it indicated 29·49 inches, 29·52 inches, and 29·65 inches; on Monday it was 29·75 inches, 29·80 inches, and 29·98 inches. On Tuesday morning, at ten o'clock, it had reached 30·05 inches, but soon commenced falling, and at four P.M. it was 30·02 inches. The highest temperature on Sunday was 58 deg. Fahrenheit; on Monday the minimum, at an early hour in the morning, was 54 deg., and the maximum 61 deg.; and on Tuesday morning, about the time of the earthquake, the

minimum temperature attained, according to Mr. Casartelli's self-registering thermometer, was 50 deg.

As to the direction of the shock, a writer in the *Manchester Guardian* says, there appears every reason to believe, from concurrent and independent testimony, that it was north and south; but this we have seen reason to doubt. It may, indeed, if not connected with some distant commotion, have been a circle or large ellipse of movement, in which the vibrations were propagated with decreasing intensity from a centre, which would appear to have been situated in the Irish Channel, nearly midway between Dublin, the Isle of Man, and North Wales. The shock appears to have been felt at Aberystwith quite as early as in Ireland. Such was also the case in the Isle of Man, in Oxfordshire, and, as far as local time can be corrected, in other places.

The shock was felt northward from Liverpool along the coast to Southport, Blackpool, to Fleetwood. From North Wales it seems to have swept eastward through Shropshire, Worcestershire, and Gloucestershire. It also traversed Cheshire, Staffordshire, and Warwickshire, and extended in an easterly direction from Lancashire into Yorkshire, where it was felt at Harrowgate and Stanningley, near Leeds.

At Holyhead, the shock was accompanied by a very loud noise; the wind was south-east; cloudy. The same thing occurred at Bangor; wind in the same direction; weather foggy. The shock is said to have been more violent in the mountainous districts of North Wales than has ever been previously experienced. The air is described as having been unusually sultry. Towards midnight it is said to have become almost stifling; and people complained of a lassitude and oppression altogether unaccountable. The air is also said to have been surcharged with electricity to such an extent that the bells in many parts of the town of Caernarvon kept up a vibratory motion, and produced a peculiar humming sound. Early in the morning (writes a person who was awake at the time) a most unearthly quiet brooded over sea and land, broken, at length, by a sound more fearful than the most violent thunder could have produced. There were no premonitory perceptions of slighter shocks, as is frequently the case in earthquakes, but all at once a roaring, louder than breakers at sea or tempests on land could ever produce, was heard around, and continued for perhaps twenty or thirty seconds with undiminished power, and then gradually faded away into a state of perfect silence. The loudness of the sound was like that of the passage of a brigade of fire-engines at full gallop over the stones of a quiet London street. During the continuance of the sound a powerful and continuous vibratory motion was perceptible; not like what is felt in many houses during a storm of wind, but a very peculiar tremulousness, which communicated itself to both animate and inanimate objects.

The shock is also described as having been very severe at Aberystwith, where it was stated that several persons were seriously ill from fright. At Shrewsbury, a portion of wall near the Castle Forgate fell, and another portion of wall at the goods station of the railway terminus sunk considerably. The shock appears to have been severe also throughout Shropshire, exciting considerable alarm, ringing bells, and throwing down a wood bridge over the Severn. Here the direction is described as being west south-west to north north-east, but weakest in the west.

Its intensity is also said to have been limited to a narrow line or strip of country. The shock was also felt at Knutsford, Northwich, Congleton, and at Chester. The movement was also felt at Oldham, Harrowgate, and Stanningley, near Leeds, in Yorkshire. Also at Wolverhampton, Brewood, and in Birmingham, and its neighbourhood in Warwickshire. At Balsall Heath, the Wellington Road, and at Hockley, several of the inhabitants describe tremulous movements, accompanied by noises, as having occurred somewhere about four o'clock in the morning.

The earthquake is also described as having visited Worcestershire at about four o'clock. The report says, however, that there is some little discrepancy in the time given by different persons as to the exact period of the shock, which has led to the belief that more than one must have occurred. The weather was close and oppressive, and there was a vibration, or undulation of the ground, accompanied by a rumbling noise. The shock was chiefly felt at Worcester, Malvern, Kidderminster, and Bewdley. The Severn had been flooded for some days previously.

In Oxfordshire the shock was felt chiefly in the neighbourhood of Moreton-in-the-Marsh—at Stretton, Ditchford, Aston, Blockley, and Bloseley. According to the *Oxford Journal*, the shock was felt about four o'clock in the morning. The earthquake was preceded in this district, on the 5th of November, by a voltaic hailstorm, in which the hailstones were as usual crystallised, and as large as walnuts.

One remarkable instance has come within our own knowledge of the shock having been felt in Middlesex, at Hammersmith, near London. A lady, whose sleep is a good deal broken by ill-health, was roused at or about half-past four o'clock in the morning of the 9th by the shaking of her bed, and the rattling of a candlestick and glass placed on a chair near her bed. She was so much alarmed that she got out of bed and lit a candle. The circumstance was mentioned to us before the earthquake had been heard of or thought of. Possibly many other cases occurred, if known; but occurring as it did at a time when nineteen-twentieths of the population were asleep, it was passed over in many places, and still more so towards the extremities of the wave.

Mrs. Somerville, in her work on "Physical Geography," justly remarks:

"There must be some singular volcanic action underneath part of Great Britain, which has occasioned 255 slight shocks of earthquake, of which 139 took place in Scotland. The most violent of them have been felt at Comrie, in Stratherne. Of the rest, 14 took place on the borders of Yorkshire and Derbyshire, 30 in Wales, and 31 on the south coast of England. They were preceded by singular phenomena, as a sudden fall of the barometer, fogs, and unusual sultriness."—Vol. i., p. 261.

In an old book of remarkable events, called "Trusler's Chronology," the following earthquakes are noticed as occurring in England:

"One thro'out all England, followed by a great variety of fruit and a late harvest in 1090.

"One in Shropshire, 1110; one in December, 1116; in September, 1120; in August, 1134. One that overthrew the church in Lincoln and others, in 1185. A dreadful one in February 14, 1428. One in Somersetshire, in 1249. At St. Alban's, 1250. A general one that threw

down St. Michael's-on-the-Hill-without-Glastonbury, in 1274. The greatest ever known in England, November 14, 1328. A very dreadful one, accompanied with thunder and lightning, September 28, 1426. Another, 1661. Also 1683 and 1692."

The *Manchester Guardian* for November 13, 1852, enumerates no fewer than eight earthquakes, experienced, more or less, in Manchester and its suburbs during the last hundred years. One in 1750, one in 1753, one in 1777, and the others in 1835, 1839, 1843 (two), and 1852.

The observations recorded with regard to the time of the occurrence were, it will be perceived, made under the circumstances with so little regard to preciseness, that it is difficult to draw any definite conclusion from them. Those made at Dublin would seem to agree in the shock having been felt at or near four o'clock in the morning, while the mass of observations made in Liverpool, Manchester, and North Wales, would give about half-past four, which, allowing for difference of longitude, would still leave a sufficient lapse of time to give priority to the coast of Ireland, and would indicate a movement between west and east, or from north-west to south-east. But then, again, the observations at Aberystwith, Birmingham, and in Oxfordshire, would indicate that this shock was felt in those places as early as four o'clock. In the great earthquake of 1755, agitations of water were observed in various parts of Great Britain at wide intervals of time. For example, at Loch Ness and Loch Lomond at half-past nine, A.M.; in Durham and Surrey, at half-past ten, A.M.; in Berks and Derbyshire, between eleven and twelve, A.M. The last shock of a somewhat similar description—which was experienced with various degrees of intensity in Lancashire and in the adjacent counties of Westmoreland, Cumberland, Cheshire, Flintshire, and the Isle of Man—took place a few minutes before one o'clock on the morning of Friday, March 17, 1843.

At the Royal Observatory, the mean height of the barometer during the week ending 13th November was 29·534. The mean weekly temperature, which was 54·2 deg., exceeded the average of ten years by 7·7 deg. It has not been so high since the week that ended the 25th of September; and since the beginning of October it has not been higher than 49·9 deg. In the last two weeks it has suddenly risen from 45·6 deg. to 54·2 deg. The mean daily temperature was 54·6 deg. on Sunday, or 7·9 deg. above the average. It rose on Monday to 57·2 deg.; declined till Thursday, when it was 50·3 deg.; and rose again on Friday to nearly the same height as on Monday and Tuesday, when it was about 10 deg. above the average. It was higher than the average throughout the week. The wind blew generally from the south.

De Humboldt, who has seen the earth frequently and violently agitated in a clear air and a fresh wind, as well as in rain and thunderstorms, treats the general belief that a calm, an oppressive heat, and a misty horizon are forerunners of earthquakes, as a fallacious popular opinion, unsupported by the authority of inductive reasoning. The regularity of the horary changes in the declination of the magnetic needle, and in the atmospheric pressure, as indicated by the barometer, are not also, it has been ascertained, generally or necessarily connected with earthquakes. Yet, although this may be the case, as thus strictly

and scientifically placed before us, there is no doubt, on the other hand, that a misty, oppressive air, indicative of a peculiar electric condition, and often marked by an unusual rise in the barometer, does frequently accompany earthquakes, especially in countries least exposed to volcanic influences. Volta's electrometer, for example, was strongly agitated during the protracted earthquakes of Pignerol in 1808. Humboldt himself acknowledges that, although in general the processes at work in the interior of the earth may not be announced by any meteorological phenomena, or any special appearance of the sky, it is still not improbable that some effect may be imparted to the atmosphere, in consequence of which it cannot act in a purely dynamic manner. Further, if no meteorological phenomena indicate the coming earthquake either on the morning of the shock, or a few days previously, the influence of certain periods of the year (the vernal and autumnal equinoxes), the commencement of the rainy season in the tropics after long drought, and the change of the monsoons (according to general belief) cannot be overlooked, even though what De Humboldt calls the *genetic* connexion of meteorological processes with those going on in the interior of our globe, is still enveloped in obscurity.

The circumstances under which the late earthquake occurred are singularly suggestive for its explanation to two of the more simple theories that have been suggested in explanation of these phenomena; the theory of electric influences, and that of the influence of water converted into steam by subterranean heat. Earthquakes, it is true, have always been of rare occurrence in these realms. Yet, historically, they date as far back as A.D. 1089, when a shock was felt throughout the country. Another shock was experienced in 1274, a partial shock having been chronicled as apparently confined to Lincoln in 1142. In 1580 a shock of such gravity was experienced in London that part of St. Paul's and the Temple churches fell. In 1690, Ireland suffered from similar causes. The inhabitants of London, who were much discomposed by a slight shock on February 8th, 1750, were still more terrified by a severer shock that occurred on the 8th of March of the same year. Till that time the absurd theories of Kircher, Descartes, and other philosophers, that there were many vast cavities under ground which have a communication with each other, some of which abound with water, others with exhalations arising from inflammable substances, as nitre, bitumen, and sulphur—the common resources of bygone chemistry—still held their ground. But at this time, Dr. Stukeley, who had been engaged in electrical experiments, began to suspect that a phenomenon of this kind ought to be attributed not to vapours or fermentations generated in the bowels of the earth, but to electricity. These ideas were advocated at the same time by Beccaria, and further illustrated by Dr. Priestley.

It is evident that the peculiar circumstances under which the late earthquake occurred were sufficient to give countenance to either of the above theories. There was quite sufficient in the electric tension, produced by the prolonged and unseasonable warmth, moisture, and stagnation of the atmosphere, to ground a theory of a contrast of a negative and positive condition established between the earth and the air, and producing tremulous vibrations like the shock of an earthquake, when an equilibrium was brought about, especially if that was, as is mostly the case

with electrical phenomena, effected more or less instantaneously, just as two clouds, one negatively, the other positively, electrified, produce, according to the voltaic theory, a hailstorm in summer time, and at any time the evolution of light, accompanied by thunder. Then again, knowing positively as we do how much the temperature goes on increasing (1 deg. for every 100 feet) from the surface towards the centre of the earth, those wedded to a previous theory might see enough in the great rains, and consequent inundations of the present season, to explain the late phenomenon by the supposition of large quantities of water gradually absorbed and converted into steam by subterranean heat. But while the first theory has at least something like plausibility to lend it support, the latter has not even possibility, still less probability, to recommend it.

To turn to another view of the subject. Although we have no active volcanoes in these realms, nor indeed any actual or recent igneous rocks or phenomena of any description, if we except the spontaneous combustion of certain bituminous and pyritous alum-slates, bituminous shales and coals, which certainly have nothing to do with the present inquiry; still we have plenty of evidence of ancient (geologically speaking) igneous action, and we have further evidence that the deep-seated disturbances which have given origin to destructive earthquakes in other countries have been frequently from that very reason felt in this—in other words, that from the depth of the molten strata of the earth, strictly speaking, no portion of the earth is beyond the boundary line of these terrific natural phenomena.

For example, on the 1st of November, 1755, when Lisbon was destroyed by a great earthquake, the effects reached to an immense distance, the utmost boundaries of which, to the south, are to the present day unknown. But northwards it is well known that they were felt in the British Islands, and to the extremities of Sweden and Norway. In Great Britain and Ireland the effects were chiefly manifested by the agitation of inland waters. The waters of Loch Lomond, for example, rose suddenly without the least gust of wind against its banks, and then as suddenly retired. Loch Ness was similarly agitated. At Kinsale, the weather being very calm, and the tide nearly full, a large body of water suddenly poured into the harbour with such rapidity that it broke the cables of two sloops, and cast several boats on the shore. The agitation of the water was also observed at numerous places in Surrey, Suffolk, Durham, Berks, Kent, Oxfordshire, and Glamorganshire. The character of these agitations may be judged of from the following:—At Cobham, in Surrey, a person was watering a horse at a pond fed by springs; whilst the animal was drinking, the water suddenly ran away from him, and moved towards the south with such swiftness that the bottom of the pond was left bare. It returned again with such impetuosity that the man had to leap backwards to secure himself from its sudden approach. It will be observed in this instance, as in all cases of earthquakes, how difficult it is to distinguish reaction from action. The shock would appear to have come from the north, whereas the seat of subterranean action being in the south, it must have been the reflex action that threw the waters to the south, after which they returned by natural causes to their own level. In the mines at the Peak of Derbyshire the same earthquake was felt as a positive shock.

It is evident from such examples that at the moment we are writing it remains to be shown whether the earthquake, which has lately so naturally alarmed her Majesty's liege subjects, may not have been the outer wave of some great earthquake which may have shaken cities or kingdoms at a distance from us ; if not so, its peculiarities, which remind us of the wet and rainy season that at Lisbon preceded the great earthquake of 1755, of the warm weather, with long continued south and south-west winds which preceded the earthquakes of 1749 and 1750 in this country, the circumstance of this shock, like so many others, chiefly affecting the sea coast and banks of rivers (averred by Priestley to be a further proof of their being electrical phenomena), will deserve some consideration, but even then they will not satisfy the inquirer. The fearful earthquake of 1783, which, according to Sir William Hamilton, caused a loss of some 40,000 lives in Italy and Sicily, was manifestly a volcanic phenomenon ; so, likewise, with many other earthquakes on record ; and it is not likely that, although the Creoles of South America distinguish the least dangerous of these phenomena as mere *Temblores*, or tremors, and designate the more violent as positive *Terremotos*, that earthquakes should originate in some countries from subterranean igneous action, and in others from electrical influence. There may be different degrees of intensity of the same phenomena: it would scarcely be suspected that there may also be different causes.

Yet the progress of science would lead us to hesitate in effecting any such broad distinctions. "As the internal heat of our planet," writes De Humboldt, "is connected on the one hand with the generation of electro-magnetic currents, and the process of terrestrial light (a consequence of the magnetic storm), it on the other hand discloses to us the chief source of geognostic phenomena." The veteran physical geographer goes on to consider these in their connexion with, and their transition from, merely dynamic disturbances, from the elevation of whole continents and mountain chains to the development and effusion of gaseous and liquid fluids, of hot mud, and of those heated and molten earths which become solidified into crystalline mineral masses.

"Modern geognosy," continues the same philosopher, "the mineral portion of terrestrial physics, has made no slight advance in having investigated this connexion of phenomena. This investigation has led us away from the delusive hypothesis, by which it was customary formerly to endeavour to explain individually, every expression of force in the terrestrial globe ; it shows us the connexion of heterogeneous substances with that which only appertains to change in space (disturbances or elevations), and groups together phenomena which at first sight appeared most heterogeneous – as thermal springs, effusion of carbonic acid, and sulphureous vapour, innocuous salses (mud eruptions), and the dreadful devastations of volcanic mountains. In a general view of nature all these phenomena are fused together in one sole idea of the reaction of the interior of a planet in its external surface. We thus recognise in the depths of the earth, and in the increase of temperature with the increase of depth from the surface, not only the germ of disturbing movements, but also of the gradual elevation of whole continents (as mountain chains in long fissures), of volcanic eruptions, and of the manifold production of mountains and mineral masses."

This is the true light in which these phenomena are to be viewed—that is to say, as having their origin in the raised temperature of the deepest molten strata, and the tension of highly compressed elastic fluids, accompanied by the generation of electro-magnetic currents, as in the formation of veins; the existence of an active volcanic force, which although everywhere manifested, and as generally diffused as the internal heat of our planet, attains but rarely, and then only at separate points, sufficient intensity to exhibit the phenomenon of eruptions. "If," says De Humboldt, "we could gain information regarding the daily condition of all the earth's surface, we should probably discover that the earth is almost always undergoing shocks at some point of its superficies, and is continually influenced by the reaction of the interior on the exterior. We have in these phenomena the mine-like explosion—the vertical action from below upwards, and the propagation by undulations in a linear direction, and in circles of commotion or large ellipses, in which the vibrations are propagated with decreasing intensity from a centre towards a circumference. There are even districts that are exposed to the action of two intersecting circles of commotion."

The great depths at which earthquakes have their origin explain their independence of the superficial nature of the soil and rock. Thus, earthquakes have been felt in the loose alluvial strata of Holland, and in the tertiary basins of Paris and London. Then, again, among rocks, granite and mica slate are skaken as well as limestones or sandstones. It is not, therefore, the chemical nature of the constituents, but rather the mechanical structure of the rocks, which modifies the propagation of the motion—the wave of commotion. Where this wave proceeds along a coast, or at the foot and in the direction of a mountain chain, interruptions occur from these causes at certain points. Active volcanoes, by affording an outlet to pent-up vapours, and a means of communication between the molten interior of the globe and its outer crust and atmosphere, are everywhere safety-valves, and the danger of earthquakes increases as they are far removed from such openings in the earth.* Earthquakes, it is finally to be observed, are not as they appear, at first sight, to be, simply dynamic phenomena of motion; it is known, from well attested facts, that they eject at times smoke, fire, and flames, steam, and hot water, noxious gases, and mud; that they are also able to elevate a whole district above its ancient level (as for instance the Ulla Bund, after the earthquake of Cutch, in June, 1819, east of the delta of the Indus, and the coast of Chili, in November, 1822). Further, earthquakes act mechanically in three different ways, either in causing disruptions, or sudden and retroversed elevations; or, finally, as was first observed in a great part of Sweden, in producing changes in the relative level of the sea and land, which, although continuous, are only appreciable at intervals of long period.

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* The danger of earthquakes is well known to increase when the openings of volcanoes are closed, and deprived of free communication with the atmosphere. Thus, the late earthquake may not improbably have some connexion with the activity of Etna, which, from the last news, dated Catania, Nov. 5th, after being several days dormant, had resumed its activity, but which may either have experienced another check, or its existing state of activity may have been accompanied by an earthquake of unusual intensity.

THE EVE OF ALL-SOULS.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

IV.

[According to popular superstition, the souls of the departed are set free upon earth on the Eve of All-Souls. They are said to pass before the gaze of the watcher in their well-remembered human forms.]

IN MEMORY OF MRS. MURRAY GARTSHORE.

I WEPT and listened! One I loved was there,
In death, as life, conspicuous o'er the crowd,
Apart—above—all slowly through the air
She pass'd, between the moonlight and the cloud.
Sweet spirit! wearing with inspired grace
The "mortal coil" too early cast away;
I knew the bending head, the pale bright face,
The darkly-braided hair, the clear eye's ray,
The slight and reed-like form; I knew the voice
That filled the graveyard with triumphant song,
In notes like those the angel hosts rejoice
O'er the lost spirit, saved and sought for long;
"Cantate Domino!"* th' exultant hymn
The mighty singer uttered as she pass'd,
New 'mid the dead and throng of phantoms dim.
Glad light shone round us when I saw Thee last,
Proud love gazed on thee with unselfish bliss;
Young wife, fond mother, cherished child wast thou;
Yet on my cheek I feel thy kindly kiss:
It wrings my heart to think upon thee now.
I've stood beside the cold white stone that lies
Between thee and the warmth and joy of day,
When the woods wore their rich autumnal dyes,
And the first sear leaves fluttered o'er the way;
When the last whispers of the summer went,
Through flow'ring reeds along the river's side,
And wandering down the water's bright descent,
Went forth unnoted on the ebbing tide.
That ever waving grass, and flowing stream,
And ivy-shrouded belfry lull thy sleep;
But Thou art with us in the midnight dream,
And in the morning Memory wakes to weep.
Thou passest o'er our spirits strangely fair,
With glowing lips, and cheek intensely pale,
When the bless'd rapture of the chanted prayer
Bears us beyond those clouds that ride the gale;
When the deep passion of some wond'rous strain
Quickens and thrills the dull hearts of the throng,
Thy voice in choir-like fullness swells again,
O'er the souls haunted by its tones so long.

* Psalm 149.

She glided onward, gazing up the sky,
Transfigured, raised o'er human thoughts and things,
Sublime in adoration's ecstacy,
God to her genius gave an angel's wings!

THE RISING OF THE CHILDREN.

Light between the clouds was flowing
When the little children woke,
Dewy-eyed, from slumber glowing,
Through each dusky aisle they broke.
From the pavement greenly spotted,
In the house of death and prayer,
Bones and books the dampness rotted,
Grey and feath'ry mould is there;—
From the graves that dock, and darnel,
And the stinging-nettle shroud;
From the reeking blackened charnel
Of the o'ergrown city's crowd;
From each little mound that raises
Up the mossy, thymy grass,
Bound with brambles, sprenkt with daisies,
Where the bride and mourners pass;
From the tombs of marble, proudly
Piled against cathedral towers,
Where the bells unwearied loudly
Quarter all the fleeting hours;
From the gleaming willowy river,
Still dark pools where lilies lave,
And the reeds and grasses quiver,
Quaking round the unknown grave,
As though paralysed in tremor
By the guilty deed they hide;—
Up they rose, each little dreamer,
From the graveyard, aisle, and tide.
Lo! the rosy throng was haunted
By the wild dove's rapturous note,
Lullabies their mothers chanted
Down the night winds seemed to float.
Some in serge, and some in satin,
All earth's Rachels wept for these,
E'en from vesper until matin,
Bending o'er their burdened knees—
Arrows of the giant taken
By the angels in their flight;
Souls that scarcely stayed to waken
In the bounds of day and night;
He who gives each mind its mission
As it issues from His breast,
Cancelled their unknown commission,
Gathered them in love to rest.

BABES IN THE WOOD.

Two fair children paused before me,
  Grave their mien, and strange their garb,
When they lived, each English baron
  Clad in steel bestrode his barb.

When they lived, the warring Roses
  With her best blood stained the land;
Earnestly they gazed upon me—
  Sweetly solemn—hand in hand.

" Knowst thou not, oh, mortal stranger,
  Who we are, and what our fate?
Thou hast read our mournful legend
  When the red logs piled the grate.

" Oft thy childish fancy clad us
  In some beauteous infant form,
When the east wind shook the casement,
  Drifting up the keen snow storm;

" When the redbreast through the woodland
  Glanced with noiseless russet wing,
And among the sallow foliage,
  Close beside thee paused to sing;

" Thought of us came glimmering o'er thee,
  Yes! before thy mind we stood,
We—the orphan babes who perished
  In the lone and trackless wood.

" Such a night as this our uncle
  Led us from our father's hall,
When the four winds to each other
  O'er the wild hills seem to call.

" Such a night as this he left us
  Where the stately foxgloves grow,
Where o'er fungus rank and arum
  Stiff strong thorns their branches throw.

" There the wild-cat finds a cover,
  And the coiled snake basks at noon;
There, on mosses soft, the glowworm
  Lights her pale lamp 'neath the moon.

" Long his slow return we waited—
  Watching, wand'ring through the gloom
Then we prayed, and called our mother
  Lying in our father's tomb.

" Helpless in the howling darkness,
  Breast to breast we trembling crept,
Numbness strange and cold stole o'er us—
  In our grief and fear we slept.

" Not on earth we woke next morrow—
  Twenty years rolled fleetly by—
Priest and leech this mystic midnight
  Warned our uncle he must die.

"Pungent scent of herb and essence
Through the dim, hot chamber spread;
There the hallowed Host was carried,
White-stoled priests were round the bed.

"Hand in hand, as now thou seest us,
Came we at the Spirit's call,
Gleaming forth like wands of lightning
Planted on the dusky wall!

"Ah! the terror and the madness
Of that sinful soul's despair—
'Twas the Judge of men and angels
In his justice sent us there!"

Sweetly smiling, phantom kisses
Waved they as they faded fast;
Over-true the mournful legend
Sounding from the solemn past.

A YANKEE STEAMER ON THE ATLANTIC.

BY J. W. HENGISTON, ESQ.

WHAT shall I do to alleviate my melancholy? The canker of a long peace has made the great ocean well nigh a novelty to me, despite my professional career, the usages of which time has so miraculously changed. I will see what the economy of a Yankee steamer is made of; so I am off by railway to Southampton. The sportsmen are in the stubble-fields, the country is still green and beautiful, but all glides, like youth, rapidly away. I am in Southampton almost before I am aware of it. I should have taken my berth in London, if I desired a good one. It is now too late. They say so many guineas, with which five or six additional should be understood: the steward's fees, wine, and beer, are not included in the thirty or thirty-five guineas passage-money. The night-berth, too, is simply a standing one, either above or below, shared with some two or three others—this is awkward.

The weather is lovely. I went round the docks; but I wish they would water the road to them from Radley's Hotel, and even the docks in dry weather. I could not admire the run of our steamers; it is tasteless. They have scarcely a single good point: the Yankees beat us hollow. "That thing," said the American skipper, pointing to the *Parana*, "is a great mis-shapen tea-chest, just fit for a collier." I could not dissent from the truth of the remark. I counted twenty-two feet draft of water marked on her just out of dock, and she then drew thirteen. The American liner never has had twenty marked, and only drew nineteen, full coaled and cargo in. The same defect marks all our steamers, more or less. The *Indus*, *Medway*, *Euxine*, *Dee*, *Ripon*, and others, were here. Our smaller iron vessels struck me as better models—the *Montrose* and *Indus* best of all. Why do not our builders send out a few able young men to the American yards, to study their improvements? To be behindhand in anything for want of a little observation, bespeaks a negligence unworthy of us. We may confess

our errors candidly—a poor consolation when foreigners confess nothing, and will not give us credit for our real excellencies.

I am on board, and shall soon gratify my curiosity. Two great, uncomfortable tables, fill either side of the main cabin, where some eighty or a hundred passengers sit in their allotted places, during your fourteen or sixteen not very comfortable days. A steamer cannot be otherwise than uncomfortable, from its very nature. You have speed and hope—ask for nothing farther.

These American vessels are always filled by Germans. They take them up first at Bremen, on the Wesser. Upon going to look after my berth, I saw several German ladies. They and the men remained on board during the vessel's short stay of three days in the docks. All appeared homely and good-natured; they spoke German, one or two only, perhaps, a little English or French. Nothing surely is more tyrannical than custom. These simple, economical Germans were allowed in this way to escape the exactions of hotels, and all the host of snares laid for victimising travellers. I question very much whether the captain would have allowed as many English, or even Americans, to have remained quietly on board so long at the expense of the owners. Very likely they would never have thought of including it in their bargain. As to ourselves, we are always ashamed of appearing economical, and ever in a great hurry to rush on shore into the first hotel that offers.

Punctual to the hour, on the 10th of September, about noon, we started. A small steamer tugged us out of the dock, and we found ourselves without fuss or confusion quietly in the Southampton water, with full steam on, but were obliged to suspend our paddles for three hours and a half, waiting for the captain, the consul, and the mails. They came to us at last, loaded, too, with lots of luggage, and accompanied with the passengers who had not yet come on board. The weather was still beautiful; the wind fair; every hour seemed a day's delay to one's impatience.

We sat down to dinner as we rounded Calshot Castle, and passed by Cowes without distinguishing the famous schooner the *America* at anchor there. Its late captain and crew were with us, going back to New York. It seems to me an inglorious conclusion to sell her and her golden opinions. What was five thousand pounds to her owner the commodore, and what are borrowed plumes to Captain Blaquiere, or to the Cowes squadron?—their plumes "fluttered in Corioli!"

I thought the price enormous. But I learned on board here that she cost twenty thousand dollars building, with an understanding of three thousand more as a present if she succeeded.

The steamer I am in has good qualities, but is not fast. Her arrangements and fittings are excellent. The dinner abounds with good things, and even this first day was put on the table with admirable order. A gong is gently murmured round the quarter-deck ; the servants, who are some dozen mulattoes in green velvet uniform caps, and neatly dressed, take their appointed divisions behind us, and are very clean, active, and efficient. Besides joints of all sorts, roast and boiled, we have fish, soup, and many *entrées* and *hors d'œuvres.* The tarts and puddings very nice, and, above all, an abundance of ice to cool our beverage. Very little wine is drank, or liquor of any kind, I find; partly owing to the very high price charged. Most of the good wines are eight and sixpence the bottle. Our bottled beer is two shillings the bottle. This is the

steward's perquisite. It is hardly politic, nor is it quite fair. A passenger is forbidden to bring his own wine; the advertisement says, it "may be had on board;" and for "may" we read "must."

One thing strikes me at the very outset in these American steamers, of immense importance as an improvement — they consume their own smoke. The little tug was clouding all the deck with her black volumes. The smoke of this vessel's immense boilers was almost imperceptible, and so continued, even at the instant of throwing on fresh coals. Why is it that our steamers in all our rivers and waters are allowed to remain such detestable nuisances in this particular — in our harbours, in the Thames above all—we recal London-bridge and along the Pool.

Those who travel must have no tender sympathies to throw away on the poor brute creation. One unhappy cow, torn from her calf, continues to low; the poor thing is in her crib before the paddle-box, where there is another for the supply of milk, partner in her misfortune. These creatures suffer much while on board.

Our first twenty-four hours finds us getting a final glimpse of the last rocks and lighthouses of the Scilly Isles. The weather is without a cloud, most beautiful, and those sterile continuations of the granite ridge of Cornwall lie basking deceitfully in the genial sun. But sunny days, or clouds and night, make all the difference in their terrors.

We made the northward passage, keeping on the Channel parallel of latitude for the present, instead of steering at once to the southward of west; the great desideratum being to get to the westward as fast as ever the engines and fine easterly breeze will take us. By-the-by, this east wind already feels more soft across the waves than it did at home, where we justly hate east winds. We roll gently, the water is as quiet and smooth as it ever is at sea. But even this slight motion is too much for all heads and stomachs. The women are all uneasy, or half ill, and so are many of the men. Our run has been about two hundred and forty miles from Cowes. During the night we pass abreast of Ireland and Cape Clear, but too far off the land to see it. Coming from the States or the West Indies, it is highly desirable to "sight" Cape Clear, as a leading mark for the Channel.

The Americans, laugh as we may, still go "ahead" of us. They do things on a wise and comprehensive scale. There are no less, I am told, than a hundred and six persons belonging to this steamer; which is by no means so large, so fast, or so fine, as some of those of "Collins's line" to Liverpool, the great rival just now of the Cunard line. This great number of persons consists of the sailors, engineers, stokers, cabin servants, stewards, stewardess, and their assistants; captain, mates, and cooks. All seem to work with the most perfect understanding and harmony. We never hear a word above a breath. It is necessary to have them pointed out to know the captain and chief-mate from any of the passengers; nobody seems to want any orders or directions.

We have eighty or ninety passengers in the first class cabins, and fifty or sixty in the second class forward, but hardly inferior in comfort to the first. The only thing which marks an awkward distinction for a brief two weeks, or only ten days sometimes from land to land, is the notice on the side forbidding the second class to come on the quarter-deck. It is terrible. It at once divides us into two castes. I could not help dwelling upon this unpleasant fact. How much we are the creatures of surrounding opinion, no matter how imaginary our petty distinctions are

how ungenerous, how absurd. So, too, I thought of my handsome friend, Mrs. G——, who went to New York in the second class to economise—she who, immediately on her arrival, will be in the first class society there, where certainly very few of the mere steam-boat first classes can get, or those, many of whom I see at the same table here. There appears no help for it, but it is extremely humiliating and uncomfortable while it lasts; it leaves a feeling of undue irritation upon the mind.

With four of us in the same small cabin on the second or lower deck, under the dining saloon, or great cabin, the air is too hot and close. The ventilation is capitally contrived, and all as well planned as possible, still I get up pretty early to wash and dress out of the way, and gain the deck as soon as it is washed and getting dry. Now, though the weather and the wind, that potent spirit afloat, is charming and fair, there is nothing to be seen but the dancing blue waters and the clear sky. We are cut off from the world, in our little humanity sense, and hum alone in our bee-hive upon the solemn waste of waters, from the grandeur of which we inevitably shrink—

> Dark heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime—
> The image of eternity: the throne
> Of the Invisible.

We now begin to talk to each other with less reserve. We make friendly little knots in particular conversation. Sitting next each other at table is one link to further intimacy; and all takes the *couleur de rose.* Thank heaven! there will be no time for faults, or insufferable tedium, or to be bored to death. One can act up to a certain point, and be all things to all men, and that not too long at once, or our sincerity and impatience may get the better.

Yesterday the deck was chalked for a game requiring strength and address, called shovel-board. A certain number of squares are numbered, into which round, flat, wooden quoits are to be propelled, or slid along the deck, from a distance. It is good exercise. Other parties are playing cards; and most of the men smoking, by way of passing the time. Some are at chess and backgammon.

In all our accounts of similar trips, I do not recollect to have seen any minute description of the manner in which so many people thrown suddenly together spend their time; and the general economy of the cabins and the crews. To be sea-sick, and to long for the end of the passage, comprise all we hear; as if there were nothing to say or nothing to know. In good sooth, the subject seems little less monotonous than it is in itself, but a little information may be extracted from it.

Eating and drinking seem the great business of our lives; here intensely condensed. It must, too, be confessed to an Englishman, these necessary enjoyments are inconceivably varied and copious. We breakfast at half-past eight, A.M.; a gong is sounded at seven to awaken the passengers to their toilets. A walk in the fresh morning air is desirable as a preparatory, for the night is passed in stifling heat to all those not having a skuttle or window in their cabins. Certainly, though the arrangements and fitting up of the lower-deck cabins are excellent, with every contrivance for the circulation of air, four men lying within two or three feet of each other on little shelves, for the cabins are only six or eight feet square, makes it anything but pleasant. The wind, getting more to the south, and softer, begins to tell upon us. I often awoke from a feverish slumber in a profuse prespiration. But to our eating econo-

mies. We lunch at twelve, and dine punctually at three o'clock, not too much hurried. Sometimes we have ice creams, pears, dried fruits, oranges, apples, chestnuts at dessert, and wine often, more or less. Everybody calls for it in turn. Sometimes we have champagne. Tea is ready at seven o'clock, when there is only too much of meat repeated on the table. Then, perhaps, we have a little music, a walk, and so to bed.

It is the 13th of September, the weather still lovely; our boots are well cleaned; towels, water, all well supplied. Indeed, the supply of napkins, towels, and the like, every day for such a number of people is quite wonderful—how *do* they manage it?

Our breakfasts are as sumptuous as our dinners, every conceivable thing on the table: hot rolls, toast, bread, butter, ice, eggs, beefsteaks, venison, cutlets—veal, mutton-chops; fish—fried, salt, and fresh; coffee and tea, both good, and milk in abundance in large pitchers. It puzzles me how the poor cow or two can possibly yield it.

Two small brigs are in sight on the extreme horizon, one evidently bound for Europe, the other outward bound. The horizon from our deck may be reckoned at ten miles.

The women seem most affected by the gentle roll inseparable from the broad Atlantic. Their discomfort will endure, as it is not enough to make them fairly sea-sick; so they stave it off as they can, and suffer more or less in consequence. The men are all in groups, at cards. There is a good piano in the cabin, and last night the women attempted a little music; but the rolling, though very gentle, cut short the concert. The piano is near the stern windows; either end of the vessels having, of course, most motion. Many of the ladies play and sing. Some of the men are no doubt good musicians—the Germans, we may be sure. One of their lads played a little.

The captain speaks of the relative merits of steamers; that is, of the liners. He says a steamer cannot be too long; that now-a-days they are made as strong as possible; much more so than the unhappy *President* or the *Great Britain,* a sister ship, which was shortly broke up, as unseaworthy and good for nothing. It was known that the *President* was a badly built vessel, but of such things our paper public know nothing. Nay, with all the parade of news, and minute details of every possible transaction, how little of the real "naked truth" is ever known.

As the *Washington* is certainly a slow steamer, we can only rely on her being a good sea boat should we have bad weather. They say she is; and as each day lightens us of some thirty-eight tons, not only will she go faster as she rises, but will be of course more buoyant—the first element of safety.

A poor little dog and cat have disappeared since we sailed. One may guess their fate from the unfeeling way we hear them talk of the poor dumb creation. Why should man ever act such tricks as make the angels weep? Dogs are charged five pounds passage-money. Few except the French are kind to a little lap-dog; a French lady very sensibly never suffers it to leave her day or night. In this respect, the mulattoes and negroes on board are quite as unkindly and ferocious as their master; they show no compassion. How are our sympathies thrown away on the miseries of mankind! We chatter of slavery, and waste our commiseration. We injure our West India possessions in the name of mercy, and

act ten thousand hard-hearted tyrannies all over the world; and in every variety of circumstance, but always with a "distinction."

I had hoped our daily run, helped by all the sails to the favouring breeze, would reach at least two hundred and fifty miles a-day. It is not so. Yesterday, our bulletin on a card inside the stair-head cuddy only told of two hundred and thirty-four. Bets are laid that we are not in under fourteen days; but, unless head winds arise, even this moderate rate will take us across in twelve.

I find there is a surgeon on board by mere accident; this might easily be unknown.

The rapidity of action, and smartness of the cabin servants, is astonishing. Our own clever waiters are comparatively sluggish. Here their whole waking time is employed putting the cloths and plates on and off the tables. Glad must they be when the tea at eight o'clock is finally cleared away, leaving the night to themselves. The fore-cabin or second-class passengers, of whom we know no more than if they lived in the next street, have a separate establishment of cooks and servants; their meals served as regularly as with the first class. Their cabin is on the same deck as ours, ranging before the engines. It looks as commodious and as comfortable as the first, only not quite so large or handsomely fitted up; things in themselves of very little moment.

As I lay last night in one of my frequent waking moments, finding the lamp still burning, and the night evidently far gone, I was in the act of "turning out," for get up one cannot, to blow it out, when the door opened, and one of the black servants put it out, saying the captain forbid any lights in the private cabins after eleven o'clock P.M. It was then I found it was past midnight. I was glad to get rid of this small addition to our heat. It is well we four individuals go to bed and get up at different hours. It is impossible to dress, or even move, except one at a time. I am first in bed and first up. A French youth sleeps over me; going to the States to learn book-keeping, English, and of course, American enterprise, although his father, a French merchant, boasts of his wealth in Paris. Still, he is for launching his son in the "go-ahead" New World.

I pity the young mothers here with their children. Some have babies in arms with no rest night nor day; besides their own nausea to contend with. Their husbands appear very kind and attentive, but cannot comfort or help them much.

We keep on the circle sailing track, following the same parallel of latitude; indeed, as the wind sticks steady south, it sends us, steering west by north, a degree farther to the north. Our run to-day from the bulletin was two hundred and sixty miles for the last twenty-four hours. All rejoice, in spite of an increased uneasiness from the greater swell. We fancy a gale must have recently swept over this track of the ocean. A few porpoises are seen, but they soon leave us, annoyed or frightened by the noise and foam of the paddles. Otherwise, they will often gambol half a day round a ship, and pleasant, lively companions they are. They have been called the pigs of the ocean, from their compact shape and the taste of their flesh.

We have a minister, two, indeed, of our religion on board, but there is no service; I think wisely, so numerous are the different professions of faith. Jews, Catholics, dissenters of all shades, and members of the

Church of England. Any one service would act as a sort of unexpressed reproach on the rest, so it is better we should all silently pray to the almighty power—to our great Creator. O God! let me here on the face of the waters of thy mighty deep offer up my gratitude and love, and humble submission to thy will, blot from my mind my recent sorrows, harden that weak tenderness of soul which still fills my eyes with tears of anguish!

"Thy will be done," let me not feel the misery of losing my belovèd, my solace, my remaining comfort. That time, swift "stealing from us every day," brings still its softening balm to our hurt bosoms, and makes us hail the approach when "stealing us from ourselves away," will be less and less dreaded. How infinite is thy goodness.

I still mourn my lost sweet love. She whom I have played with and watched and been wound up in as my other self; the opening flower to smooth, and give a balm to my declining years. The agony and bitterness of the blow is already softened to me. I am less stupified at the great calamity. I venture to think, and recal past tenderness, past endearments, past excellence, promising all a fond father could anticipate to love and admire—all now cut off by an inexorable decree—so young, so admirable, so loveable. How hard, how very hard to be cut off from this bright sun, this beautiful world, to thee while still appearing in all the freshness of its most enchanting colours. What time have I to recreate—to forget—to replace my irreparable loss? What are all the millions of man's worth to me?—nothing left! The dreary fallen leaf, and falling snows, a little fire to warm my chilled limbs, a little common-place, and I join thy poor innocent soul—let me hope in heaven!*

But to the immediate business of the remaining dull life. The waves rising remind me of eternity and of fate—

Rough hew as we may,
The conduct of our lives.

The wind remains steady south with a tendency to the west. Each day, however, the weather thickens, and we have more swell and motion. All grows more sombre. Two violins have been taken from their cases, and a few notes struck on the piano; but sweet notes languish and the sounds cease. People's heads are down. Fewer appear at table, unable to withstand the "send," or pitching, which rather increases, while our sails are nearly close-hauled. They do us little good at any time, and now only serve to steady us a little. To-day our card bulletin tells us of 250 miles since noon yesterday. We have got across more than a third of our way,

Steamers often meet each other midway, and one should think ours must meet some vessel, even steamers, much oftener. But such is the vastness of the ocean, such the minuteness of these immense vessels that cross each other that it is not so. Other causes of course operate; thick weather, and the small distance of the visible horizon. Nor do seamen care much about the matter, unless they are very near indeed. They do not even speak each other, or go a yard out of their way to do it. This indifference, on the progressing principle, is not kind or pleasant—is it wise? I write this very little at my ease—not ill, not well. It rains, and the few not lying down, are at the cabin tables, at chess, cards, and smoking; some few reading to pass the time.

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* The writer had just lost an only child.

It is now certain this is a "slow boat;" how we run so far each twenty-four hours puzzles me. It appears that this company is paid 100,000 dollars per annum by the United States' government, and they were to have had four boats. Finding themselves unable to get shareholders enough, they were forced to give up one of their best vessels half built, the *Humboldt* and *Franklin*, faster and finer vessels than this or the *Hermann*, her sister ship.

A first-rate ship of five or six hundred tons costs twenty pounds a ton building at New York. Larger ships cost something less, as the tonnage increases. Already the steamers carry all the light and fashionable goods between the two countries. It is curious and instructive to hear the Americans talk of wide distinctions where we can see no differences; but every craft has its mysteries.

The wind has changed to the westward, and is very light, Nothing but a heavy swell impedes us. The engines were stopped for ten minutes in the night for some purpose. I ask questions and catch all I can. How hard it is to find out the exact truth of anything—each person colours things in his own way, to say nothing of the excessive tendency to exaggerate. Thus, the fast steamers of Collins's line are said to consume 120 tons of coal in the twenty-four hours; it is incredible. I find to-day a much more likely story—about eighty tons. Even that is enormous, and is not confessed. In this steamer the consumption is about forty tons, called thirty-six occasionally. They talk of not being able to get up steam enough with the wind aft, or if the coal is not very good. Our run to-day has only been 224 miles. The light wind happily draws to the northward. About noon we saw on the horizon the steamer bound to Liverpool of the Cunard line, her smoke rising in black volumes. We passed her, a brig, and a ship, still nearer to us. All were left behind—on, on! It now rains, and is cloudy weather. A violin is heard for half an hour, but none of the ladies venture near the piano; indeed very few have come to table at all these last two days, owing to the pitching of the vessel from the swell.

I am more and more astonished at the inexhaustible provision of every conceivable thing, and such a constant variety, too, as appears on the table. Yesterday we had roast and boiled turkeys and oyster-sauce, fried soles and salmon, soup twice in the day, roast-beef, mutton, fricaseed fowls, curry, tongues, veal cutlets, roast ducks, and geese (cranberry jam sauce)—all this in the greatest profusion for some eighty people. Puddings and tarts, jellies, blanc-manges, in great plenty and variety. Dessert: apples, pears, grapes, raisins, almonds, filberts, oranges; cakes of all sorts, figs, jams, plums, prunes, stewed plums, and preserved ginger—perhaps a dozen other things I forget, or didn't see. The whole impression it gives is a surfeit of good living. One day, Sunday, we had venison and ice-creams in addition. All the large joints and dishes are kept hot by spirit-lamps, and all are in a singular perfection on the high seas. The joints, poultry, and fish are kept in a kind of ice-house; nothing is killed on board. Could Columbus but rise and behold the wonderful change since his days of scurvy or starvation—could he but see the mighty engine, the "slave of the lamp," here steadily at work, driving on this vast body!

There is no dressing for dinner, as may be imagined, with people half sick. To-day, being a little less pitching, a Frenchman's *robe de chambre* at table is found fault with by a fastidious lady. The captain, I believe,

tells him of it in a good-natured way. One of the ladies plays us a few polkas and waltzes—all that can be expected. An attempt to accompany her on the violin by the same Frenchman proved a failure. Our French passengers are all shopkeepers and *marchandes de modes.*

The rain clears off, and the evening proves charming, with a beauteous sunset. Ranges of golden-edged clouds fringe the semicircle of the horizon, backed by the crimson glory of the setting luminary. How inexpressibly grand are the skies! how infinitely varied; lifting the soul to heaven and to God! It softens that anguish which steals over my soul in moments of recollection. I look up at the Evening Star, and think it my bright particular star—my lost comfort, smiling and shedding its sweet, innocent influence on my crushed spirit. As I write tears fill my eyes. I must not indulge, but fly the "luxury of woe," a weakness no one now can understand or share in, nor would I share the sacred, last sad memento of what once was. Is it not wise that we should be intensely selfish? Our own woes, as we live on, are almost too crushing to bear, without adding those of others. The most stupid and callous are surely the happiest of mankind.

This is Wednesday, the 17th of September. The swell gradually subsides in a small degree. On all wide seas it is in vain to expect still water. The long oceanic wave ever heaves in ceaseless undulation. There is now more talk, more gaiety; the ladies come out of their cabins more, though still for the most part silent, reclining, pensive, ill at ease. I find it difficult to bow to all, and yet feel annoyed at keeping any fair one a stranger; we fancy a neglect and an inimical feeling in those passed so often close touching, yet unacknowledged; yet we are very social on the whole. The Germans and French are most so, perhaps, hanging together in little coteries, from the same ideas and tastes. We and the Americans do the same, but the facility of the same language has perhaps most to do with it.

I am amused and instructed by the conversation among the pure Americans, and their opinions of our writers about them in their trips to America. They differ among themselves wide as the poles. One party thinks and knows all that Captain Marryat, Mrs. Trollope, and others said to be perfectly true, but throw the absurdity or oddness on a few individuals of their great family. Others swear they have written nothing but a tissue of exaggerations and positive falsehoods. Many, indeed, of the best educated, allow that our writings have done them much good, and effected in good manners what they themselves despaired of bringing about—such as shirt sleeves, and legs cocked up on boxes, tables, chairs, and the like, in ladies' company, and their habit of spitting about everywhere.

Here one sees all the peculiarities we have laughed at; but to describe or to fix them on individuals would at this time of the day be neither novel nor amusing—the image is worn out. The novelty of conduct soon departs, and we find the person, after all, essentially much like ourselves.

There is also a positive poverty of resource and vulgarity in running even the shadows of worn-out ideas and good things to death. Our cleverest writers just now about town are growing out of date. We aspire to something beyond the eternal sneering at cockneyisms, or snobbisms, or mimicking the slang of the rich or poor vulgar, just as one is sick of eternally bepraising people for ordinary qualities—rather too much the fashion with us, everywhere out of our first circle. Our writers,

with their cleverness, wit, or finesse, ever aiming, *à la Punch*, are wide of the mark, and sin against the very laws they would affect to establish. Consequently the hits grow more feeble. The essence of wit, of humour, of a male understanding, and some real knowledge of the world, and things in it, is not exactly fitted to sustain a lengthened mediocrity. Hence the cold silence or faint smile in the few, the loud laugh and empty wonder in the many. But writers cannot live by the few. Not to mention the falsehoods, ignorance, and prejudices pandered to, if not religiously believed in, too frequently. Where can we lay our hands on a work not exhibiting them by way of seasoning. Thus every country goes on amusing itself. Creating little paltry gods, popping them up and down, in and out of their little holes, like the prairie-dogs of the Yankees' far west. Each gives its note, and disappears ; but the village is edified.

Our last news on quitting England was of Cuba and the fifty unlucky wights shot at Havanna. The Americans have but one idea—Cuba must, sooner or later, be one of their states. The wish is father to the thought; the thing is natural, is apt, is certain. In vain the *Times* thunders its political morals to the world. The New World laughs at our morals, seeing how well we exemplify them. They think us mawwormish ; our cogent reasons too, absurd as specimens of a state virtue, we carry into action! At the Cape, in Cabul, or in Borneo, we act just as it suits our convenience in morals. Words are infinite. Very good words may be used to defend and make the worse appear the better reason in every thing. Your party writer can in any given week write round the circle of opinion, and so hash up truth and falsehood that men swallow all, and sink into a Babel of confusion, hence our obscured ideas of good and bad. We grow stupified in our speculations, and would be saints " when most we play the devil." Not so the young and active spirits for good or evil. They march on, and laugh at all laws—all human laws, at least—that cross them; and these are often so bad, so contradictory, so absurd, that one almost ceases to marvel at it. The great code, therefore, must be kept intact—" Success warrants everything ; thus morals are often made to assume any accommodating shape." This, too true of nations, descends into and holds good of private life, both in America and England, to an extent not suspected.

We are so far lucky. To-day the wind is steady and gentle from the north-west, the sea still smoother. We set our studding-sails again, and the deck is covered with walkers. Sounds of a fiddle strike the ear in one of the cabins, cards are playing right and left, and the sun shines brightly down on us, lighting up our tables. Two vessels have already passed us on the far horizon. Nobody thinks of communicating in any way ; speaking them is totally out of the question ; it is still *en avant!* —forward, forward !

We approach on this the 18th of the month, and must be near the Banks of Newfoundland ; the morning is cloudy, the water smooth, and all our little sphere sufficiently alive.

In this world everything is judged by comparison ; so I hear from a young man who has crossed eighteen times in steamers. He says that the Cunard line is the best, and most stylish, in the cabin appointments. The steamers are as fast, and safer, than the Collins line ; better built, and more carefully navigated. From the Americans, I only hear of Collins's steamers being the fastest. They are both, just now, ten pounds dearer, but are coming down to thirty pounds or guineas.

Surely this sum after all is enormous, compared with the short-passage steamers among ourselves or on the American waters. We are told, however, that they are often losing concerns; the four or five thousand pounds passage-money being swallowed up in losses, in expense, freights, and so on. Small consolation to the inquisitive passengers.

We are slow, and said to be sure, but the captain affects to be dissatisfied with even two hundred and fifty miles a day, of twenty-four hours, consuming only forty tons of coals, let us suppose. The Collins' line vessels consumes eighty tons a day, and gains on the whole perhaps only two days out of the twelve or fifteen the passage is now reduced to; it is hardly fair on these "Ocean" line of engines! One thing is certain, our engines work very smoothly and steadily, with little trembling, not so much as with the more powerful steamers from Liverpool. We now wind the evening up with a duet of fiddles, playing "nigger" tunes, "Susanna don't you Cry," and the like, at which there is boisterous mock applause. At starting we drew nineteen feet of water. One reason why the engines could not drive us beyond ten knots the hour, and barely that, without the help of the sails; we are much lighter now.

During the night of this day, the 19th, we have been running across the Banks. We encountered drizzle and fog, but they are not very intense. It clears off; the breeze becoming gentle and fair from the north. We pass two ships at a distance, steering the same way. Their sails shine cheerfully in the sun. The sea, too, is comparatively smooth, and all our little world very pleasant and lively. The game of "shovel-board" is again much in vogue. The run at noon announced two hundred and fifty miles; having nearly, if not quite, crossed the Banks. The air is cool; and, as we are now steering west south-west, we shall run into warmer air, not that it is at all necessary, for this cooler weather gives us comfortable nights in our close cabins.

After a night of rain, on the 20th of September, the wind was round for the first time fresh against us from the south-west, bringing warm sunshine, but more pitching, and the late smooth sea by degrees, but perceptibly enough, piles up unpleasantly; many heads are down, and pensive people in reclining positions. What creatures of habit we are. I constantly see and hear things unmoved, which certainly at home would have disgusted me. I find an extreme difficulty in getting at the real unvarnished truth of the most ordinary occurrence. One must see with one's own eyes, or be wide of the mark; everything is described here in hyperbole. Everything monstrously detracted from, or exaggerated. How easy it is to lie like truth, and deceive under the garb of frankness itself, whence is this proneness to escape from the "modesty of nature."

Besides all this, let any man with some of life's poetry, the beauty of earth and Heaven's own pure images in his mind, still dreaming of disinterested, innocent moral influences, take a passage across the broad Atlantic in a Yankee steamer. Not the terrestrial world's blind and most fervid adoration of the golden calf can ever have given him so clear an idea of the potent spell in all its minute workings, as at the two long tables of such a steamer. Let Crœsuses and Rothschilds go about the earth and water! We should only be rich, "very." That is enough. Be careless, liberal to extravagance, that is the only virtue. All look up to, or down on you, accordingly. They scan your every bottle of champagne, and sentence you accordingly. Only spare your breath or your purse, and you are "poor indeed." In this feeling I observe the very

waiters partake, and measure the "orders" *pari passu* with their own growing expectancies in vails. This menial greediness, common enough everywhere, is here concentrated into an intensity enough to pitch to limbo any foredoomed economy of a passenger. The hateful word with all the household virtues is the abhorred of hotels and steam-boats. The intimate, the agreeable, the pleasant, all drag one way, and dive into your purse. The shameful price of wines here that pay no duty sets me on these thoughts. We take wine with each other, and play the "handsome," we must set down at least eight or ten guineas per head for twelve or fourteen days' passage. If we get off for half it will never ensure us "golden" opinions, nor permit us to escape a shrug of contempt.

In our own Cunard line, I understand that the cost of wine, and vice of gambling besides, is sometimes carried to an enormous excess. On one occasion a gallant officer gave a wine or champagne wind-up to the dinner Each man had two pint bottles and a half forced on him to get rid of. The scene was a sort of saturnalia—a bacchanalian madness. Some few, it was said, washed their hands in what they could no longer force down their throats. What a degraded animal at times is man; and yet with what a lenient eye do we look on his coarsest excesses. The "stirrup cup" and hard drinking, still lingering in the north of our island, are out-Heroded in these passages over the ocean.

If I am to believe all I hear, the temperance mania of a section of the Americans is losing, not gaining ground, even among their shipping. It is certain, whatever rules their sea-captains make, they seldom gain a proselyte among their seamen. These only remain sober per force for the voyage, to plunge into accumulated drunkenness the moment they arrive in port. The short abstinence and lack of stimulus seems to increase their love of drinking tenfold. It is hardly wise to forbid a reasonable quantity afloat; for, besides that the ship's water requires some little corrections for health's sake, and habit has made it a positive comfort, it is felt to sweeten the seaman's hard fare. For hard is poor Jack's fare, hard his work, hard his life! "Who would wish to see seamen enlightened and critical," say some unfeeling persons—absurd. "No, let ignorance and brutality be the seaman's lot; life would, indeed, be a sea purgatory if they were better off than they were. What have they to do with the delicacies and amenities of this world?" We laugh and wink at their follies and excesses—and well we may. They are the helots of the civilised world, and in no nation so vilely considered as in the United States. The name "free citizen" applied to them seems, indeed, a mockery. Afloat or on shore, their doom is cast. Thousands of them upon thousands may envy the hardest lot of the worst used Virginian or Alabama slave, with Dr. Johnson's definition of a ship to boot. With us, whether in the navy, merchant service, or coasting trade, it is still too much the same. We tickle them with stage claptraps and after-dinner speeches—empty unmeaning words!

Let this go on as it has done and England's fate is sealed. She will sink to rise no more under the Union Jack. What less does such ingratitude deserve! We build clumsy men-of-war, steamers particularly, at a most extravagant rate; give promotion by favour to a class; neglect our old veterans sunk into oblivion; allow pert youth to usurp all the best posts under ministerial influence, and the friendship, interest, or caprice of some first lord, while our sailors are ill paid and neglected. A mean, unwise "economy" masks an ignorant or extravagant expenditure, and

abroad and at home forms a considerable episode to this precious "History of our own Times." All this is as plain and true as the sun at noon. Cut up and commented on in some of our papers every day in the week with as much coolness as if they were talking of the government of the moon! I rave—what have I to do with affairs of state, an obscure individual of whom nothing is asked or expected but to pay his taxes at home, and thank God things are no worse? I am now far away on the blue ocean. Sharks and dolphins dream not of man's grievances, nor fret themselves about administrative incapacities. The weather is fine. It is Sunday, and we have divine service for the first time. Most of us attend, and thank God for his mercies so far. The sermon is to the purpose whether our minds are or not. We drink champagne with each other afterwards at the captain's end of the table. The ship pitches, but not much, and we have run two hundred and twenty-six miles in the last twenty-five hours. Our arrival is predicted to an hour, and several sail pass us.

A fine pilot New York schooner ran close to us. We are a hundred leagues east of New York, but leave him behind us with difficulty, for these craft sail like the wind! The engines have only been stopped twice or three times the whole way over for about twenty minutes each time. The passengers begin to look after their chests and portmanteaus. The Custom-house searchers are spoken of as very *mild*.

We have a fine fair wind. All the world is on the *qui vive*, dressed smartly, and smiling. At nine o'clock we see the highland of Never-Sink, not at all high; and by twelve we pass the lighthouses on Sandy Hook, with the Jersey white, sandy, low shore, and then bear away for the "Narrows," between Staten Island and Tony Island, where three-tier batteries, built of brick, command the pass.

One is particularly struck with the numerous pretty white villas and cottages *ornée* on both islands. On Staten Isle, about the quarantine station, where the health officer comes on board. This is a large village, increased a hundredfold since I last saw it twenty years ago. Here, on both sides, the opulent citizens of New York have their country-houses. Some of our writers have described the luxurious lives they lead in these rural retreats.

Inside Sandy Hook, and over the whole face of the bay, may now be seen innumerable small craft, tug-steamers, passage-steamers, ships home and outward bound in vast variety and profusion. It is this which makes the approach to New York so wonderful to quiet Europeans. If in England, from Sheerness to London Bridge, our Thames is full, lively, busy, beyond, far beyond all the European world; here we find ourselves outdone. As we approach nearer and nearer to the city, the forests of masts on both sides, in the Hudson and East rivers, are astonishing. On the North, or Hudson river side, it is a forest of steam funnels. About one o'clock, we hauled into a "slip," and made an addition to this vast number. Setting aside the innumerable steamers out and in, the beauty and size of the ships themselves is admirable. Our own fail in the comparison.

We have some fine Indiamen, but, speaking generally, I am sorry to remark the Americans surpass us. To say nothing of their unfettered and indomitable activity, they will make two voyages to our one. They outsail us as the clipper yacht *America*, whose captain now piloted us in, did our club at Cowes the other day. Here terminates my sea-going adventure, *pour distraire*, and it partially answers my expectations.

YOUNG TOM HALL'S HEART-ACHES AND HORSES.

Chapter XLVI.

Although the coast seemed clear as Lord Heartycheer hurried our fair lady along, yet was every nook and point of observation occupied by curious eyes, all bent on seeing what the new favourite was like.

"'Deed!" sneered pretty Mary Smith, the stillroom-maid, with a haughty toss of her neatly braided head; "I'm sure she's nothin' to make a song about."

"Fine feathers make fine birds," remarked Jane Softley, the third housemaid, to Roger Plush, the second footman.

"Well, she's a contrast to the empress, any how!" exclaimed fat Bridget Brown, the head laundry-maid, to Mr. Smoothstep, the groom of the chamber.

"The tanner's wife's worth ten of her," rejoined the polite Smoothstep, thereby conveying an indirect compliment to Bridget, who was as plump, if not as pretty, as the empress.

When, however, his lordship with the fair object of these remarks appeared on the top of the massive flight of stone steps leading down into the spacious, heavily battlemented court-yard, symptoms of animation were apparent, and Mr. Spurrier, the bareheaded stud-groom, instantly emerged from a stable, leading the beautiful Lady Jane in his hand, and had her sideways at the bottom of the steps as Angelena reached them.

"Stand by her head," said his lordship—"stand by her head," repeated he, adding, "I'll put the lady on," stooping to take her foot as he spoke.

Angelena lifted her habit becomingly, and raising her taper foot, his lordship vaulted her into the saddle as light as a cork.

"That's capital!" exclaimed he, now standing erect, and looking her over as she flounced about adjusting her habit comfortably in the soft saddle—"that's capital!" repeated he, now helping her to smooth it. "She'll carry you like a bird; and now, if you'll come this way, I'll get my horse, and we'll be off."

So saying, his lordship led the way through the coach-house court-yard into the one beyond, where there was an instantaneous burst of red coats—Dicky Dyke emerging from one stable, Billy Brick from another, Sam from a third, and Mr. Paxton, the scarlet-coated, but now gaiter d, second horseman, from a fourth. Quick as thought they were in their saddles, and, at a nod from his lordship, were trotting under the massive archway into the open of the country beyond. The purple-coated feeder stood with the kennel-door in his hand, and, at a signal from Dicky, the glad pack came chiding and gambolling over the green.

"Gently!" exclaimed Dicky; "gently!" repeated he, shaking his head at the mirthful ones, as much as to say "Don't make a noise, we're out on the sly to-day."

Billy then reined in his horse, and, preceded by Brick, trotted gaily along at that pleasant post-boy pace so familiar to fox-hunters. His

lordship and Angelena followed at a convenient distance, his lordship riding a splendid three-hundred-guinea grey, that had not been out for a week. As soon as he got him settled on his bit, he sidled up to the lady, and opened a profuse battery of compliments upon her: "Well, now, she did look lovely!—never saw her look so well. Her brown Gariabaldi was *so* becoming—the colour matched her beautiful hair so nicely. The new feather, too, was charming—the very poetry of a feather! Never saw a habit fit so nicely—set off her bust and figure to such advantage. Liked to see a lady got up with taste—neatly-fitting gloves, nice chemisettes, and tasty kerchiefs," his lordship eyeing Angelena's delicate pink-and-white one secured with the well-known diamond pin. So they proceeded through the park, pleased with themselves and each other. The day was still gloriously fine, though the dancing sunbeams and water-marked sun, occasionally gave him "pause," and make him wish he had brought out Paxton, with his macintosh or great coat. However, one always hopes the best; always trusts that this day will be the exception to the rule; nor, so long as the bright sunshine lasts, will we believe that so much splendour can be suddenly changed into murky melancholiness.

So thought his lordship as he now proceeded silently along, varying his inward admiration of Angelena with congratulations at his sagacity in sending the dry things to Mrs. Easylove's, and speculations on the probable result of the adventure. Angelena, who was equal to any quantity of compliments, and not knowing how long the opportunity might last, aroused his lordship from his reverie by exclaiming,

"What a lovely tile! What a lovely tile!" repeated she, his lordship evidently not catching the first shot.

"Ah! ah, yes—a Lincoln and Bennett," replied his lordship, uncovering his old frosty prow—"a Lincoln and Bennett—capital tilemakers they are—have dealt with them for many years," added he, putting it on again.

"No, it was the horse's tile I was admiring," laughed Angelena.

"Oh! ah, yes—the *horse's tail*," rejoined his lordship, now better comprehending her dialect—"oh! ah, yes, he has a very beautiful tail—a very beautiful tail; so has yours—so has yours—carries it well, too—carries it well, too—carry you well, I hope—carry you well, I hope."

His lordship then got up the steam of his compliments again, and proceeded to praise her as if he had never seen her before, all of which Angelena received with the most enjoyable composure and delight. She would have backed herself at ten to one to be a countess. What a dasher she would be, she thought.

It was not until his lordship heard the key again turn in the lock of the private door in the park wall that he was quite at his ease with regard to the start. He feared the pursuit of old furs, and doubted that Jug was enough of a diplomatist to keep the old catamaran quiet. Now, however, that he was clear of the premises, and about to dive into the bush of the country, he commenced bantering Angelena on her boldness, wondering what mamma would think, and hoping she wouldn't whip her when she got back. Angelena, on her part, was all giggle and eyes, anxious to fascinate—hardly knowing what to be doing. So they

chatted and chirped along the bridle-road through Mr. Dockenhead's fields, turning short to the left at the village of Barnton to avoid passing Mr. Cloverfog's farm at Fodderington.

The hounds having now arrived on the long strip of grass below the banks of Choplaw Wood, Billy Brick looking inquiringly round on Dicky Dyke, who in turn looked round at his lordship, when a nod from the peer sent Billy scuttling one way, Sam another, while the hounds made the old rotten fence crash with their weight as they dashed into cover at the wave of Dicky's hand.

"Y-o-o-i over, good dogs! Y-o-o-i y-o-ver, and wind him!" cheered he, with a slight crack of his whip, when, getting his horse by the head, he put him at the well-accustomed gap in the fence, and presently commenced his exhortations in cover.

My lord and my lady kept on the grassy strip outside, my lord thinking about timing it cleverly for Mrs. Easylove's, and the lady thinking of his lordship instead of the hounds.

As the latter spread the cover, each following his own line, it suddenly occurred to Dicky that he had forgotten to tell the lad where to begin the drag; and, again, that if they should chance to put up a fox, neither of the whips had orders to stop the hounds. As he was riding, "yoicksing" and meditating what he should do in such an emergency, the whole pack suddenly burst forth in full cry; and while Dicky sat listening with his hand in the air, hoping the best, fearing the worst, their short running, quick turning, and increased music left no doubt on his mind that they were on a fox, and that, too, with a burning scent. Whipping out his horn, he got his horse by the head, and shot up a ride, in hopes of heading and stopping them in cover.

"Hark!" exclaimed his lordship, breaking off in the middle of an eulogium on Angelena's figure; "that sounds very like a fox. Hark!" again exclaimed he, holding up his hand. "A fox for a hundred!" added he.

"No doubt," replied Angelena, reining in her horse, and depositing her lace-fringed kerchief in the saddle-pocket.

"A fox for a thousand! a fox for five-and-twenty hundred!" continued his lordship, listening; "follow me!" added he, now clapping spurs to the grey, and hustling him up the ride as hard as ever he could lay legs to the ground.

When his lordship got to the top of the wood he heard Billy's cheery "Holloa, away," followed by a shrill "tweet, tweet, tweet" of a horn, that he knew proceeded from Billy's.

"Hang it, there must be some mistake," muttered his lordship, opening the bridle-gate out of cover—"there must be some mistake," repeated he, settling in his saddle for action, and looking about for Dicky.

Meanwhile, the hounds were racing away some three fields ahead, with none but Brick near hand.

"Well," said his lordship, dropping his elbows and settling for action, "needs must when a certain old gentleman drives, but I'm hanged if I know what he means."

"We are in for another Silverspring Firs day, I think!" exclaimed Angelena, now touching her mare gently with the whip to make her keep pace with his lordship.

"I'll bet you a kiss old Dick's made a mess of it," replied his lordship, smiling.

"How so?" asked Angelena, feeling if her habit was all right behind.

"*You'll see*," replied his lordship, knowingly, as he gathered his horse to ride at a fence.

Over he went, with Angelena close upon him.

"A little more room, or I'll have to whip you myself!" exclaimed his lordship, who thought Angelena was a top of him.

"Beg pardon!" replied the lady, who felt she couldn't afford to kill the old cock who was to make her a countess.

His lordship then rose in his stirrups, and shot up a long strip of sound turf as if on a race-course. Still he gained nothing on the hounds.

"They're racing for Dusterton Woods—racing for Dusterton Woods!" exclaimed his lordship, divided between joy at the prospect of a spinner, and vexation at the apparent miscarriage of his project. "Hang it, never mind," thought he, "I have her with me at all events." So saying, he reined in his horse, and made him break a high wattled fence on a bank, in order that Angelena might get over without difficulty.

"Oh, don't do that!" exclaimed she; adding, "I like leaping!"

"Do you, my darling," replied his lordship; adding, "you're the girl for my money."

They then went spluttering across a field of swede turnips together.

"Yonder he goes!" now cried his eagle-eyed lordship, taking off his tile; and some two fields ahead Billy Brick was sailing away, cheering and capping on the hounds, perfectly regardless of the great bullfinches that came in his way. Over he went, as if they were nothing. "I'll bet you a kiss he kills him," said his lordship, looking significantly at Angelena. "I'll bet you two kisses he kills him," continued he, increasing in energy.

"I'll bet you a pair of gloves," simpered Angelena, prettily.

"Hang gloves!" exclaimed his lordship, "let's have something more substantial."

"I'm sure gloves are more substantial than kisses," rejoined the now laughing lady.

"Ah, but gloves are to be got anywhere; kisses are not so common."

"You're a naughty man, and I must leave you," replied Angelena, pretending to turn her horse away from his lordship.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the old peer. "See how they're running," added he, pointing with his whip to the pack, now straining up the rising ground of Furrowflat Hill. "And yonder goes the fox!" continued he, now taking off his hat as he again viewed the varmint rounding the top of the rising ground. "*For-rard!—for-rard!*" screamed he, hustling his horse, and riding like a boy.

They were soon on the spot, where his lordship viewed the fox, Angelena handling and riding her horse most beautifully. But hold, a check! The Sheepcome and Delcmere cross-roads intervene, and the fox has been chased by a cur. The eager hounds spread like a rocket for the scent, and Billy Brick, with up-raised hand and anxious eye, sits transfixed on his now smoking chestnut. Lord Heartycheer and our fair friend pass over a gap at the corner of a clover ley, and pull up a little short of

Brick. His lordship looks anxiously forward, in hopes of a hint or a halloa; and Angelena, not less anxious, about herself, feels her hair, and her face, and her habit, and hopes she's looking well. And well she is looking—uncommonly well—warmed without being heated, with a bright sparkle of animation imparted to her radiant eyes.

"Ah, you'll do very nicely," whispered the old peer in her ear, as she now began fingering the pretty pink and white kerchief. "You'll do very nicely," repeated he, "only don't lose the pin, you know," which was now rather sticking up.

"Shouldn't like to do that," replied Angelena, adjusting it, and looking most lovingly at her lord as she hoped he was to be.

She would have backed herself at this moment at twenty to one for a countess.

"I'm afraid we've lost the fox," whispered she, shaking her habit under her as she saw Billy Brick (Dicky, who was nothing across country without Billy to bore holes in the fences for him, having been floored at the first leap) advancing to the assistance of the pack. "I'm afraid we've lost the fox," repeated she, as his lordship sat looking distrustful at Billy.

"Let's have a bet about it—let's bet half a dozen kisses," replied his lordship, coaxingly, taking hold of her arm.

"Hush!" frowned Angelena, "the servants will hear;" looking significantly at Sam, who now bustled past with some tail hounds

"Oh, never mind him," said his lordship, who was quite regardless of servants.

"Well now, what do you say?" resumed his lordship, *sotto voce*.

"Say about what?" asked Angelena, pretending ignorance.

"About the kisses," replied his lordship; "will you bet me half a dozen kisses we don't kill the fox?"

"You must ask mamma," replied Angelena, with a stately bow.

"Oh, fiddle, mammas," laughed his lordship; "we young chaps like dealing with the daughters."

"Dare say you do, you naughty man," replied she, touching him lightly with her whip. Just then an envious drop of rain beat heavily on her fair forehead, causing her to shudder at the prospect of a storm. Who knew but a coronet depended on the weather.

"I wish it mayn't be going to rine," observed she, looking anxiously up at the now cloud-cast sky.

"Hope not," muttered his lordship, who was watching Billy's cast, thinking he would make a huntsman. Another great drop confirmed Angelena's suspicions—it was indeed going to rain.

"Hark to Forester!" cries Billy, as that fine black-and-white hound, after a preliminary feather up the inside of the high hedge between the turnip and pasture fields, at length gives one of his invaluable Bank of England notes, and the spreading pack rush to the summons. "Hark to Forester!" again cries Billy, sticking spurs to his steed, and capping the rest on to their comrade.

"To him!—to him!" cries Sam, riding and cracking his whip at the unbelieving ones.

They cluster and settle to the scent with undiminished perseverance.

"I shall want my kisses," observed his lordship, knowingly, as he eyed their energy.

Another slight faulter, and away they shot as before.

"He's away for the main earths at Tibberley Chase," observed his lordship to Angelena, considering how that would act for Mrs. Easylove's.

"Indeed," smiled the fair coquette, not much wiser for the information.

"Tell me if you're tired, you know," said his lordship, squeezing her arm a little above the elbow as they again rode away together.

"Oh, I shan't tire," smiled the fair equestrian.

"*You're a darling!*" exclaimed his lordship, eyeing her intently, and thinking he would salute her rosy lips at the next check, whether the whips were there or not. "*You're a darling,*" repeated he, looking most lovingly at her.

"A countess for a hundred," thought Angelena, setting herself well in her saddle, sticking in her back, and holding up her head as if she was going to court all blazing in diamonds.

A smart blash of rain rather checked her aspirations. She dreaded Lord Maidstone's threatened deluge. In truth, she was not got up for resisting the elements. Besides an abundant crinoline petticoat, she had on her best white silk eider-down bustle, a thing not at all adapted for weather. Altogether she began to be nervous. Rain never improved any woman's looks.

"If the fox would only go to Scarrington Crags instead of the Chase," thought his lordship, "the rain would be all in our favour." Then he looked back for Dicky Dyke, wondering where that worthy had got, and how it was they had made such a mistake about the drag. Then he wondered if Mrs. Mansell would have got to Mrs. Easylove's with the clothes, or if there was any mistake about them; next, whether he should be able to dress himself without the aid of his valet; and anon, he was imagining Jug and old furs asleep together. Then he looked at Angelena, and wondered if she'd ever be as fat as her father; next he saw she would be more like her mother.

Sweep—blash—howl—now came the rain in heavy driving showers, slackening the pace of the hounds, and causing the horses to duck and shake their heads.

"I wish it mayn't be going to rain," observed his lordship, pulling his coat collar up about his old ears.

"*Going!*" exclaimed Angelena; "I should say it *was* rincing."

"Won't be much," replied his lordship, soothingly; "won't be much; besides," added he, "I know a nice house where we can get shelter if it does—know a nice house where we can get shelter if it does," repeated he, his hazel eyes flashing as the hounds seemed rather inclined to bend away to the south.

Vain hope! two fields more, and they turned short to the north.

"Hang them," muttered his lordship, vexed at the change; "we shall never get to Easylove's."

The storm now spoiled the scent, which the plodding pack carried forward very languidly, falling into line, with only a hound here and there throwing his tongue. Billy cheered and telegraphed them on; but do

what he would he couldn't brew up a cry. Plough now intervened, and altogether things wore an unpromising aspect. His lordship, recollecting it was only a "bye," and the hunt altogether a sham, bethought him of leaving the further enjoyment of it to Billy, retreating by the nearest road he could find to Mrs. Easylove's. Accordingly, he began paving the way for a stop, observing to Angelena, as he reined up the grey on a piece of rising ground, that he feared it was all over for the day.

"Indeed!" sighed the lady, flourishing her machinery-laced kerchief, as the drifting rain took her sideways, to the further discomfiture of her back and eider-down bustle.

"Forrard on! forrard on!" still cheered Billy, holding his hounds on to a meuse in a very tumble-down hedge, when Forester again struck the scent most vehemently, and they all scored to cry as before.

His lordship, mistaking Angelena's sigh for her bustle into regret at the abrupt termination of the chase, resolved to go on, and again getting his horse by the head, was presently sailing away with the pack, who now went bustling and bristling over Benteygrass Moor in a way that looked very like killing.

"Plenty of time both for the fox and the fair," thought his lordship, eyeing the now streaming away pack, and the again elegantly sitting lady—"plenty of time both for the fox and the fair," repeated he, eyeing Angelena's masterly style of handling her horse to ride at a stiff, undisturbed fence. "Well done you!" shouted his lordship, as she cleared it in stride without touching a twig. He then went at it himself.

The hounds again slackened their pace. Dark lowering clouds obscured the late sun-bright sky, and the summit of the Hartsbourne hills were shrouded in the distance.

"Bad sign that," thought his observing lordship, eyeing them—"bad sign that; never knew them covered but it rained." And he again congratulated himself upon having sent the dry things to Mrs. Easylove's. "Wish we were there," thought he, eyeing Botcherby steeple, and then the dark mass of Chillfield plantations, and that Angelena was not quite so game.

The poor girl's sigh had much to answer for. But for it his lordship might have run his fair charge into the desired haven, if not dry, at all events without the disheartening consequences that ensued. The sigh, like many a sigh, upset his arrangements. He felt it would never do for him to give in while his inamorata wished to go on; and so long as he had her with him he didn't so much mind the consequences. He therefore stuck to the hounds, notwithstanding they were now running in quite a contrary direction to what the telegraph hill and Effingham Clump told him Mrs. Easylove lived.

Angelena, now distressed and dispirited, cantered mechanically on, most anxiously wishing that his lordship was not so keen. The rain now became less capricious, but colder, more continuous, and searching in its down-pour. Angelena would have given anything to stop or get away from his lordship before she was quite spoiled. The lustre of the feathers was quite destroyed, and the dye of the brown Gariabaldi began trickling down her face. Her hair, too, became loose, and fell wildly about her ears; her pink and white kerchief was soaked, while her late looming-out habit stuck to her figure like a wet bathing-dress. Altogether she was regularly drenched.

His lordship marked the sad change, and already his fervent ardour began to cool. He was wet too, and blamed Angelena for the calamity. If he got the rheumatism he might be laid up for the rest of the winter.

"Confound it, women never know when they have enough of anything," thought he, peevishly, as he felt the insidious rain penetrating the salient parts of his garments—a tinge of purple, too, began to descend upon his white cords.

The hounds, meanwhile, kept towling on with a very catching scent. Billy still using his utmost efforts to accomplish that most desirable object in the eyes of a whip,—the killing of a fox in the absence of the huntsman.

His lordship would gladly have seen them run out of scent.

They now got upon the wide expanse of Hatherton Moor, and looking at the dreary space before, the spongy clouds aloft, above all, at the red nose, pinched face, and crestfallen figure of the drenched girl, his lordship came to the determination that it was no use persevering to please her, so he just pulled up short, saying,

"Well, *I* go no further."

"*Nor I*," faltered Angelena, who would have given anything to be anywhere else. Oh that night would throw its sheltering shades over her forlorn, draggle-tailed figure. She felt that her coronet chance was descending.

They then turned their backs upon the hounds, each thinking what a drowned rat the other looked.

The cold had struck into his lordship's old frame, and his teeth chattered and shook in his head. The wet had now even penetrated his pockets, and the water began to churn in his boots.

"If I don't catch my death of cold it'll be an odd thing to me," thought he, gathering up the grey, and sticking spurs into his sides to make him quit the pack. He then went sailing away, straight across country, over hedges, ditches, and brooks, altogether regardless of the lady on whom so much care had been recently bestowed. Indeed, he seemed anxious to get away from her, and forget that he had been taken in by such a "shrimp of a thing," as he now called her. He felt that he had only taken up with her for the sake of contrast to the Empress of Morocco.

So he went splashing and crashing through the country, now wondering how he should get rid of Angelena when he got home, now anathematising Dicky Thorndyke for letting him in for such a chance.

"Could make as good a woman out of my whip," observed he to himself, gathering it together to ride full tilt at Foamington Brook, leaving the little lady to get over as she could.

The romance of the thing was fairly destroyed. The poetry of the feather, the sentiment of the hat, the taste of the tie were utterly ruined; and in place of a bright-eyed, sunny-looking, well set-up girl, the old peer saw nothing but a very downcast, draggle-tailed looking Miss, who, ere long, would be very like her mother.

And he was almost glad that it was too dark for the grooms and people to see the figure she was when she got back to the castle.

Chapter XLVII.

Although little pig-eyes took the most of the drugged drink, he was the first to awaken from his trance, when, seeing glasses and decanters scattered around on the table, he concluded he had been left drunk at the mess, and as there was still wine in the bottles, he made a grab at the nearest one, upsetting a tumbler of water into the joint-stock-mother-in-law's lap. She then awoke with a start and a bound, nearly jumping on to Jug's knee; and then, after reseating herself, and staring wildly around her with her old front dangling over her nose, she burst into an incoherent fit of laughter.

"He, he, he! he, he, he! he, he, he!" went she, as if she had been listening to the funniest story imaginable.

"He, he, he! he, he!" joined Jug, as if he participated in the fun.

"He, he, he! he, he, he! he, he, he!" giggled the mother-in-law again, as if she couldn't help herself.

"Well," said Jug, now rubbing his eyes, and staring intently at her through the misty confused gloom of the room.

"Well!" responded Mrs. Blunt, staring at him.

"Come, none of your nonsense. I know you," said Jug, nervously.

"Know me!" exclaimed Mrs. Blunt. "Why, who d'ye think I am?"

"Jaycock, to be sure," replied the cornet.

"Jaycock, to be sure," repeated Mrs. Blunt, ironically.

"Downeylipe, then," said Jug, thinking it wasn't Jaycock's voice.

"Where are we?" exclaimed Mrs. Blunt, now looking wildly around her.

"Ay, where are we, indeed?" rejoined Jug, seeing by the size and fittings of the apartment that they were not in the mess-room at the barracks.

"It's very dark," observed Mrs. Blunt, straining her old eyes into the misty confusion.

"It is," said Jug, half shutting his little pig ones to see better.

"Angelena!" exclaimed Mrs. Blunt, looking wildly about her; "Angelena!" repeated she, in a louder tone. "Well, now; where *can* we be?" added she.

"I know!" exclaimed Jug, brightening up.

"Well, where?" asked Mrs. Blunt, eagerly.

"Heartycheer Castle, to be sure," replied Jug.

"So we are!" assented Mr. Blunt; adding, "but what can have happened?"

"Happened—how d'ye mean happened?" asked Jug.

"Why, where's Angelena?" replied mamma, throwing out her arms.

"Angelena—Angelena,—oh, Angelena went out with my lord; don't you remember?" asked Jug.

"I think I do," replied Mrs. Blunt, thoughtfully—"I think I do;" adding, "but she ought to have been back before this. Naughty girl! what can she be doing?"

"Oh, she'll cast up presently," said Jug, who, like all young men, was never jealous of old ones. Jug never thinking of marrying an old woman, never supposed that any young woman would think of marrying an old man.

"Well, but," said Mrs. Blunt, after a long pause, during which she endeavoured to recal and connect the events of the morning—"well, but we should be goin' home. The colonel 'ill be expectin' us back."

"Can't go without Angelena," replied Jug, taking another venture at the bottles, and, getting hold of claret instead of sherry, he rose, and proceeded on a cruise round the room in search of the bell to ring for candles. Having at length hit it off in one of those out-of-the-way places that modern usage assigns to those most useful and constantly-wanted articles, he gave it a pull that sounded very like taking his revenge for the trouble he had had.

Doiley was in the middle of a game at billiards with "my lord's gentleman," and Jug had to repeat the summons ere Doiley took any notice of it.

"That's that old divil in the dinin'-room," said he to his companion, putting on his coat; "just leave the balls as they are till I come back." So saying he lit a candle by the billiard-table lamp, and proceeded leisurely to answer the summons. "Did you ring, mum?" asked he, in a sort of tone of astonishment, speaking at the heap of fur that alone was distinguishable in the gloom.

"Yes—no—yes—that's to say, Colonel Blunt—I mean Captain Jug did," replied she, not yet fairly recovered from her sleep.

"What might you please to want, sir?" asked Doiley, addressing himself more respectfully to the cornet, who he knew was the grandson of a lord—though only a Baron one, as he told the earl's gentleman.

"W—a—a—nt," drawled Jug—"w—a—a—nt," repeated he, stretching himself out all fours. "Why, I should say, in the first place, we w—a—a—nt candles."

"Certainly, sir, certainly," replied Doiley, retiring to bring them.

When he returned, followed by a footman bearing the requisite illumination, he asked, in an off-hand sort of way, as he began gathering up the napkins, if they would be dining there.

"Dinin'—why, haven't we dined?" asked Mrs. Blunt, staring wildly about, like an owl suddenly exposed to the sunshine.

"No, mum, no; it was luncheon you took," replied Doiley, contemptuously, thinking what a snob she must be to dine at two o'clock.

"Luncheon was it?" said she. "Well, I'm sure I thought it was dinner."

"Oh—yes—we'll dine, I s'pose," drawled Jug, who had been cogitating the matter over; "may as well dine," added he.

"Then I'll tell monsieur you dine?" observed Doiley, interrogatively.

"You may," responded Jug, firmly.

"P'r'aps you'd like to go into the music-room, or the drawing-room," suggested Doiley, thinking he might as well be getting the table laid.

"No, we'll do very well where we are," replied Mrs. Blunt, yawning. "Is his lordship there?" asked she.

"No, mum, no—his lordship's out, I think—not come in yet."

"Well, but where's my daughter—where's Angelena?" demanded she, again returning to the charge.

"Oh, Angelena's safe enough," replied Jug.

"Not so sure of that," rejoined Mrs. Blunt, who understood these gay

old gentlemen better than the cornet. Then she began to think of all the colonel had said, and all she had heard about Lord Heartycheer's doings, which were not of a character to inspire much confidence in his discretion. However, she relied upon Angelena's prudence, and proceeded to recal all the conquests Angelena had made, and all the delicate positions she had been in.

Ere she had got half through the list, and just as Jug was dropping asleep again, Mr. Doiley reappeared, and intimated, in the most respectful manner, that his lordship wished to speak to Captain Jug. Accordingly the sucking captain rose, and shaking himself awake, proceeded to follow the servant along well-lighted corridors and passages, with scarlet cloth-covered outer doors, betokening the luxury within. Having reached one, at which another gentleman in full evening-dress stood sentry, Mr. Doiley's jurisdiction ended, and with a respectful bow he transferred Jug to this second groom of the chamber, or whatever he was designated in the tax returns, who forthwith opened the doors, and ushered Jug into a sumptuously furnished room, where, amidst a splashing of water, a mournful voice was heard groaning,

"Come in, my dear Jug—come in."

It was his lordship getting parboiled after his soaking; and in the midst of his turnings and splashings he proceeded to broach his misfortunes, talking as if he had been suffering martyrdom on account of the cornet.

"Oh, my dear fellow!" bubbled he, with his mouth and nose only above water—"oh, my dear fellow! you've let me in for such a mess!—you've let me in for such a mess!—bol-lol-lol-lol," as the water here came into his mouth. Having spluttered it out, he then proceeded with—"Never was so regularly taken in in my life—bol-lol-lol-lol," as he again got a mouthful of water. He then raised his old white head up a little, and proceeded to recount how that, to oblige the young lady, he had let Dicky draw for a fox; and how that the unreasonable animal had led them such a dance as never was seen; how wet he had got; how he dreaded such an imperious, domineering cold as he had the winter before last; how he would have to go to bed as soon as he was enough boiled; and how he should not get up till the next morning, if, indeed, he ever got up again; and how he hoped Jug would make himself and the ladies quite at home, order whatever they liked, and stay all night if they liked; all of which Jug promised faithfully to do, and retired to carry out the intention.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Blunt had been summoned to her dripping, draggle-tailed daughter; and as she helped to take off each spoiled, saturated garment, she felt an inward conviction that the sport of the day had not contributed at all to her "chance." Angelena was then boiled and put to bed; and we are sure it will be satisfactory to our readers to learn that, on the morrow, this pattern old peer stole away by the back of the castle to hunt just as Mrs. Blunt and her party drove away from the front.

ESMOND.*

AND SOME OTHER NOVELS.

When a writer so popular as Mr. Thackeray breaks ground in a new direction, the curiosity of the public is naturally turned that way, to see if the mine which he explores contain gold enough to repay the cost of the venture.

It was a hazardous experiment for one who, like Mr. Thackeray, had identified himself, after his peculiar fashion, as the castigator of the follies and vices of his own time, to turn the acuteness of his observation and the causticity of his satire to a period so remote as the days of Queen Anne; and, while the promised work was eagerly looked for, people could scarcely refrain from putting the question, "A quoi bon tout cela?" For what, they thought, have we, who live in the middle of the nineteenth century, to do with the manners of those who "flourished" a hundred and fifty years ago? We can learn very little more of the leading personages of the reign of Queen Anne than we know already, especially since Mr. Thackeray has already been himself our instructor, in that amusing series of lectures which he has devoted to the illustration of the Augustan era of English literature. Have not the wits of that day sufficiently illustrated themselves and each other? Have Swift, or Addison, or Steele, or Gay, or Arbuthnot, or Pope, been silent? Are we not familiar with all the court intrigues, the public scandals, even the *intimités de la vie privée* of that much-be-written age? Do we want, in a word, to know anything more about them? And the general answer which each returned to himself was in the negative. Hence it was regretted that an author whose originality is so striking as that of Mr. Thackeray should have addressed himself to a subject in which the greatest fame he seemed likely to achieve was that of being a successful imitator. It was feared, moreover, that the laurels which he had so worthily won might be endangered—now that the historical novel has gone so completely out of date—by the bold attempt to endow the past with as much vital interest as he had taught us to feel in the present.

What has been the result of this attempt?

Certainly not failure, if not an absolute success.

As far as it was possible to carry the happiest adaptation of style, the most felicitous expression of language, the closest observance of the habits of the period, and a perfect acquaintance with its events, Mr. Thackeray has triumphed. He has done more: in spite of a meagre plot with an unsatisfactory *éclaircissement*—not an unexpected one, however, to any one who reads the introductory chapter with attention—he has contrived to interest us in his story. Mr. Thackeray possesses in so high a degree the art of writing well, that even in the absence of stirring incidents to mark his hero's career we are wearied by no *longueurs*, annoyed by no common-place; and our curiosity, awakened in the outset, abates not till the end.

Nor must our praise be confined between these limits. Besides the graces of his style, the vivid truth of his sketches of society, the easy

* The History of Henry Esmond, Esq., a Colonel in the Service of Her Majesty Queen Anne. Written by Himself. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1852.

flow of his narrative, and the natural development of its incidents, Mr. Thackeray has infused into "Esmond" a sweetness of sentiment and earnestness of thought which, if sustained throughout, would have left us—in regard to the fictitious personages of his story—little room for anything but admiration.

But every tapestry has its reverse; and although the beauties of Mr. Thackeray's work are sufficiently manifest, not less palpable and striking are the blemishes which disfigure it. In the depth of his own heart there lies a well of tender feeling which sympathises with the weakness of our common nature, and prompts to a kindly consideration of the faults of humanity; but it is too frequently unvisited. Mr. Thackeray has wielded the pen of the satirist so long and so effectively that he appears never wholly satisfied until he has marred the beauty of his own bright pictures by laying bare the canvas on which they are painted, and showing the tricks and artifices by which it is daubed. There is but one writer of modern fiction who possesses in a higher degree than Mr. Thackeray the power of drawing "a soul of good out of things evil;" but, unfortunately, the author of "Vanity Fair" will not permit himself to follow this better course; he seems reluctant to yield to the impulses of his nature, preferring rather to show how much of evil lies below the surface. Like Hamlet, he discovers that "the world is out of joint," but he shows none of Hamlet's unwillingness "to set it right;" and that by no hesitating nor uncertain process. Mr. Thackeray's instruments are sharp, his hand is skilful, but he probes the wound too deeply; the blood flows, and he leaves to others the task of stanching it.

Let us prove what we have said by a few extracts, in which the better nature of the author is at issue with "the worser part." Here is one, as full of truth as of beauty:

> Gracious God! who was he, weak and friendless creature, that such a love should be poured out on him? Not in vain, not in vain has he lived—hard and thankless should he be to think so—that has such a treasure given him. What is ambition compared to that?—but selfish vanity. To be rich—to be famous? What do these profit a year hence, when other names sound louder than yours; when you lie hidden away under ground, along with the idle titles engraven on your coffin? But only true love lives after you, follows your memory with secret blessing, or precedes you, and intercedes for you. *Non omnis moriar*—if dying, I yet live in a tender heart or two; nor am lost and hopeless living, if a sainted departed soul still loves and prays for me.

And again:

> Who, in the course of his life, hath not been so bewitched, and worshipped some idol or another? Years after this passion hath been dead and buried, along with a thousand other cares and ambitions, he who felt it can recal it out of its grave, and admire, almost as fondly as he did in his youth, that lovely, queenly creature. I invoke that beautiful spirit from the shades, and love her still; or rather, I should say, such a past is always present to a man; such a passion once felt forms a part of his whole being, and cannot be separated from it; it becomes a portion of the man of to-day, just as any great faith or conviction—the discovery of poetry, the awakening of religion, ever afterwards influence him; just as the wound that I had at Blenheim, and of which I wear the scar, hath become a part of my frame, and influences my whole body, nay, spirit subsequently, though 'twas got and healed forty years ago. Parting and forgetting! What faithful heart can do these? Our great thoughts, our great affections, the truths of our lives never leave us.

Surely they cannot separate from our consciousness; shall follow it whithersoever that shall go; and are of their nature divine and immortal.

Contrast the tenderness of these passages with the cynical spirit in which the following are written:

What is the meaning of fidelity in love, and whence the birth of it? 'Tis a state of mind that men fall into, and depending on the man rather than the woman. We love being in love, that's the truth on't. If we had not met Joan, we should have met Kate, and adored her. We know our mistresses are no better than many other women, nor no prettier, nor no wiser, nor no wittier. 'Tis not for these reasons we love a woman, or for any special quality or charm I know of; we might as well demand that a lady should be the tallest woman in the world, like the Shropshire giantess, as that she should be a paragon in any other character, before we began to love her.

And having settled, *more suo*, the reason why we fall in love, Mr. Thackeray thus describes what he believes to be the inevitable consequences of permitting "true love" to take its "course:"

Who does not know of eyes, lighted by love once, where the flame shines no more?—of lamps extinguished, once properly trimmed and tended? Every man has such in his house. Such mementos make our splendidest chambers look blank and sad; such faces seen in a day cast a gloom upon our sunshine. So oaths mutually sworn, and invocations of heaven, and priestly ceremonies, and fond belief, and love, so fond and faithful that it never doubted but that it should live for ever, are all of no avail towards making love eternal: it dies, in spite of the banns and the priest; and I have often thought there should be a visitation of the sick for it; and a funeral service, and an extreme unction, and an *abi in pace*. It has its course, like all mortal things—its beginning, progress, and decay. It buds, and it blooms out into sunshine, and it withers and ends. Strephon and Chloe languish apart—join in a rapture; and presently you hear that Chloe is crying, and Strephon has broken his crook across her back. Can you mend it so as to show no marks of rupture? Not all the priests of Hymen, not all the incantations to the gods can make it whole!

The natural deduction from these opposed sentiments—if we are to look for a logical conclusion by which to test the writer's real meaning—is, that "love" must be considered an abstract good, and "marriage" a concrete evil.

Mr. Thackeray never tires of illustrating this latter position. Here is another instance, very faintly qualified. He is speaking of a married woman who has lost her beauty:

Can any one, who has passed through the world and watched the nature of men and women there, doubt what hath befallen her? I have seen, to be sure, some people carry down with them into old age the actual bloom of their youthful love, and I know that Mr. Thomas Parr lived to be a hundred and sixty years old. But, for all that, threescore and ten is the age of men, and few get beyond it; and 'tis certain that a man who marries for mere *beaux yeux*, as my lord did, considers his part of the contract at an end when the woman ceases to fulfil hers, and his love does not survive her beauty. I know 'tis often otherwise, I say; and can think (as most men in their own experience may) of many a house, where, lighted in early years, the sainted lamp of love hath never been extinguished; but so, there is Mr. Parr, and so there is the great giant at the fair that is eight feet high—exceptions to men—and that poor lamp whereof I speak that lights at first the nuptial chamber is extinguished by a hundred winds and draughts down the chimney, or sputters out for want of feeding. And then—and then it is Chloe, in the dark, stark awake, and Strephon snoring unheeded; or *vice versa*, 'tis poor Strephon that

has married a heartless jilt, and awoke out of that absurd vision of conjugal felicity which was to last for ever, and is over like any other dream. One and the other has made his bed, and so must lie in it, until that final day, when life ends, and they sleep separate.

We must make room for another picture of "domestic happiness," which, however coarsely painted, may be true enough if once you admit the premises; though such a "love-lamp" as Mr. Thackeray places on his shrine, is but a vessel of the basest clay:

Much of the quarrels and hatred which arise between married people come, in my mind, from the husband's rage and revolt at discovering that his slave and bedfellow, who is to minister to all his wishes, and is Church-sworn to honour and obey him, is the superior; and that *he*, and not she, ought to be the subordinate of the twain; and in these controversies, I think, lay the cause of my lord's anger against his lady. When he left her, she began to think for herself, and her thoughts were not in his favour. After the illumination, when the love-lamp is put out that anon we spoke of, and by the common daylight you look at the picture, what a daub it looks!—what a clumsy effigy! How many men and wives come to this knowledge, think you? And if it be painful for a woman to find herself mated for life to a boor, and ordered to love and honour a dullard, it is worse still for the man himself, perhaps, whenever in his dim comprehension the idea dawns that his slave and drudge yonder is, in truth, his superior; that the woman who does his bidding, and submits to his humour, should be his lord; that she can think a thousand things beyond the power of his muddled brains; and that in yonder head, on the pillow opposite to him, lie a thousand feelings, mysteries of thought, latent scorns and rebellions, whereof he only dimly perceives the existence as they look out furtively from her eyes: treasures of love doomed to perish without a hand to gather them; sweet fancies and images of beauty that would grow and unfold themselves into flower; bright wit, that would shine like diamonds could it be brought into the sun; and the tyrant in possession crushes the outbreak of all these, drives them back like slaves into the dungeon and the darkness, and chafes without that his prisoner is rebellious, and his sworn subject undutiful and refractory.

From the mortified husband to the tyrannous ruler over his family Mr. Thackeray makes an easy gradation:

And so it is, and for his rule over his family, and for his conduct to wife and children—subjects over whom his power is monarchical—any one who watches the world must think with trembling sometimes of the account which many a man will have to render. For, in our society, there is no law to control the King of the Fireside. He is master of property, happiness—life, almost. He is free to punish, to make happy or unhappy, to ruin, or to torture. He may kill a wife gradually, and be no more questioned than the Grand Seignior who drowns a slave at midnight. He may make slaves and hypocrites of his children; or friends and freemen; or drive them into revolt and enmity against the natural law of love. I have heard politicians and coffee-house wiseacres talking over the newspaper, and railing at the tyranny of the French King, and the Emperor, and wondered how these (who are monarchs too, in their way) govern their own dominions at home, where each man rules absolute? When the annals of each little reign are shown to the Supreme Master, under whom we hold sovereignty, histories will be laid bare of household tyrants as cruel as Amurath, and as savage as Nero, and as reckless and dissolute as Charles.

We are not seeking to deny that instances of this condition of things may not be found in real life, or that many of us cannot attest its existence by our own experience; but that which we take for an exception

Mr. Thackeray adopts as a rule. Or, if it be not intended by him for universal application, he, at all events, does nothing to neutralise the effect of his scene-painting. Search his volumes through, and where do you find the antidote to the poison whose presence he so loudly proclaims? "None are all evil;" some redeeming traits appear, even among the worst; but when once Mr. Thackeray has got hold of a bad subject he never leaves it so long as a white spot remains that can be blackened. What would have been easier for one of his genius, than to have shown in what the blessings of domestic life really consist; of what materials that man is made who goes to his grave with "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends?" But no, Mr. Thackeray is enamoured of his portrait of Sir John Brute, and hangs it in his gallery alone, neglecting the artistic precaution of giving stronger point to his satire by the force of contrast.

But whatever may be the defects of Mr. Thackeray's philosophy, or however he may allow himself to be swayed by the tendency to find a flaw in the most "precious porcelain" (which he would call "crockery")—we have a more serious cause of quarrel with him than any that can arise from human nature misappreciated.

We might content ourselves with an expression of regret that one who so closely examines motives, and who so frequently shows that he can think and feel none more rightly, should prefer to draw the least generous conclusions; but when, instead of motives misunderstood, we find historical reputations blackened—and this, as far as we can perceive, out of mere wantonness—a much stronger feeling than regret finds place within our breasts. Of what use, we ask, is History ("the stately muse of History," Mr. Thackeray calls her), of what advantage Fame, where is the profit of a lofty name, to what end have men the most illustrious lived, if at the mere *whim* of a popular novelist—we have cause for not saying his *conviction*—the memory of the great shall be branded with the foulest obloquy? Yet in this caprice, to call it by no harsher term, Mr. Thackeray has indulged, with respect to the Duke of Marlborough, the man who—in more than one point of view—stands second only, in the estimation of his countrymen, to the hero whose loss we still deplore!

We may be told that Marlborough's personal character is not of so doubtful a kind as to be shaken by the transient breath of fiction, and had the calumnies against him been uttered by a writer of less celebrity than Mr. Thackeray, we could have afforded to pass over them in silence; but, aroused by the authority of a name like his, there are thousands who will pin their faith on his assertions, and it is to counteract this belief that we vindicate the reputation of Marlborough. It must be observed, moreover, that "Esmond" is not to be considered in the light of an ordinary novel. By a long and arduous course of study, the results of which have been carefully placed before the public in another and a highly popular form, Mr. Thackeray has made himself master of the history of the time of which he most eloquently treats; and, though he wears the mask of fiction, it is quite evident that he wishes the language he now speaks to be received as gospel. There is so much of actual fact in the historical details, and so great an air of reality in the manner of the fictitious narrator, that those who have not fairly given their attention to the subject may be readily deceived, and easily induced to adopt the author's views, though,

if they examine the mode in which the argument is conducted, its insincerity and unjustifiable nature will at once become evident.

We are far from saying that there were not many features in the character of Marlborough which left him far beneath the standard of perfection. His most friendly biographer, Archdeacon Coxe, admits his parsimony, in matters of a personal nature, and, with reference to his political career, regrets the duplicity which he practised in his correspondence with the exiled family of James II., "to whose expulsion he so much contributed." But nowhere, since the date of the publication of the *New Atlantis*, do we find anything so vilifying as the assertions which perpetually recur in "Esmond" accusing Marlborough of infamy more degrading than can be conceived of any one holding the position and aspiring to the name of "gentleman." It might have been expected of the venal scribe, whom Swift suborned to traduce the great man of the day, that her vile words should "lie like truth, and still most truly lie," but that Mr. Thackeray should condescend

To do for hate what Manley did for hire,

is a thing to sorrow and be amazed at.

That our comments may justify themselves, we cite the following passages, with *the reason for them*, which succeeds. This is Mr. Thackeray's full-length portrait of the greatest man of his age:

Our chief, whom England and all Europe, saving only the Frenchmen, worshipped almost, had this of the god-like in him, that he was impassible before victory, before danger, before defeat Before the greatest obstacle, or the most trivial ceremony; before a hundred thousand men drawn in battalia, or a peasant slaughtered at the door of his burning hovel; before a carouse of drunken German lords, or a monarch's court, or a cottage table, where his plans were laid, or an enemy's battery, vomiting flame and death. and strewing corpses round about him;—he was always cold, calm, resolute, like fate. *He performed a treason or a court-bow; he told a falsehood as black as Styx as easily as he paid a compliment or spoke about the weather. He took a mistress, and left her; he betrayed his benefactor, and supported him, or would have murdered him, with the same calmness always, and having no more remorse than Clotho, when she weaves the thread, or Lachesis, when she cuts it.* In the hour of battle I have heard the Prince of Savoy's officers say, the prince became possessed with a sort of warlike fury; his eyes lighted up; he rushed hither and thither, raging; he shrieked curses and encouragement, yelling and harking his bloody war-dogs on, and himself always at the first of the hunt. Our duke was as calm at the mouth of the cannon as at the door of a drawing-room. Perhaps he could not have been the great man he was had he had a heart either for love or hatred, or pity or fear, or regret or remorse. *He achieved the highest deed of daring, or deepest calculation of thought, as he performed the very meanest action of which a man is capable; told a lie, or cheated a fond woman, or robbed a poor beggar of a halfpenny with a like awful serenity and equal capacity of the highest and lowest acts of our nature.* His qualities were pretty well known in the army, where there were parties of all politicks, and of plenty of shrewdness and wit; but there existed such a perfect confidence in him, as the first captain of the world, and such a faith and admiration in his prodigious genius and fortune, that the very men whom he *notoriously cheated of their pay, the chiefs whom he used and injured—(for he used all men, great and small, that came near him, as his instruments alike, and took something of theirs, either some quality or some property—the blood of a soldier, it might be, or a jewelled hat, or a hundred thousand crowns from a king, or a portion out of a starving sentinel's three farthings; or (when he was young) a kiss from a woman, and the gold chain off her neck, taking all he could from woman or man, and having, as I have*

said, this of the god-like in him, that he could see a hero perish, or a sparrow fall, with the same amount of sympathy for either. Not that he had no tears; he could always order up this reserve at the proper moment to battle; *he could draw upon tears or smiles alike, and whenever need was for using this cheap coin. He would cringe to a shoeblack, as he would flatter a minister or a monarch; be haughty, be humble, threaten, repent, weep, grasp your hand, or stab you whenever he saw occasion*)—But yet those of the army who knew him best and had suffered most from him, admired him most of all; and as he rode along the lines to battle, or galloped up in the nick of time to a battalion reeling from before the enemy's charge or shot, the fainting men and officers got new courage as they saw the splendid calm of his face, and felt that his will made them irresistible.

And now for Mr. Thackeray's *justification.* His "hero," Esmond, says:

Should a child of mine take the pains to read these, his ancestor's memoirs, I would not have him judge of the Great Duke by what a cotemporary has written of him. No man hath been so immensely lauded and decried as this first statesman and warrior; as, indeed, no man ever deserved better the greatest praise and the strongest censure. *If the present writer joins with the latter faction, very likely a private pique of his own may be the cause of his ill-feeling.*

And he goes on to say:

A word of kindness or acknowledgment, or a single glance of approbation, *might have changed Esmond's opinion of the great man;* and instead of a satire, *which his pen cannot help writing,* who knows but that the humble historian might have taken *the other side of panegyrick?* We have but to change the point of view, and the greatest action looks mean; as we turn the perspective-glass, and a giant appears a pigmy.

Is not this a monstrous doctrine, thus to falsify history for purposes of fiction, and then build upon that falsification as if the premises were true? And what a mean-spirited scoundrel the "hero" appears—this *preux chevalier,* who, we are told, has only to appear among a tribe of Indians to be elected their Sachem—who avows a motive for his conduct so unworthy as that which "Esmond" confesses! Fiction has, in all times, claimed great latitude, but never a wider than in the present instance, nor one more utterly unworthy.

But sometimes Mr. Thackeray gives us his "authority" for the scandal which he heaps on Marlborough's head. Take an example, as brief as it is convincing, at page 25, vol. iii. So and so, he says, "Mr. St. John *told the writer.*" The writer! A fiction, a man of straw, a dummy—"a weak invention of the enemy!" Had St. John told Swift, and had the latter put the matter on record, we might perchance have paused to listen to the tale; but when not only the scandal itself, but its historian is invented for the occasion, we know the precise amount of value to be attached to it.

If, however, there be a great man to pull down, Mr. Thackeray—contrary to his usual practice in ethics—has another to set up in his stead. This demigod is General Webb! He, too, was "great," in one sense of the word—a perfect Goliath in stature, a good soldier withal, who did excellent service with the army in Flanders and elsewhere, on many occasions, and was certainly not well treated about the affair of Wynendael, where he, and not Cadogan, saved the convoy destined for the besieging

army before Lille, though he was barely mentioned in the despatch which conveyed official intelligence of the important event. But there is no doubt that Marlborough endeavoured to repair an omission which was most likely unintentional, for in his letters to Lord Godolphin—before any remonstrance on the part of Webb was made—we find him repeatedly recommending that general for promotion on account of the skill and bravery which he had shown on the occasion adverted to. On the 27th of September, 1708, he writes:

> Webb and Cadogan have on this occasion, as they always will do, behaved themselves extremely well. The success of this vigorous action is, in a great measure, owing to them. * * * I should not be doing them justice, if I did not beg the Queen, that when this campaign shall be ended, she will be pleased to make a promotion of the generals in this army only, which will be a mark of her favour and their merit.

Writing from Rousselaer, on October 9th, in the same year, he says:

> Major-General Webb goes for England; I write to her Majesty by him. I hope she will be pleased to tell him, that she is very well satisfied with his services, and that when she makes a promotion this winter, he may be sure of being a lieutenant-general, which really this last action *makes his due.*

From Oudenarde, November 28th, he writes:

> I cannot end this without telling you that *I very much approve of Mr. Webb's being gratified with a Government*, but I do not think it for her Majesty's service to give a promise before the vacancy happens, especially since he shall be made a lieutenant-general this winter.

Yet, in spite of these indisputable records, Mr. Thackeray champions his Goliath as the most ill-used "son of Anak" since the days of Jack the Giant Killer; though, with singular inconsistency, he speaks of Webb's "*rancour* against the duke," of the intensity of Mrs. Webb's "hatred" for the great commander, of Webb having "said a thousand things against him" which his superior had pardoned, and of "his grace" having "heard a thousand things more that Webb had never said;" adding—as if it were not the height of magnanimity in the man whom Esmond is constantly maligning—"But it cost this great man no pains to pardon; and he passed over an injury or a benefit alike easily."

But Esmond scruples at no assertion that can damage the fame of Marlborough. He not only revives the refuted calumny of his taking money from women for the sake of his handsome person, but insists upon it wherever the accusation can be lugged in. He is for ever assigning the most unworthy motives for all his actions—such, for example, as his reasons for fighting the battle of Malplaquet, and protracting of the siege of Lille; and, though he does not actually go the length of accusing the Duke of Marlborough of having instigated Lord Mohun to challenge the Duke of Hamilton to the duel, which was fatal to them both, he insinuates nearly as much:

> That party to which Lord Mohun belonged had the benefit of his service, and now were well rid of such a ruffian. He, and Meredith, and Macartney, were the Duke of Marlborough's men; and the two colonels had been broke but the year before for drinking perdition to the Tories. His grace was a Whig now and a Hanoverian, and as eager for war as Prince Eugene himself. I say not that he was privy to Duke Hamilton's death, I say that his party

profited by it; and that three desperate and bloody instruments were found to effect that murder.

The dial spake not, but it made shrewd signs.

We have animadverted—we trust with not more than a just severity—on the spirit of detraction in which Mr. Thackeray has indulged with regard to the Duke of Marlborough; and were we disposed to be critical, we might point to other names whom he has treated only less scurvily because he has brought them less prominently before the reader—Dean Swift, Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, and the Pretender, for instance; but we are glad to turn away from the deformities which obscure his novel, and address ourselves to the features of wit and beauty that adorn it.

We have no intention, slight as the web of the story is, to describe its plot. "Esmond" will depend—for the reputation to be achieved by it—more upon the manner in which it is written, than upon the dramatic character of the situations.

Here is a pretty scene at the very commencement:

When the lady came back, Harry Esmond stood exactly in the same spot, and with his hand as it had fallen when he dropped it on his black coat. Her heart melted I suppose (indeed, she hath since owned as much) at the notion that she should do anything unkind to any mortal, great or small, for when she returned, she sent away the housekeeper upon an errand by the door at the further end of the gallery; and coming back to the lad, with a look of infinite pity and tenderness in her eyes, she took his hand again, placing the other fair hand on his head, and saying some words to him, which were so kind, and said in a voice so sweet, that the boy, who had never looked upon so much beauty before, felt as if the touch of a superior being or angel smote him down to the ground, and kissed the fair protecting hand, as he knelt on one knee. To the very last hour of his life, Esmond remembered the lady as she then spoke and looked, the rings on her fair hands, the very scent of her robe, the beam of her eyes lighting up with surprise and kindness, her lips blooming in a smile, the sun making a golden halo round her hair.

Art, not nature, has painted the following portrait:

My lady viscountess's face was daubed with white and red up to the eyes, to which the paint gave an unearthly glare. She had a tower of lace on her head, under which was a bush of black curls—borrowed curls—so that no wonder little Harry Esmond was scared when he was first presented to her—the kind priest acting as master of the ceremonies at that solemn introduction—and he stared at her with eyes almost as great as her own, as he had stared at the player-woman who acted the wicked tragedy-queen, when the players came down to Ealing Fair. She sate in a great chair by the fire-corner; in her lap was a spaniel dog, that barked furiously; on a little table by, her ladyship's snuff-box and her sugar-plum box. She wore a dress of black velvet, and a petticoat of flame-coloured brocade. She had as many rings on her fingers as the old woman of Banbury Cross; and pretty small feet, which she was fond of showing, with great clocks to her stockings, and white pantofles with red heels; and an odour of musk was shook out of her garments whenever she moved or quitted the room, leaning on her tortoise-shell stick, little Fury barking at her heels.

This lady sits for her picture a second time:

After a proper interval, this elderly Goddess Diana vouchsafed to appear to the young man. A blackamoor in a Turkish habit, with red boots and a silver collar, on which the viscountess's arms were engraven, preceded her, and bore her cushion; then came her gentlewoman; a little pack of spaniels,

barking and frisking about, preceded the austere huntress—then, behold, the viscountess herself "dropping odours." Esmond recollected from his childhood that rich aroma of musk which his mother-in-law (for she may be called so)* exhaled. As the sky grows redder and redder towards sunset, so, in the decline of her years, the cheeks of my lady dowager blushed more deeply. Her face was illuminated with vermilion, which appeared the brighter from the white paint employed to set it off. She wore the ringlets which had been in fashion in King Charles's time, whereas the ladies of King William's had head-dresses like the towers of Cybele. Her eyes gleamed out from the midst of this queer structure of paint, dyes, and pomatums. Such was my lady viscountess, Mr. Esmond's father's widow.

Amongst the accomplishments of the viscountess, correct orthography was not the most striking feature, as the accompanying letter, written to her cousin (Esmond) while in prison, after fighting a duel, will plainly show. It is by far too good to be omitted:

"Mong Coussin," my lady viscountess dowager wrote, "je scay que vous vous etes bravement batew et grievement bléssay—du costé de feu M. le Vicomte. M. le Compte de Varique ne se playt qua parlay de vous: M. de Moon auçy. Il di que vous avay voulew vous bastre avec que luy—que vous estes plus fort que luy sur l'ay scrimme—qu'il y a surtout certaine Botte que vous scavay qu'il n'a jammay sceu pariay: et que e'en eut été fay de luy si vouseluy vous vous fussiay battews ansamb. Aincy ce pauv Vicompte est mort. Mort et peutayt—mon coussin, mon coussin! jay dans la tayste que vous n'estes quung pety Mont—angey que les Esmonds ong tousjours esté. La veuve est chay moy. J'ay recuilly cet' pauve famme. Elle est furieuse cont vous, allans tous les jours chercher le Roy (d'icy) démandant à gran cri revanche pour son Mary. Elle ne veux voyre ni entende parlay de vous: pourtant elle ne fay qu'en parlay milfoy par jour. Quand vous seray hor prison venay me voyre. J'auray soing de vous. Si cette petite Prude veut se défaire de song pety Monste (Hélas je craing qùil ne soy trotar!) je m'en chargeray. J'ay encor quelqu interay et quelques escus de costay. La Veuve se raccommo de avec Miladi Marlboro qui est tout puiçante avec que la Reine Anne.† Cet dam sentéray seut pour la petite prude; qui pourctant a un fi du megme asge que vous savay. En sortant de prisong venez icy. Je ne puy vous recevoir chaymoy à cause des méchansetés du monde, may pre du moy vous aurez logement.

"ISABELLE VICOMPTESSE D'ESMOND."

Beatrix Esmond—a compound of Becky Sharpe, with less wit, and Miss Amory, with more beauty—is one of the heroines of the story. Her personal appearance is charmingly described:

Esmond had left a child, and found a woman, grown beyond the common height: and arrived at such a dazzling completeness of beauty, that his eyes might well show surprise and delight at beholding her. In hers there was a brightness so lustrous and melting, that I have seen a whole assembly follow her as if by an attraction irresistible: and that night the great Duke was at the playhouse, after Ramillies; every soul turned and looked (she chanced to enter at the opposite side of the theatre at the same moment) at her, and not at him. She was a brown beauty: that is, her eyes, hair, and eyebrows and eyelashes, were dark; her hair curling with rich undulations, and waving over her shoulders; but her complexion was as dazzling white as snow in sunshine; except her cheeks, which were a bright red, and her lips, which

* Step-mother, rather.

† This is a slip of the pen. King William was still alive, and the viscountess had already alluded to him a few lines previously, when she spoke of "le Roy (d'icy)."

were of a still deeper crimson. Her mouth and chin, they said, were too large and full, and so they might be for a goddess in marble, but not for a woman whose eyes were fire, whose look was love, whose voice was the sweetest low song, whose shape was perfect symmetry, health, decision, activity, whose foot as it planted itself on the ground was firm but flexible, and whose motion, whether rapid or slow, was always perfect grace—agile as a nymph, lofty as a queen—now melting, now imperious, now sarcastic, there was no single movement of hers but was beautiful. As he thinks of her, he who writes, feels young again, and remembers a paragon. So she came, holding her dress with one fair rounded arm, and her taper before her, tripping down the stair to greet Esmond.

But 'Trix—she deserves the *sobriquet*—is an arrant coquette, and Esmond is her principal victim. How he devotes himself to her, and how philosophically he prepares to be jilted, he tells us himself:

"Well," said Esmond, "a man can but give his best and his all. She has that from me. What little reputation I have won I swear I cared for because I thought Beatrix would be pleased with it. What care I to be a colonel or a general? Think you 'twill matter a few score years hence, what our foolish honours to-day are? I would have had a little fame, that she might wear it in her hat. If I had anything better, I would endow her with it. If she wants my life, I would give it her. If she marries another, I will say God bless him. I make no boast, nor no complaint. I think my fidelity is folly, perhaps. But so it is. I cannot help myself. I love her. You are a thousand times better: the fondest, the fairest, the dearest of women. Sure, dear lady, I see all Beatrix's faults as well as you do. But she is my fate. 'Tis endurable. I shall not die for not having her. I think I should be no happier, if I won her. *Que voulez-vous?* as my lady of Chelsea would say. *Je l'aime.*"

But, in spite of Esmond's philosophy, see how he suffers from her desertion. See also how he endures it:

The blow had been struck, and he had borne it. His cruel Goddess had shaken her wings and fled: and left him alone and friendless, but *virtute suâ.* And he had to bear him up, at once the sense of his right, and the feeling of his wrongs, his honour and his misfortune. As I have seen men waking and running to arms, at a sudden trumpet; before emergency a manly heart leaps up resolute; meets the threatening danger with undaunted countenance; and whether conquered or conquering faces it always. Ah! no man knows his strength or his weakness till occasion proves them. If there be some thoughts and actions of his life from the memory of which a man shrinks with shame, sure there are some which he may be proud to own and remember; forgiven injuries, conquered temptations (now and then) and difficulties vanquished by endurance. . . . . At certain periods of life we live years of emotion in a few weeks—and look back on those times as on great gaps between the old life and the new. You do not know how much you suffer in those critical maladies of the heart, until the disease is over and you look back on it afterwards. During the time the suffering is at least sufferable. The day passes in more or less of pain, and the night wears away somehow. 'Tis only in after days that we see what the danger has been—as a man out a hunting or riding for his life looks at a leap, and wonders how he should have survived the taking of it. O, dark months of grief and rage! of wrong and cruel endurance! He is old now who recals you. Long ago he has forgiven and blest the soft hand that wounded him: but the mark is there, and the wound is cicatrized only—no time, tears, caresses, or repentance, can obliterate the scar. We are indocile to put up with grief, however. *Reficimus rates quassas:* we tempt the ocean again and again, and try upon new ventures. Esmond thought of his early time as a noviciate, and of this past trial as an initiation before entering into life,—as our young Indians undergo torture silently before they pass to the rank of warriors in the tribe.

We had marked many other striking passages in "Esmond," but have been compelled, from want of space, to forego their insertion; some inaccuracies, however, which may be easily remedied should a second edition be called for, require to be pointed out.

Esmond says of Holt, the Jesuit (whose character is very well drawn), that "in every point he professed to know, he was nearly right, but not quite," and cites Holt's observation, that at Vigo Esmond was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Ormonde, whereas, remarks Esmond, "his first general was General Lumley." But Esmond (or Mr. Thackeray) had forgotten that, at p. 148, vol. i., he wrote as follows: "He went immediately and paid his court to his *new general*, Mr. Lumley, who received him graciously, having known his father, and also, he was pleased to say, having had the very best accounts of Mr. Esmond from the officer whose aide-de-camp he had been at Vigo." Why, that officer was *himself*, for at page 84 we find these words: "And Esmond, giving up his post of secretary (not aide-de-camp) to General Lumley, whose command was over, and parting from that officer with many expressions of good-will on the general's side," &c., &c.

Such mistakes as "Tom Lockwood" for "Jack Lockwood," and one or two others, which we have already indicated, may be easily corrected; but it may be worth while to ask Mr. Thackeray if his novel would lose its air of verisimilitude by the omission of passages like these:

Speaking of Prince George of Denmark and the Princess Anne, Beatrix, then a girl, says:—"They are both very fat, and smelt of brandy," accounting for her olfactory acuteness by having kissed her own father after dinner.

And of the second Viscount Castlewood, the hero's father, Esmond, in his own person, remarks: "He ended by swallowing that fly-blown, rank old morsel, his cousin;" a person, by-the-by, to whom Esmond is indebted for much kindness during her lifetime, and for all his fortune after her death.

Scattered over the pages of Mr. Thackeray's novel are a great many good sayings. We should have welcomed them more warmly had they all been original, but, with some slight variations of phrase, a number of these are old acquaintances, and do not own Mr. Thackeray for their author.

We now turn to some other novels which are lying on our table.

And first of Fanny Dennison.* This story is exceedingly well told. Written, like Esmond, in the style of an autobiography, the narrative progresses with an earnest and truthlike simplicity, which imparts to it a peculiar charm. The reader is never called off to other characters or other scenes; the whole interest is centred in the heroine from beginning to end, and that interest never flags. As a work of art, we cannot indeed speak too highly of this new fiction. To say that we were equally well pleased with the character of Fanny, would not be true. The child of a laundress, adopted by a wealthy and aristocratic lady, her vanity and pride are made insufferably ostentatious. At twelve years of age, we are to believe that she could speak Latin fluently, could translate Homer without much difficulty, had passed the ass's bridge in Euclid with

* Fanny Dennison. A Novel. In 3 vols. Colburn and Co.

flying colours, and excelled in history and astronomy! So promising a young *protegée*, who, we are led to surmise, was as beautiful as she was clever, could not grow up to years of womanhood without producing mischief. The only two gentlemen she is thrown in contact with—Walter Staunton, the grandson and heir of her protector, and one Mr. Elton, a landed proprietor in the neighbourhood—are her instant slaves. Mrs. Staunton, to prevent her grandson wedding a girl of low birth, resolves to marry her to Mr. Elton; but first sends her on a visit to her rustic relations, upon which occasion the inordinate superciliousness of the *parvenu*, with whom a rustic cousin has the audacity also to fall in love, comes out in full relief.

Mr. Elton turns out to be a gambler, a rake, and a profligate; and a few months spent in Paris after the wedding suffice to give Fanny an insight into her husband's real character. Instead, however, of trying to reclaim him, or win him from his bad habits, she alternately mopes and lectures, till we almost lose sympathy for her distress. There is a perpetual assumption of moral and intellectual superiority over her husband, and that conveyed, too, in such a formal and pretentious manner that outrages the real relations of the sexes. Gambling catastrophes forcing the happy pair back to England, a kind of platonic affection springs up between Mrs. Elton and Arthur Dormer, which is interrupted by the husband's passions attaining a climax, and in which he strikes Fanny. The latter hurries out, with the marks of violence upon her, to upbraid her former protector, and ultimately takes refuge in the house of a Mr. Hall, where, her reckless husband having been killed when out hunting, she as usual receives an offer of marriage. Throughout her career, it will be observed that Fanny, who is depicted as anything but an amiable disposition, receives attentions or offers from almost every man she comes in contact with. By the happy intervention of an incident in modern social life—an advertisement in the newspapers—Fanny is, however, recalled to Knockfield, reconciled to Mrs. Staunton, and married to Walter. The moral of the story would seem to be, to have trust in Providence, that we shall ultimately attain our deserts; but the impression left is, that it is dangerous to adopt a pretty, vain, and ambitious girl, where there is also a youthful and wrongheaded heir in the house.

If thorough mystification, carried out to the end, with the complicated machinery of the actors in half a dozen *causes célèbres* collected into one, could establish a claim to popularity, "Red Hall"* would be a great literary triumph. The well-known talent of Mr. Carleton, in imparting to his Irish fictions the most minute accuracy of detail, and a graphic circumstantiality which makes vivid daguerreotypes of his pen-and-ink sketches, is in this instance brought to bear in all its original vigour in portraying profligacy, vice, and crime in high life, unfortunately little redeemed by the usual and legitimate contrasts of goodness and virtue. Sir Thomas Gourlay, the "Black Baronet" of "Red Hall," is all that his names would indicate—an ambitious, unprincipled villain—a brute without feeling or remorse. The "stranger," who is ultimately to set matters to right, is not brought into sufficiently bold relief, either as a lover or an avenger. In this respect, the first few chapters which introduce us

* Red Hall; or, the Baronet's Daughter. By William Carleton, Esq., Author of "Stories of the Irish Peasantry," &c. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.

to his researches at Ballymacruiskeen lead only to subsequent disappointment.

Fenton is a poor, miserable, drunken wretch, without an interest attached to him, till we learn that by the malignity of the villain Corbet, whose daughter the Black Baronet had seduced, the said Black Baronet had in his person been all his life persecuting and killing by degrees his own son. This is the most horrible incident in a work full of horrors. Lucy is a gifted and a noble girl from beginning to end, and deserves better than the silent, little energetic "stranger," albeit, after continuing as such through three long volumes, he turns out to be a "lord." Lord Cullamore fails, like most of the good characters, in distinctness, while Lord Dunroe's profligacy and utter want of principle are depicted with melancholy earnestness. Father M'Snug is the best character in the lot, morally and artistically; and in the numerous rakes, conspirators, cheats, and counterplotters, deceivers and deceived, belonging to the middle and lower classes of society, who help to fill up the parts in this most complicated history, Mr. Carleton shows clearly enough that he is more at home than in the aristocratic circles. These life-like pictures, with their Irish readiness and warm Irish heartiness—when not perverted or corrupt—their never failing wit and rollicking humour, would carry a story, if possible, even of more repulsive materials than the "Black Baronet," to a triumphant conclusion. In such pictures Mr. Carleton is truly himself, and he shines with almost unrivalled lustre.

A new novel from the pen of a well-established favourite like Mrs. Trollope* requires but brief notice from the literary commentator. The reading public expects a work worthy of its author's reputation, and looks forward with confidence to a gratification more or less intellectual, moral, or cynical, according to circumstances. All know what to expect from Mrs. Trollope: prominent, and before all, a widow—a clever, scheming, unscrupulous female—a lover and a maid, after tolerably well stereotyped or conventional forms, and a goodly group of secondary personages, all more or less characteristic of the follies of the age, without much regard as to whether religion or politics happen to be in the ascendancy. In the present instance, Mrs. General Fitzjames yields the palm to none of her predecessors for humorous effrontery and unblushing scheming; Kate Harrington makes an excellent and a lovely heroine; and Puseyism, Calvinism, and Church of Englandism are cleverly caricatured in the persons of individuals, whose prototypes we every now and then stumble upon in our social peregrinations, and whom we are never sorry to see exposed to the world in their true colours by the pen of the practised novelist. "Uncle Walter" will, we feel assured, afford as much amusement and pleasure to that large section of the myriad-minded public who constitute the authoress's admirers, as any of her previous publications.

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* Uncle Walter. A Novel. By Mrs. Trollope, Author of "Father Eustace," "The Barnabys," &c., &c. 3 vols. Colburn and Co.

THE EPILOGUE TO EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-TWO.

If not fruitful of many incidents, the year now drawing rapidly to its close has witnessed at least two events which will make it memorable hereafter in the annals of Europe.

The Duke of Wellington has died, and the French Empire is about to be proclaimed!

We have paid the last honours to the "Star of England" who so "greatly liv'd;" we are waiting for the ovation in France that is to commence a new Imperial Era.

In December, 1851, the French Republic set in blood; in December, 1852, the French Empire rises in a sky, to all appearance, cloudless and serene. "L'Empire, c'est la Paix," has been the *mot d'ordre* with which the present ruler over our warlike neighbours inaugurates his elevation to the purple, and no nation is more willing than our own to accept that declaration in its most literal sense.

But in spite of protestations—many people think because of them—there is a certain feeling, a kind of instinct awakened, which warns us to look out for the worst at the moment when the prospect seems the fairest. Summer skies are not—in our latitudes—"for ever, unchangeably bright," and in the best and most Oriental of climates, the fiercest tempests arise, almost unheralded. As the gloomy moralist says:

> Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,
> And sends the fatal tidings in the blow.

But, without being gloomy, we may as well be prepared. There is no occasion for our "Night Thoughts" to be sombre because our waking reason counsels us to be on the *qui vive*. We have all the means for security at hand: brave men, efficient commanders, and an admirable *materiel* that only wants organisation to ensure its perfect condition. And we are much mistaken if the present Government have anything nearer to their thoughts than the completion of the defences of the country. Their "Militia Bill," which, in spite of the "amiable cynicism" of the leader of the Whig party (who, *par parenthèse*, broke his shins over his own measure), has so admirably accomplished the end proposed by it, is a convincing proof that the ministry know what they are about, and are resolved to be as practical as their predecessors were theoretical. We may point also to the quiet but steady progress which is being made in the conversion of the largest of our line-of-battle ships into screw steamers, leaving little to be apprehended in the event of a contest with the leviathan batteries now afloat in the harbours of Toulon and L'Orient.

The message delivered to the French legislative body, only a few days ago, stated that the Government of that country would only change its form, and that, devoted to the great interests which are brought forth by intellect and carried out by peace, it would, as in the past, maintain itself within the limits of moderation. We shall be happy to find that this "moderation" is such as England can recognise, as readily as she recognises the form of government which the French have chosen; but, *en at-*

tendant, again we say it is desirable that she be prepared for any emergency. This world is not governed by so much wisdom but that an unforeseen *contretemps* may arise. Mr. Prichard's missionary zeal and Don Pacifico's household gods are cases in point; and then—is it altogether an improbable event—Lord Palmerston, who, we are given to understand, is the inventor of the "Versatio, or Reversible Coat," now so much in fashion, may once more find himself in the Foreign Office!

This is not exactly what we should desire, though the noble lord has so gallantly stepped forward with the amendment respecting Free-trade, which, at the moment we write, is still under discussion.

The four resolutions which have been presented to the House, exhibit as amusing a case of hair-splitting as ever occupied the lawyers of Westminster Hall or the Doctors of the Sorbonne: their promoters are all agreed as to the fact which forms the basis of each, and no one can say that the declarations of Lord Derby and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with respect to the abandonment of "Protection," have not been as candid and unreserved as possible; but it suits the "Free-traders" to doubt assertions, made—we believe—in the utmost sincerity; and Mr. Villiers, with an incredulity that would do credit to St. Thomas, persists in disbelieving that ministers mean what they continue to reiterate, and thrusts into his resolution obnoxious words, which those who know what "injustice" means, naturally refuse to swallow. Unless the very "base-string of humility" be sounded—unless ministers go down on their knees and, in language more abject than ever Bobadil used, confess their sins, and humbly sue for forgiveness, the honourable member for Wolverhampton announces his determination to persist in fostering a resolution, the paternity of which he is as fain as Mr. Cobden to disavow; a resolution which appears, however, to have had as many putative fathers as the bastard of Ninon de l'Enclos. After all, we trust we shall have a different issue to announce, before these lines are in type, than that which has been predicated by the Free-traders; so for the present we will say no more about politics, home or external.

What else has happened in 1852 that is worth recalling?

Public faith has been kept in the matter of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park; the great glass-house, which held so many blooming exotics, has been swept away, and another, grander, more ornamental, and, we trust, more useful even, is now rising to replace it. That it is in a fair way of doing well we may safely infer, from the fact that his Royal Highness Prince Albert has manifested the greatest interest in the undertaking, and given his warmest support to the arrangements in progress, particularly to those which have reference to the moral elevation and artistic education of the people.

We are not of those who imagine that the Sabbath must of necessity be desecrated because the new Crystal Palace offers the prospect of a Sunday afternoon's innocent amusement to those who *must* seek a relaxation from their weekly toils in some shape or other. Forbid the public to enter the grounds at Sydenham on the Sunday, proscribe an enjoyment whose tendency is to elevate their minds, and what have you gained by doing so? Will fewer people crowd the steam-boats, or cover the railroads on pleasure excursions? Will their amusements be more

moral, or their pursuits more healthful, because you prevent them from gazing upon works of art, or deriving satisfaction from the labours of science, conjoined with the highest development of cultivated nature? Let us rather imitate, in this particular, the example so well set on the Continent, where, with no lack of observance of what is due to the day, according to the Faith which is severally held, the public museums and galleries, the royal parks, and most attractive buildings, are offered without restriction to the public, and are enjoyed without abuse.

Without having absolute novelty to make its accomplishment the special triumph of 1852, we may yet advert to the present year as the one in which the project of the submarine telegraph between France and England has become a *fait accompli.* A speaking-trumpet is not necessarily an organ of friendly communication between neighbours, nor can it be expected that an electric wire shall become the indissoluble bond of union between nations; but this much is certain, that the more frequent and the more rapid our intercourse with foreign countries, the closer will be the tie of thought which unites us with the rest of the world. Add to this the success of the Ocean penny-postage scheme, which is now being widely agitated, and the objects of the Peace Society will be far nearer of attainment than the speeches of its members have hitherto led us to anticipate.

The cause of education has made progress, too, this year, notwithstanding the unwillingness of the Whigs to legislate on the general question; but its advancement has been owing to local efforts and individual exertion. Manchester and Liverpool have set the example, by the establishment of Free Libraries; and that the system works well we need not doubt, when we see that it is about to be adopted in the metropolis, the extensive parish of Marylebone—a petty kingdom for its numbers—having taken the initiative in the desirable enterprise.

So much for matters of serious import: a word or two upon lighter themes.

Among the events which have *not* taken place this year, is to be numbered, first and foremost, the usual Lord Mayor's Procession. Why it was omitted from the annual festivities of London we all of us have ample reason for remembering. But what has been the state of mind of the functionaries who are supposed to live for no other purpose than to swell the accustomed pageant, who are never seen or heard of but on that occasion? Whither has "the man in armour" fled? What has become of the City Marshal? Have they gone to the diggings in disgust, to solace themselves with gold in the absence of glitter? But, more than all, what did the Aldermen and Common Councilmen do with their appetites on the evening of the 9th of November? How grimly must Gog and Magog have smiled when they stood alone in the festive hall, with no loving cup to go round, no barons of beef to be sliced, no turtle to be lapped, "no nothing" to be done in the way of eating or drinking! Did they believe in their wooden senses, and was the Lord Mayor's dinner no better than the unsubstantial fabric of a vision? But, we shall be told "un plaisir différé n'est pas perdu;" the feast is only postponed. That is nothing to the purpose. Even an Alderman can only eat 365 dinners in the course of the year, and of the very best of

these he has already been deprived. That is a fact which no argument can alter.

Do you think that the appetite which he has nursed for nearly a year, and which has been so suddenly baulked, can be got up again at only a month's notice? If there were any process by which two appetites could be rolled into one, and the alderman knew of it—having, of course, paid a large reward to the discoverer—he might feel something like consolation in the prospect of outdoing all his former endeavours. But, as the matter stands, he has only a single day's work before him, and one or the other, the past or the future, must be a day lost.

But we have been wrong to include an alderman's dinner amongst topics that are called *light.* Balloons are more to the purpose. We have had plenty of them this year, and their uses (?) have been applied to the utmost stretch of invention. Of the experiences of human aeronauts we know somewhat. it would be curious to ascertain what were the sensations of Madame Poitevin's pony, or the ruminations of the bull, on whose back she performed the part of Europa. But the door to the acquirement of such knowledge is closed upon us; the magistrates have interdicted further experiment in England, and Madame Poitevin and her four-footed companions are gone to a land where people may do anything—out of reason.

We had jotted down several other things to mention in our Epilogue, but time presses; perhaps we may include them in a Prologue for 1853. Meantime we find that the lobbies of the House of Commons have twice been cleared, and these are the results:

Mr. Villiers's attempt to bully the Ministry has been rejected by a majority of 80 in a house of 592 members.

Lord Palmerston's amendment has been carried by a majority of 415 in a house of 521 members.

The sincerity of Ministers on the question of Free-trade has, therefore, been fairly tested, and we trust that *that* cry is now silenced.

END OF VOL. XCVI.

CHARLES WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.